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JUVENAL

THE SATIRES OF *Decimus Junius Juvenalis.*

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Tranſlated into Engliſh VERSE.

By Mr. *DRYDEN*,

And ſeveral Other Eminent Hands.

Together with the

SATIRES of *Aulus Perſius Flaccus.*

Made Engliſh by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

With Explanatory Notes at the End of each SATIRE.

To which is prefix'd,

A Diſcourſe concerning the Original and Progreſs of SATIRE.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable

CHARLES Earl of *Dorſet*, &c.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Quicquid agunt Homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, &
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.

Adorn'd with SCULPTURES.

LONDON: Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*; and are to be Sold by *Robert Knaplock*, at the *Angel and Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, 1697.

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TO THE

Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſty's Houſhold, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the GARTER, *&c.*

My LORD,

THE Wiſhes and Deſires of all good Men, which have attended your Lordſhip from your Firſt Appearance in the World, are at length accompliſh'd in your obtaining thoſe Honours and Dignities, which you have ſo long deſerv'd. There are no Factions, tho' irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their Affection to you, and the Reſpect they pay you. They are equally pleas'd in your Proſperity, and wou'd be equally concern'd in your Afflictions. *Titus Veſpaſian* was not more the Delight of Humankind. The Univerſal Empire made him only more known,

known, and more powerful, but cou'd not make him more belov'd. He had greater Ability of doing Good, yet your Inclination to it, is not leſs: And tho' you cou'd not extend your Beneficence to ſo many Perſons, yet you have loſt as few Days as that excellent Emperour; and never had his Complaint to make when you went to Bed, that the Sun had ſhone upon you in vain, when you had the Opportunity of relieving ſome unhappy Man. This, my Lord, has juſtly acquir'd you as many Friends, as there are Perſons who have the Honour to be known to you: Meer Acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer Line: And they who have convers'd with you, are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a Truth ſo generally acknowledg'd, that it needs no Proof: 'Tis of the Nature of a Firſt Principle, which is receiv'd as ſoon as it is propos'd; and needs not the Reformation which *Deſcartes* us'd to his: For we doubt not, neither can we properly ſay, we think we admire and love You, above all other Men: There is a certainty in the Propoſition, and we know it. With the ſame Aſſurance I can ſay, you neither have Enemies, nor can ſcarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither Love or Hate you; and they who have, can have no other Notion of you, than that which they receive from the Publick, That you are the beſt of Men. After this, my Teſtimony can be of no farther uſe, than to declare it to be Day-light at High-noon: And all who have the benefit of Sight, can look up, as well, and ſee the Sun.

'Tis true, I have one Priviledge which is almoſt particular to my ſelf, that I ſaw you in the *Eaſt* at your firſt ariſing above the Hemiſphere: I was as ſoon ſenſible as any Man of that Light, when it was but juſt ſhooting out, and beginning to travel upwards to the Meridian. I made my early Addreſſes to your Lordſhip, in my Eſſay of Dramatick Poetry; and therein beſpoke you to the World; wherein, I have the Right of a Firſt Diſcoverer. When I was my ſelf, in the Rudiments of my Poetry, without Name, or Reputation in the World, having rather the

Ambition of a Writer, than the Skill; when I was drawing the Out-Lines of an Art, without any living Maſter to inſtruct me in it; an Art which had been better prais'd than ſtudy'd here in *England*, wherein *Shakeſpear*, who created the Stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and juſtly; and *Johnſon*, who by ſtudying *Horace*, had been acquainted with the Rules, yet ſeem'd to envy to Poſterity that Knowledge, and like an Inventer of ſome uſeful Art, to make a Monopoly of his Learning: When thus, as I may ſay, before the Uſe of the Loadſtone, or Knowledge of the Compaſs, I was ſailing in a vaſt Ocean, without other help than the Pole-Star of the Ancients, and the Rules of the *French* Stage amongſt the Moderns, which are extreamly different from ours, by reaſon of their oppoſite Taſte; yet even then, I had the preſumption to Dedicate to your Lordſhip: A very unfiniſh'd Piece, I muſt confeſs, and which only can be excus'd by the little Experience of the Author, and the Modeſty of the Title, *An Eſſay*. Yet I was ſtronger in Prophecy than I was in Criticiſm: I was inſpir'd to foretell You to Mankind, as the Reſtorer of Poetry, the greateſt Genius, the trueſt Judge, ann the beſt Patron.

Good Sence and good Nature, are never ſeparated; tho' the ignorant World has thought otherwiſe. Good Nature, by which I mean Beneficence and Candor, is the Product of right Reaſon; which of neceſſity will give allowance to the Failings of others, by conſidering that there is nothing perfect in Mankind; and by diſtinguiſhing that which comes neareſt to Excellency, tho' not abſolutely free from Faults, will certainly produce a Candor in the Judge. 'Tis incident to an elevated Underſtanding, like your Lordſhip's, to find out the Errors of other Men: But 'tis your Prerogative to pardon them; to look with Pleaſure on thoſe things, which are ſomewhat congenial, and of a remote Kindred to your own Conceptions: And to forgive the many Failings of thoſe, who with their wretched Art, cannot arrive to thoſe Heighths that you poſſeſs, from a happy, abundant, and native Genius. Which are

as inborn to you, as they were to *Shakeſpear*; and for ought I know, to *Homer*; in either of whom we find all Arts and Sciences, all Moral and Natural Philoſophy, without knowing that they ever ſtudy'd them.

There is not an *Engliſh* Writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinc'd, that your Lordſhip excels all others, in all the ſeveral parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The moſt Vain, and the moſt Ambitious of our Age, have not dar'd to aſſume ſo much, as the Competitors of *Themiſtocles*: They have yielded the firſt Place without diſpute; and have been arrogantly content to be eſteem'd as Second to your Lordſhip; and even that alſo with a *Longo, ſed proximi Intervallo*. If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their Self-conceipt, they muſt be very ſingular in their Opinion: They muſt be like the *Officer*, in a Play, who was call'd Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The World will eaſily conclude, whether ſuch unattended Generals can ever be capable of making a Revolution in *Parnaſſus*.

I will not attempt in this place, to ſay any thing particular of your *Lyrick Poems*, tho' they are the Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. The Subject of this Book confines me to Satire; and in that, an Author of your own Quality, (whoſe Aſhes I will not diſturb,) has given you all the Commendation, which his Self-ſufficiency cou'd afford to any Man: *The beſt good Man, with the worſt-Natur'd Muſe*. In that Character, methinks, I am reading *Johnſon*'s Verſes to the Memory of *Shakeſpear*: An Inſolent, Sparing, and Invidious Panegyrick: Where good Nature, the moſt Godlike Commendation of a Man, is only attributed to your Perſon, and deny'd to your Writings: For they are every-where ſo full of Candor, that, like *Horace*, you only expoſe the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excel him, That You add that pointedneſs of Thought, which is viſibly wanting in our great *Roman*. There is more of Salt in all your Verſes, than I have ſeen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Ancients: But you have been

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ſparing of the Gall; by which means you have pleas'd all Readers, and offended none. *Donn* alone, of all our Country-men, had your Talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your Verſification. And were he tranſlated into Numbers, and Engliſh, he wou'd yet be wanting in the Dignity of Expreſſion. That which is the prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of *Virgil*, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of Writers, is ſo conſpicuous in your Verſes, that it caſts a Shadow on all your Contemporaries; we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal *Donn* in the Variety, Multiplicity, and Choice of Thoughts; you excel him in the Manner, and the Words. I read you both, with the ſame Admiration, but not with the ſame Delight. He affects the Metaphyſicks, not only in his Satires, but in his Amorous Verſes, where Nature only ſhou'd reign; and perplexes the minds of the Fair Sex with nice Speculations of Philoſophy, when he ſhou'd enage their Hearts, and entertain them with the Softneſſes of Love. In this (if I may be pardon'd for ſo bold a Truth) Mr. *Cowley* has Copy'd him to a fault; ſo great a one, in my Opinion, that it throws his Miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter Compoſitions; which are undoubtedly the beſt of his Poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in Satire, wherein I have not ſtudy'd your Writings as the moſt perfect Model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt Commendation, which my own Partiality can give to my Productions, is, that they are Copies, and no farther to be allow'd, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the Original. Some few Touches of your Lordſhip, ſome ſecret Graces which I have endeavour'd to expreſs after your manner, have made whole Poems of mine to paſs with approbation: But take your Verſes altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, 'tis because you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient Copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one Letter

of my own Invention, of which I have not the Example there.

'Tis a general Complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your Proſperity, have their Intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you the Fulneſs of your Fortune: They wou'd be more malicious if you us'd it not ſo well, and with ſo much Generoſity.

Fame is in it ſelf a real Good, if we may believe *Cicero*, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even Fame, as *Virgil* tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let *Epicurus* give Indolency as an Attribute to his Gods, and place in it the Happineſs of the Bleſt: The Divinity which we Worſhip, has given us not only a Precept againſt it, but his own Example to the contrary. The World, my Lord, wou'd be content to allow you a Seventh Day for reſt; or if you thought that hard upon you, we wou'd not refuſe you half your time: If you came out, like ſome Great Monarch, to take a Town but once a Year, as it were for your Diverſion, tho' you had no need to extend your Territories: In ſhort, if you were a bad, or, which is worſe, an indifferent Poet, we wou'd thank you for our own Quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when you are ſo great, and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have that neceſſity of your Writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt in try without it; any more, (I may almoſt ſay,) than the World without the daily Courſe of ordinary Providence, methinks, this Argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your Repoſe for the Publick Benefit. 'Tis not that you are under any force of working daily Miracles, to prove your Being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your Production, is requiſite to refreſh your Character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient Reproach to you; and ſhou'd I carry it as far as Mankind wou'd authorize me, wou'd be little leſs than Satire. And, indeed, a Pro-

vocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the World, that you might be induc'd ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of Scriblers, who daily peſter the World with their inſufferable Stuff, that they might be diſcourag'd from Writing any more. I complain not of their Lampoons and Libels, tho' I have been the Publick Mark for many Years. I am vindictive enough to have repell'd Force by Force, if I cou'd imagine that any of them had ever reach'd me; but they either ſhot at Rovers, and therefore miſs'd, or their Powder was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt diſtance. I anſwer'd not the *Rehearſall*, becauſe I knew the Author ſate to himſelf when he drew the Picture, and was the very Bays of his own Farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my Betters were more concern'd than I was in that Satire: And, laſtly, becouſe Mr. *Smith*, and Mr. *Johnſon*, the main Pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing Gentlemen in their Converſation, that I cou'd liken them to nothing but to their own Relations, thoſe Noble Characters of Men of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town. The like Conſiderations have hinder'd me from dealing with the lamentable Companions of their Proſe and Doggrel. I am ſo far from defending my Poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my Morals, if they are not proof againſt their Attacks, let me be thought by Poſterity, what thoſe Authors wou'd be thought, if any Memory of them, or of their Writings, cou'd endure ſo long, as to another Age. But theſe dull Makers of Lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous Example to the Publick: Some witty Men may perhaps ſucceed to their Deſigns, and mixing Sence with Malice, blaſt the Reputation of the moſt Innocent amongſt Men, and the moſt Vertuous amongſt Women.

Heaven be prais'd, our common Libellers are as free from the imputation of Wit, as of Morality; and therefore whatever Miſchief they have deſign'd, they have perform'd but little of it. Yet theſe ill Writers, in all Juſtice, ought themſelves to be expos'd: As *Perſius* has given us a fair

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Example in his Firſt Satire; which is levell'd particularly at them: And none is ſo fit to correct their Faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own Writings, but is alſo ſo Juſt, that he will never Defame the Good; and is arm'd with the Power of Verſe, to puniſh and make Examples of the bad. But of this, I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak further, when I come to give the Definition and Character of true Satires.

In the mean time, as a Counſellor bred up in the Knowledge of the Municipal and Statute-Laws, may honeſtly inform a Juſt Prince how far his Prerogative extends; ſo I may be allow'd to tell your Lordſhip, who by an undiſputed Title, are the King of Poets, what an extent of Power you have, and how lawfully you may exerciſe it, over the petulant Scriblers of this Age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are abſolute by your Office, in all that belongs to the Decency and Good Manners of the Stage. You can baniſh from thence Scurrility and Profaneneſs, and reſtrain the licentious Inſolence of Poets and their Actors, in all things that ſhock the Publick Quiet, or the Reputation of Private Perſons, under the Notion of *Humour*. But I mean not the Authority, which is annex'd to your Office: I ſpeak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your Perſon. What is produc'd in you by an Excellent Wit, a Maſterly and Commanding Genius over all Writers: Whereby you are impower'd, when you pleaſe, to give the final Deciſion of Wit; to put your Stamp on all that ought to paſs for current; and ſet a Brand of Reprobation on Clipt Poetry, and falſe Coin. A Shilling dipt in the *Bath* may go for Gold amongſt the Ignorant, but the Scepters on the Guinies ſhew the difference. That your Lordſhip is form'd by Nature for this Supremacy, I cou'd eaſily prove, (were it not already granted by the World) from the diſtinguiſhing Character of your Writing. Which is ſo viſible to me, that I never cou'd be impos'd on to receive for Yours, what was written by any others, or to miſtake your Genuine Poetry, for their Spurious Productions. I can farther add with Truth (tho' not without ſome Vanity

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nity in ſaying it) that in the ſame Paper, written by divers Hands, whereof your Lordſhip's was only part, I cou'd ſeparate your Gold from their Copper: And tho' I cou'd not give back to every Author his own Braſs, (for there is not the ſame Rule for diſtinguiſhing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never fail'd of knowing what was yours, and what was not: And was abſolutely certain, that this, or the other Part, was poſitively yours, and cou'd not poſſibly be written by any other.

True it is, that ſome bad Poems, tho' not all, carry their Owners Marks about 'em. There is ſome peculiar Aukwardneſs, falſe Grammar, imperfect Senſe, or at the leaſt Obſcurity; ſome Brand or other on this Buttock, or that Ear, that 'tis notorious who are the Owners of the Cattel, tho' they ſhou'd not ſign it with their Names. But your Lordſhip, on the contrary, is diſtinguiſh'd, not only by the Excellency of your Thoughts, but by your Stile and Manner of expreſſing them. A Painter judging of ſome admirable Piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of *Holben*, or *Vandyke*: But Vulgar Deſigns, and Common Draughts, are eaſily miſtaken, and miſapply'd. Thus, by my long Study of your Lordſhip, I am arriv'd at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the Good Poems of other Men, like thoſe Artiſts, I can only ſay, this is like the Draught of ſuch a one, or like the Colouring of another. In ſhort, I can only be ſure, that 'tis the Hand of a good Maſter: But in your Performances, 'tis ſcarcely poſſibly for me to be deceiv'd. If you write in your Strength, you ſtand reveal'd at the firſt view; and ſhou'd you write under it, you cannot avoid ſome peculiar Graces, which only coſt me a ſecond Conſideration to diſcover you: For I may ſay it, with all the Severity of Truth, that every Line of yours is precious. Your Lordſhip's only Fault is, that you have not written more; unleſs I cou'd add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the Publick, the Accuſation wou'd not be true, that you have written, and out of a vicious Modeſty will not publiſh.

Virgil has confin'd his Works within the compaſs of Eighteen Thouſand Lines, and has not treated many Subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have the Reputation of the beſt Poet. *Martial* ſays of him, that he cou'd have excell'd *Varius* in Tragedy, and *Horace* in Lyrick Poetry, but out of Deference to his Friends he attempted neither.

The ſame prevalence of Genius is in your Lordſhip, but the World cannot pardon your concealing it on the ſame Conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living *Varius*, nor a *Horace*, in whoſe Excellencies both of *Poems*, *Odes*, and *Satires*, you had equall'd them, if our Language had not yielded to the *Roman* Majeſty, and length of time had not added a Reverence to the Works of *Horace*. For good Sence is the ſame in all or moſt Ages; and courſe of Time rather improves Nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: Another *Homer*, and another *Virgil*, may poſſibly ariſe from thoſe very Cauſes which produc'd the firſt: Tho' it wou'd be impudence to affirm that any ſuch have yet appear'd.

'Tis manifeſt, that ſome particular Ages have been more happy than others in the Production of Great Men, in all ſorts of Arts and Sciences: As that of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Ariſtophanes*, and the reſt for Stage-Poetry amongſt the *Greeks*: That of *Auguſtus*, for Heroick, Lyrick, Dramatick, Elegiaque, and indeed all ſorts of Poetry; in the Perſons of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Ovid*, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that Century the latter end of the Common-wealth; wherein we find *Varro*, *Lucretius*, and *Catullus*: And at the ſame time liv'd *Cicero*, and *Saluſt*, and *Cæſar*. A famous Age in modern Times, for Learning in every kind, was that of *Lorenzo de Medici*, and his Son *Leo* X. wherein Painting was reviv'd, and Poetry flouriſh'd, and the Greek Language was reſtor'd.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: But what I wou'd inferr is this; That in ſuch an Age, 'tis poſſible ſome Great Genius may ariſe, to equal any of the Ancients; abating only for the Language. For great Contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: And mutual Borrowing, and

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Commerce, makes the Common Riches of Learning, as it does of the Civil Government.

But ſuppoſe that *Homer* and *Virgil* were the only of their Species, and that Nature was ſo much worn out in producing them, that ſhe is never able to bear the like again; yet the Example only holds in Heroick Poetry: In Tragedy and Satire I offer my ſelf to maintain againſt ſome of our modern Criticks, that this Age and the laſt, particularly in *England*, have excell'd the Ancients in both thoſe kinds; and I wou'd inſtance in *Shakeſpear* of the former, of your Lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine my ſelf to my Native Country: But if I wou'd only croſs the Seas, I might find in *France* a living *Horace* and a *Juvenal*, in the Perſon of the admirable *Boileau*; whoſe Numbers are Excellent, whoſe Expreſſions are Noble, whoſe Thoughts are Juſt, whoſe Language is Pure, whoſe Satire is Pointed, and whoſe Sence is Cloſe: What he borrows from the Ancients, he repays with Uſury of his own; in Coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: For ſetting Prejudice and Partiality apart, tho' he is our Enemy, the Stamp of a *Louis*, the Patron of all Arts, is not much inferiour to the Medal of an *Auguſtus Cæſar*. Let this be ſaid without entring into the Intereſts of Factions and Parties; and relating only to the Bounty of that King to Men of Learning and Merit: A Praiſe ſo juſt, that even we who are his Enemies, cannot refuſe it to Him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the Conſideration of *Epique* Poetry, I have confeſs'd, that no Man hitherto has reach'd, or ſo much as approach'd to the Excellencies of *Homer* or of *Virgil*; I muſt farther add, that *Statius*, the beſt Verſificator next to *Virgil*, knew not how to Deſign after him, tho' he had the Model in his eye; that *Lucan* is wanting both in Deſign and Subject, and is beſides too full of Heat, and Affectation; that amongſt the Moderns, *Arioſto* neither deſign'd Juſtly, nor obſerv'd any Unity of Action, or Compaſs of Time, or Moderation in the Vaſtneſs of his Draught: His Stile is luxurious, without

out Majeſty, or Decency, and his Adventures, without the compaſs of Nature and Poſſibility: *Taſſo*, whoſe Deſign was Regular, and who obſerv'd the Rules of Unity in Time and Place, more cloſely than *Virgil*, yet was not ſo happy in his Action; he confeſſes himſelf to have been too Lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the Dignity of Heroick Verſe, in his *Epiſodes* of *Sophronia*, *Erminia*, and *Armida*; his Story is not ſo pleaſing as *Arioſto*'s; he is too flatulent ſometimes, and ſometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almoſt always forc'd; and beſides, is full of Conceipts, Points of Epigram, and Witticiſms; all which are not only below the Dignity of *Heroick* Verſe, but contrary to its Nature: *Virgil* and *Homer* have not one of them. And thoſe who are guilty of ſo Boyiſh an Ambition in ſo grave a Subject, are ſo far from being conſider'd as Heroick Poets, that they ought to be turn'd down from *Homer* to the *Anthologia*, from *Virgil* to *Martial* and *Owen*'s Epigrams, and from *Spencer* to *Flecno*; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to *Taſſo*, he borrows from the Invention of *Boyardo*, and in his Alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worſe, imitates *Homer* ſo very ſervilely, that (for example) he gives the King of *Jeruſalem* Fifty Sons, only becauſe *Homer* had beſtow'd the like number on King *Priam*; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his Hero with a *Patroclus*, under another Name, only to bring him back to the Wars, when his Friend was kill'd. The *French* have perform'd nothing in this kind, which is not far below thoſe two *Italians*, and ſubject to a thouſand more Reflections, without examining their St. *Lewis*, their *Pucelle*, or their *Alarique*: The *Engliſh* have only to boaſt of *Spencer* and *Milton*, who neither of them wanted either Genius or Learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many Cenſures. For there is no Uniformity in the Deſign of *Spencer*: He aims at the Accompliſhment of no one Action: He raiſes up a Hero for every one of his Adventures; and endows each of them with ſome particular Moral Vertue, which renders them

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all equal, without Subordination or Preference: Every one is moſt Valiant in his own Legend; only we muſt do him that Juſtice to obſerve, that Magnanimity, which is the Character of Prince *Arthur*, ſhines throughout the whole Poem; and ſuccours the reſt, when they are in diſtreſs. The Original of every Knight was then living in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*; and he attributed to each of them that Vertue which he thought was moſt conſpicuous in them: An ingenious piece of Flattery, tho' it turn'd not much to his Account. Had he liv'd to finiſh his Poem, in the ſix remaining Legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but cou'd not have been perfect, becauſe the Model was not true. But Prince *Arthur*, or his chief Patron Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom he intended to make happy by the Marriage of his *Gloriana*, dying before him, depriv'd the Poet, both of Means and Spirit, to accompliſh his Deſign: For the reſt, his obſolete Language, and the ill Choice of his Stanza, are Faults but of the Second Magnitude: For notwithſtanding the firſt he is ſtill intelligible, at leaſt after a little practice; and for the laſt, he is the more to be admir'd; that labouring under ſuch a difficulty, his Verſes are ſo numerous, ſo various, and ſo harmonious, that only *Virgil*, whom he profeſtly imitated, has ſurpaſs'd him, among the *Romans*; and only Mr. *Waller* among the *Engliſh*.

As for Mr. *Milton*, whom we all admire with ſo much Juſtice, his Subject is not that of an Heroick Poem; properly ſo call'd: His Deſign is the Loſing of our Happineſs; his Event is not proſperous, like that of all other *Epique* Works: His Heavenly Machines are many, and his Human Perſons are but two. But I will not take Mr. *Rhymer's* Work out of his Hands: He has promis'd the World a Critique on that Authour; wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his Thoughts are elevated, his Words ſounding, and that no Man has ſo happily copy'd the Manner of *Homer*; or ſo copiouſly tranſlated his *Greciſms*, and the Latin Elegancies of *Virgil*. 'Tis true, he runs into a flat of Thought,

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ſometimes for a Hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a Track of Scripture: His antiquated Words were his Choice, not his Neceſſity; for therein he imitated *Spencer*, as *Spencer* did *Chaucer*. And tho', perhaps, the love of their Maſters, may have tranſported both too far, in the frequent uſe of them; yet in my Opinion, obſolete Words may then be laudably reviv'd, when either they are more ſounding, or more ſignificant than thoſe in practice: And when their Obſcurity is taken away, by joining other Words to them, which clear the Sence; according to the Rule of *Horace*, for the admiſſion of new Words. But in both caſes, a Moderation is to be obſerv'd in the uſe of them: For unneceſſary Coinage, as well as unneceſſary Revival, runs into Affectation; a Fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I juſtifie *Milton* for his Blank Verſe, tho' I may excuſe him, by the Example of *Hanibal Caro*, and other *Italians*, who have us'd it: For whatever Cauſes he alledges for the aboliſhing of Rhime (which I have not now the leiſure to examine) his own particular Reaſon is plainly this, that Rhime was not his Talent; he had neither the Eaſe of doing it, nor the Graces of it; which is manifeſt in his *Juvenilia*, or Verſes written in his Youth; where his Rhime is always conſtrain'd and forc'd, and comes hardly from him at an Age when the Soul is moſt pliant; and the Paſſion of Love, makes almoſt every Man a Rhimer, tho' not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my Biaſs ſo long together, and made ſo tedious a Digreſſion from Satire to Heroick Poetry. But if you will not excuſe it, by the tattling Quality of Age, which, as Sir *William Davenant* ſays, is always Narrative; yet I hope the uſefulneſs of what I have to ſay on this Subject, will qualifie the remoteneſs of it; and this is the laſt time I will commit the Crime of Prefaces, or trouble the World with my Notions of any thing that relates to Verſe. I have then, as you ſee, obſerv'd the Failings of many great Wits amongſt the Moderns, who have attempted to write an *Epique* Poem: Beſides theſe, or the like Animadverſions

of

of them by other Men, there is yet a farther Reaſon given, why they cannot poſſibly ſucceed, ſo well as the Ancients, even tho' we cou'd allow them not to be inferiour, either in Genius or Learning, or the Tongue in which they write; or all thoſe other wonderful Qualifications which are neceſſary to the forming of a true Accompliſh'd Heroique Poet. The fault is laid on our Religion: They ſay that Chriſtianity is not capable of thoſe Embelliſhments which are afforded in the Belief of thoſe ancient Heathens.

And 'tis true, that in the ſevere Notions of our Faith, the Fortitude of a Chriſtian conſiſts in Patience, and Suffering for the Love of GOD, whatever Hardſhips can befal in the World; not in any great Attempt, or in performance of thoſe Enterpriſes which the Poets call Heroique; and which are commonly the Effects of Intereſt, Oſtentation, Pride, and Worldly Honour. That Humility and Reſignation are our prime Vertues; and that theſe include no Action, but that of the Soul: Whenas, on the contrary, an Heroique Poem requires, to its neceſſary Deſign, and as its laſt Perfection, ſome great Action of War, the Accompliſhment of ſome Extraordinary Undertaking; which requires the Strength and Vigour of the Body, the Duty of a Souldier, the Capacity and Prudence of a General; and, in ſhort, as much, or more of the Active Virtue, than the Suffering. But to this, the Anſwer is very obvious. GOD has plac'd us in our ſeveral Stations; the Vertues of a private Chriſtian are Patience, Obedience, Submiſſion, and the like; but thoſe of a Magiſtrate, or General, or a King, are Prudence, Counſel, active Fortitude, coercive Power, awful Command, and the Exerciſe of Magnanimity, as well as Juſtice. So that this Objection hinders not, but that an Epique Poem, or the Heroique Action of ſome Great Commander, Enterpris'd for the Common Good, and Honour of the Chriſtian Cauſe, and Executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the *Heathens*; provided the Poet be *endu'd* with the ſame talents; and the Language, tho' not of equal Dignity, yet as near ap-

proaching to it, as our Modern Barbariſm will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, tho' more refin'd; and therefore we are to reſt contented with that only Inferiority, which is not poſſibly to be remedy'd.

I wiſh I cou'd as eaſily remove that other Difficulty which yet remains. 'Tis objected by a great *French* Critique as well as an admirable Poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that Honour which his Merit exacts from me, I mean *Boileau*, That the Machines of our Chriſtian Religion in Heroique Poetry, are much more feeble to ſupport that weight than thoſe of *Heatheniſm*. Their Doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous Fables, was yet the Belief of the Two Victorious Monarchies, the *Grecian* and *Roman*. Their Gods did not only intereſt themſelves in the Event of Wars (which is the Effect of a Superiour Providence) but alſo eſpous'd the ſeveral Parties in a viſible Corporeal Deſcent, manag'd their Intrigues, and fought their Battels ſometimes in oppoſition to each other: Tho' *Virgil* (more diſcreet than *Homer* in that laſt Particular) has contented himſelf with the Partiality of his Deities, their Favours, their Counſels or Commands, to thoſe whoſe Cauſe they had eſpous'd, without bringing them to the Outrageouſneſs of Blows. Now, our Religion (ſays he) is depriv'd of the greateſt part of thoſe Machines; at leaſt the moſt Shining in Epique Poetry. Tho' St. *Michael* in *Arioſto* ſeeks out *Diſcord*, to ſend her amongſt the *Pagans*, and finds her in a Convent of Friars where Peace ſhould reign, which indeed is fine Satire; and Satan, in *Taſſo*, excites *Solyman* to an Attempt by Night on the Chriſtian Camp, and brings an Hoſt of Devils to his Aſſiſtance; yet the Arch-Angel, in the former Example, when *Diſcord* was reſtive, and would not be drawn from her belov'd Monaſtery with fair Words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many Stripes, ſets her, on God's-name, about her Buſineſs, and makes her know the difference of Strength betwixt a Nuncio of Heaven, and a Miniſter of Hell: The ſame Angel, in the

latter Inſtance from *Taſſo* (as if God had never another Meſſenger belonging to the Court, but was confin'd like *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, and *Juno* to *Iris*,) when he ſees his time, that is, when half of the *Chriſtians* are already kill'd, and all the reſt are in a fair way to be routed, ſtickles betwixt the Remainders of God's Hoſt, and the Race of Fiends; pulls the Devils backward by the Tails, and drives them from their Quarry; or otherwiſe the whole Buſineſs had miſcarry'd, and *Jeruſalem* remain'd untaken. This, ſays *Boileau*, is a very unequal Match for the poor Devils, who are ſure to come by the worſt of it in the Combat; for nothing is more eaſie, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old Rebels to Reaſon, when he pleaſes. Conſequently, what Pleaſure, what Entertainment can be rais'd from ſo pitiful a Machine, where we ſee the Succeſs of the Battel from the very beginning of it; unleſs that, as we are *Chriſtians*, we are glad that we have gotten God on our ſide, to maul our Enemies, when we cannot do the work our ſelves? For if the Poet had given the Faithful more Courage, which had coſt him nothing, or at leaſt have made them exceed the *Turks* in number, that he might have gain'd the Victory for us Chriſtians, without intereſſing Heaven in the Quarrel; and that with as much eaſe, and as little Credit to the Conqueror, as when a Party of 100 Souldiers defeats another which conſiſts only of 50.

This, my Lord, I confeſs, is ſuch an Argument againſt our Modern Poetry, as cannot be anſwer'd by thoſe Mediums which have been us'd. We cannot hitherto boaſt, that our Religion has furniſh'd us with any ſuch Machines, as have made the Strength and Beauty of the Ancient Buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an Invention of my own, to ſupply the manifeſt Defect of our new Writers: I am ſufficiently ſenſible of my Weakneſs; and 'tis not very probable that I ſhou'd ſucceed in ſuch a Project, whereof I have not had the leaſt hint from any of my Predeceſſors, the Poets, or any of their Seconds, and Coadjutors, the Critiques. Yet we ſee the Art of War is improv'd in

Sieges, and new Inſtruments of Death are invented daily. Something new in Philoſophy and the Mechanicks is diſcover'd almoſt every Year: And the Science of former Ages, is improv'd by the ſucceeding. I will not detain you with a long Preamble to that, which better Judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

'Tis this, in ſhort, That Chriſtian Poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own Strength. If they had ſearch'd the Old Teſtament as they ought, they might there have found the Machines which are proper for their Work; and thoſe more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Teſtament is, in the Rules ſufficient for Salvation. The peruſing of one Chapter in the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and accommodating what there they find, with the Principles of *Platonique* Philoſophy, as it is now Chriſtianiz'd, wou'd have the Miniſtry of Angels as ſtrong an Engine, for the working up Heroique Poetry, in our Religion, as that of the Ancients has been to raiſe theirs by all the Fables of their Gods, which were only receiv'd for Truths by the moſt ignorant and weakeſt of the People.

'Tis a Doctrine almoſt univerſally receiv'd by Chriſtians, as well Proteſtants as Catholicks, That there are Guardian Angels appointed by God Almighty, as his Vicegerents, for the Protection and Government of Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Monarchies; and thoſe as well of Heathens, as of true Believers. All this is ſo plainly prov'd from thoſe Texts of *Daniel*, that it admits of no farther Controverſie. The Prince of the *Perſians*, and that other of the *Grecians*, are granted to be the Guardians and Protecting Miniſters of thoſe Empires. It cannot be deny'd, that they were oppoſite, and reſiſted one another. St. *Michael* is mention'd by his Name, as the Patron of the *Jews*, and is now taken by the Chriſtians, as the Protector General of our Religion. Theſe Tutelar *Genii*, who preſided over the ſeveral People and Regions committed to their Charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their Commiſſions cou'd poſſibly extend. The general Purpoſe, and Deſign of all, was certainly the Service of

their

their Great CREATOR. But 'tis an undoubted Truth, that for Ends beſt known to the Almighty Majeſty of Heaven, his Providential Deſigns for the Benefit of his Creatures, for the Debaſing and Puniſhing of ſome Nations, and the Exaltation and Temporal Reward of others, were not wholly known to theſe his Miniſters; elſe why thoſe factious Quarrels, Controverſies, and Battels, amongſt themſelves, when they were all united in the ſame Deſign, the Service and Honour of their Common Maſter? But being inſtructed only in the general, and zealous of the main Deſign; and as Finite Beings, not admitted into the Secrets of Government, the laſt Reſorts of Providence, or capable of diſcovering the final Purpoſes of GOD, who can work Good out of Evil, as he pleaſes; and irreſiſtably ſways all manner of Events on Earth, directing them finally for the beſt, to his Creation in general, and to the ultimate End of his own Glory in particular: They muſt of neceſſity be ſometimes ignorant of the Means conducing to thoſe Ends, in which alone they can jarr, and oppoſe each other. One Angel, as we may ſuppoſe the Prince of *Perſia*, as he is call'd, judging, that it would be more for God's Honour, and the Benefit of his People, that the *Median* and *Perſian* Monarchy, which deliver'd them from the *Babyloniſh* Captivity, ſhou'd ſtill be uppermoſt: And the Patron of the *Grecians*, to whom the Will of God might be more particularly reveal'd, contending on the other ſide, for the Riſe of *Alexander* and his Succeſſors, who were appointed to puniſh the Backſliding *Jews*, and thereby to put them in mind of their Offences, that they might repent, and become more Vertuous, and more obſervant of the Law reveal'd. But how far theſe Controverſies and appearing Enmities of thoſe glorious Creatures may be carry'd; how theſe Oppoſitions may beſt be manag'd, and by what Means conducted, is not my Buſineſs to ſhew or determine: Theſe things muſt be left to the Invention and Judgment of the Poet: If any of ſo happy a Genius be now living, or any future Age can produce a Man who being Converſant in the Philoſophy of *Plato*, as it is

now accommodated to Chriſtian Uſe; for (as *Virgil* gives us to underſtand by his Example) that is the only proper of all others for an *Epique* Poem, who to his Natural Endowments, of a large Invention, a ripe Judgment, and a ſtrong Memory, has join'd the Knowledge of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, and particularly Moral Philoſophy, the Mathematicks, Geography and Hiſtory, and with all theſe Qualifications is born a Poet; knows, and can practice the variety of Numbers, and is Maſter of the Language in which he writes; if ſuch a Man, I ſay, be now ariſen, or ſhall ariſe, I am vain enough to think, that I have propos'd a Model to him, by which he may build a Nobler, a more Beautiful, and more Perfect Poem, than any yet extant ſince the Ancients.

There is another part of theſe Machines yet wanting; but by what I have ſaid, it wou'd have been eaſily ſupply'd by a Judicious Writer. He cou'd not have fail'd to add the oppoſition of ill Spirits to the good; they have alſo their Deſign, ever oppoſite to that of Heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the Moderns: But this imperfect Syſtem, if I may call it ſuch, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that Hypotheſis of the Evil Spirits contending with the Good. For being ſo much weaker ſince their Fall, than thoſe Bleſſed Beings, they are yet ſuppos'd to have a permitted Power from God, of acting ill, as from their own deprav'd Nature they have always the Will of deſigning it. A great Teſtimony of which we find in Holy Writ, when God Almighty ſuffer'd *Satan* to appear in the Holy Synod of the Angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into Example by any of the Poets,) and alſo gave him Power over all things belonging to his Servant *Job*, excepting only Life.

Now what theſe Wicked Spirits cannot compaſs, by the vaſt diſproportion of their Forces, to thoſe of the Superior Beings, they may by their Fraud and Cunning carry farther, in a ſeeming League, Confederacy, or Subſerviency to the Deſigns of ſome good Angel, as far as conſiſts with his Purity, to ſuffer ſuch an Aid, the end of which

may

may poſſibly be diſguis'd, and conceal'd from his finite Knowledge. This is indeed to ſuppoſe a great Errour in ſuch a Being: Yet ſince a Devil can appear like an Angel of Light; ſince Craft and Malice may ſometimes blind for a while a more perfect Underſtanding; and laſtly, ſince *Milton* has given us an Example of the like nature, when *Satan* appearing like a Cherub to *Uriel*, the Intelligence of the Sun circumvented him even in his own Province, and paſs'd only for a Curious Traveller through thoſe new-created Regions, that he might obſerve therein the Workmanſhip of God, and praiſe him in his Works.

I know not why, upon the ſame Suppoſition, or ſome other, a Fiend may not deceive a Creature of more Excellency than himſelf, but yet a Creature; at leaſt by the connivance, or tacit permiſſion of the Omniſcient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have as briefly as I cou'd, given your Lordſhip, and by you the World, a rude Draught of what I have been long labouring in my Imagination. And what I had intended to have put in practice, (tho' far unable for the Attempt of ſuch a Poem) and to have left the Stage, to which my Genius never much inclin'd me, for a Work which wou'd have taken up my Life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the Honour of my Native Country, to which a Poet is particularly oblig'd: Of two Subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I ſhould chuſe that of King *Arthur* conquering the *Saxons*; which being farther diſtant in Time, gives the greater ſcope to my Invention: Or that of *Edward* the Black Prince in ſubduing *Spain*, and reſtoring it to the Lawful Prince, tho' a great Tyrant, *Don Pedro* the Cruel: Which for the compaſs of Time, including only the Expedition of one Year: For the Greatneſs of the Action, and its anſwerable Event; for the Magnanimity of the *Engliſh* Hero, oppos'd to the Ingratitude of the Perſon whom he reſtor'd; and for the many beautiful Epiſodes, which I had interwoven with the principal Deſign, together with the Characters of the chiefeſt *Engliſh* Perſons; wherein, after *Virgil* and *Spencer*, I wou'd have

taken occaſion to repreſent my living Friends and Patrons of the Nobleſt Families, and alſo ſhadow'd the Events of future Ages, in the Succeſſion of our Imperial Line. With theſe Helps, and thoſe of the Machines, which I have mention'd; I might perhaps have done as well as ſome of my Predeceſſors; or at leaſt chalk'd out a way, for others to amend my Errors in a like Deſign. But being encourag'd only with fair Words, by King *Charles* II. my little Salary ill paid, and no proſpect of a future Subſiſtance, I was then diſcourag'd in the beginning of my Attempt; and now Age has overtaken me; and Want, a more inſufferable Evil, through the Change of the Times, has wholly diſenabl'd me. Tho' I muſt ever acknowledge, to the Honour of your Lordſhip, and the eternal Memory of your Charity, that ſince this Revolution, wherein I have patiently ſuffer'd the Ruin of my ſmall Fortune, and the loſs of that poor Subſiſtance which I had from Two Kings, whom I had ſerv'd more faithfully than profitably to my ſelf; then your Lordſhip was pleas'd, out of no other Motive but your own Nobleneſs, without any Deſert of mine, or the leaſt Sollicitation from me, to make me a moſt Bountiful Preſent, which at that time, when I was moſt in want of it, came moſt ſeaſonably and unexpectedly to my Relief. That Favour, my Lord, is of it ſelf ſufficient to bind any Grateful Man, to a perpetual Acknowledgment, and to all the future Service, which one of my mean Condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in Bleſſing you here, and Rewarding you hereafter. I muſt not preſume to defend the Cauſe for which I now ſuffer, becauſe your Lordſhip is engag'd againſt it: But the more you are ſo, the greater is my Obligation to you: For your laying aſide all the Conſiderations of Factions and Parties, to do an Action of pure diſintereſs'd Charity. This is one amongſt many of your ſhining Qualities, which diſtinguiſh you from others of your Rank: But let me add a farther Truth, That without theſe Ties of Gratitude, and abſtracting from them all, I have a moſt particular Inclination to Honour you; and

if it were too bold an Expreſſion, to ſay, I Love you. 'Tis no ſhame to be a Poet, tho' 'tis to be a bad one. *Auguſtus Cæſar* of old, and Cardinal *Richlieu* of late, wou'd willingly have been ſuch; and *David* and *Solomon* were ſuch. You, who without Flattery, are the beſt of the preſent Age in *England*, and wou'd have been ſo, had you been born in any other Country, will receive more Honour in future Ages, by that one Excellency, than by all thoſe Honours to which your Birth has intitl'd you, or your Merits have acquir'd you.

Ne, forte, pudori,
Sit Tibi Muſa Lyræ ſolers, & Cantor Apollo.

I have formerly ſaid in this Epiſtle, that I cou'd diſtinguiſh your Writings from thoſe of any others: 'Tis now time to clear my ſelf from any imputation of Self-conceipt on that Subject. I aſſume not to my ſelf any particular Lights in this Diſcovery; they are ſuch only as are obvious to every Man of Senſe and Judgment, who loves Poetry, and underſtands it. Your Thoughts are always ſo remote from the common way of Thinking, that they are, as I may ſay, of another Species, than the Conceptions of other Poets; yet you go not out of Nature for any of them: Gold is never bred upon the Surface of the Ground; but lies ſo hidden, and ſo deep, that the Mines of it are ſeldom found; but the force of Waters caſts it out from the Bowels of Mountains, and expoſes it amongſt the Sands of Rivers; giving us of her Bounty, what we cou'd not hope for by our ſearch. This Succeſs attends your Lordſhip's Thoughts, which wou'd look like Chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the ſame tenour. If I grant that there is Care in it, 'tis ſuch a Care as wou'd be ineffectual and fruitleſs in other Men. 'Tis the *Curioſa felicitas* which *Petronius* aſcribes to *Horace*, in his *Odes*. We have not wherewithal to imagine ſo ſtrongly, ſo juſtly, and ſo pleaſantly: In ſhort, if we have the ſame Knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the ſame Quinteſſence; we cannot give it ſuch a Term, ſuch a Propriety, and ſuch a Beauty. Something is deficient in the Manner, or

the Words, but more in the Nobleneſs of our Conception. Yet when you have finiſh'd all, and it appears in its full Luſtre, when the Diamond is not only found, but the Roughneſs ſmooth'd, when it is cut into a Form, and ſet in Gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect Work of Art and Nature: And every one will be ſo vain, to think he himſelf cou'd have perform'd the like, 'till he attempts it. 'Tis juſt the Deſcription that *Horace* makes of ſuch a finiſh'd Piece: It appears ſo eaſie, *Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret, auſus idem*. And beſides all this, 'tis your Lordſhip's particular Talent to lay your Thoughts ſo cloſe together, that were they cloſer they wou'd be crouded, and even a due Connexion wou'd be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of Two good Lines, which are to come after a long Parentheſis of Twenty bad; which is the *April*-Poetry of other Writers, a mixture of Rain and Sun-ſhine by fits: You are always bright, even almoſt to a Fault, by reaſon of the exceſs. There is continual abundance, a Magazine of Thought, and yet a perpetual Variety of Entertainment; which creates ſuch an Appetite in your Reader, that he is not cloy'd with any thing, but ſatiſfy'd with all. 'Tis that which the *Romans* calls *Cœna dubia*; where there is ſuch Plenty, yet withal ſo much Diverſity, and ſo good Order, that the Choice is difficult betwixt one Excellency and another; and yet the Concluſion, by a due Climax, is evermore the beſt; that is, as a Concluſion ought to be, ever the moſt proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not ſtudy'd your Lordſhip with ſome Application: And ſince You are ſo Modeſt, that you will not be Judge and Party, I appeal to the whole World, if I have not drawn your Picture to a great degree of Likeneſs, tho' 'tis but in a Meniature: And that ſome of the beſt Features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done, is enough to diſtinguiſh You from any other, which is the Propoſition that I took upon me to demonſtrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have ſaid to my preſent Buſineſs; the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, appearing in this new *Engliſh* Dreſs, cannot ſo properly be inſcribed to any Man as to your Lordſhip, who are the Firſt of the Age in that way of Writing. Your Lordſhip, amongſt many other Favours, has given me your Permiſſion for this Addreſs; and you have particularly encourag'd me by your Peruſal and Approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth Satires* of *Juvenal*, as I have Tranſlated them. My Fellow-Labourers have likewiſe Commiſſion'd me, to perform in their behalf this Office of a Dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all poſſible Reſpect and Gratitude, your Acceptance of their Work. Some of them have the Honour to be known to your Lordſhip already; and they who have not yet that Happineſs, deſire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common Endeavours with your wonted Candour, without Intitling You to the Protection of our common Failings, in ſo difficult an Undertaking. And allow me your Patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long Epiſtle, to give you from the beſt Authors, the Origin, the Antiquity, the Growth, the Change, and the Compleatment of Satire among the *Romans*. To Deſcribe, if not Define, the Nature of that Poem, with its ſeveral Qualifications and Virtues, together with the ſeveral ſorts of it. To compare the Excellencies of *Horace*, *Perſius*, and *Juvenal*, and ſhew the particular Manners of their Satires. And laſtly, to give an account of this New Way of Verſion which is attempted in our Performance. All which, according to the Weakneſs of my Ability, and the beſt Lights which I can get from others, ſhall be the Subject of my following Diſcourſe.

The moſt Perfect Work of Poetry, ſays our Maſter *Ariſtotle*, is Tragedy. His Reaſon is, becauſe it is the moſt united; being more ſeverely confin'd within the Rules of Action, Time, and Place. The Action is entire of a Piece, and one, without Epiſodes: The Time limited to a Natural Day; and the Place circumſcrib'd at leaſt within the

the compaſs of one Town, or City. Being exactly proportion'd thus, and uniform in all its Parts, the Mind is more capable of comprehending the whole Beauty of it without diſtraction.

But after all theſe Advantages, an Heroique Poem is certainly the greateſt Work of Human Nature. The Beauties and Perfections of the other are but Mechanical; thoſe of the Epique are more Noble. Tho' *Homer* has limited his Place to *Troy*, and the Fields about it; his Actions to Forty Eight Natural Days, whereof Twelve are Holy-days, or Ceſſation from Buſineſs, during the Funerals of *Patroclus*. To proceed, the Action of the Epique is greater: The Extention of Time enlarges the Pleaſure of the Reader, and the Epiſodes give it more Ornament, and more Variety. The Inſtruction is equal; but the firſt is only Inſtructive, the latter Forms a Hero, and a Prince.

If it ſignifies any thing which of them is of the more Ancient Family, the beſt and moſt abſolute Heroique Poem was written by *Homer* long before Tragedy was invented: But, if we conſider the natural Endowments, and acquir'd Parts which are neceſſary to make an accompliſh'd Writer in either kind, Tragedy requires a leſs and more confin'd Knowledge: Moderate Learning, and Obſervation of the Rules is ſufficient, if a Genius be not wanting. But in an Epique Poet, one who is worthy of that Name, beſides an univerſal Genius, is requir'd univerſal Learning, together with all thoſe Qualities and Acquiſitions which I have nam'd above, and as many more as I have through haſte or negligence omitted. And after all, he muſt have exactly ſtudy'd *Homer* and *Virgil*, as his Patterns, *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* as his Guides, and *Vida* and *Boſſu*, as their Commentators, with many others both *Italian* and *French* Critiques, which I want leiſure here to recommend.

In a word, What I have to ſay, in relation to This Subject, which does not particularly concern Satire, is, That the Greatneſs of an Heroique Poem, beyond that of a Tragedy, may eaſily be diſcover'd by obſerving how few have attempted that Work, in compariſon of thoſe

who

who have written Drama's; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a number have ſucceeded. But leaving the Critiques on either ſide, to contend about the Preference due to this or that ſort of Poetry; I will haſten to my preſent Buſineſs, which is the Antiquity and Origine of Satire, according to thoſe Informations which I have receiv'd from the Learned *Caſaubon*, *Heinſius*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the *Dauphin*'s *Juvenal*; to which I ſhall add ſome Obſervations of my own.

There has been a long Diſpute among the Modern Critiques, whether the *Romans* deriv'd their Satire from the *Grecians*, or firſt invented it themſelves. *Julius Scaliger* and *Heinſius*, are of the firſt Opinion; *Caſaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the Publiſher of the *Dauphin*'s *Juvenal*, maintain the latter. If we take Satire in the general ſignification of the Word, as it is us'd in all Modern Languages for an Invective, 'tis certain that 'tis almoſt as old as Verſe; and tho' Hymns, which are Praiſes of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the Defamation of others was not long after it. After God had Curs'd *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradiſe, the Husband and Wife excus'd themſelves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to thoſe Conjugal Dialogues in Proſe; which the Poets have perfected in Verſe. The Third Chapter of *Job* is one of the firſt Inſtances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: Unleſs we will take it higher, from the latter end of the Second; where his Wife adviſes him to curſe his Maker.

This Original, I confeſs, is not much to the Honour of Satire; but here it was Nature, and that deprav'd: When it became an Art, it bore better Fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that Scoffs and Revilings are of the Growth of all Nations; and conſequently that neither the Greek Poets borrow'd from other People their Art of Railing, neither needed the *Romans* to take it from them. But conſidering Satire as a Species of Poetry; here the War begins amongſt the Critiques. *Scaliger* the Father will have it deſcend from *Greece* to *Rome*; and derives the word Satyre, from *Satyrus*, that mixt kind of Animal, or, as the Ancients thought him, Rural God, made up be-

twixt

twixt a Man and a Goat; with a Human Head, hook'd Noſe, powting Lips, a Bunch or Struma under the Chin, prick'd Ears, and upright Horns; the Body ſhagg'd with Hair, eſpecially from the Waſte, and ending in a Goat, with the Legs and Feet of that Creature. But *Caſaubon*, and his Followers, with Reaſon, condemn this Derivation; and prove that from *Satyrus*, the word *Satira*, as it ſignifies a Poem, cannot poſſibly deſcend. For *Satira* is not properly a Subſtantive, but an Adjective; to which, the word *Lanx*, in Engliſh a Charger, or large Platter, is underſtood: So that the Greek Poem made according to the Manners of a Satyr, and expreſſing his Qualities, muſt properly be Sall'd Satyrical, and not Satire. And thus far 'tis allow'd that the *Grecians* had ſuch Poems; but that they were wholly different in Specie, from that to which the *Romans* gave the Name of Satire.

Ariſtotle divides all Poetry, in relation to the Progreſs of it, into Nature without Art: Art begun, and Art compleated. Mankind, even the moſt Barbarous, have the Seeds of Poetry implanted in them. The firſt Specimen of it was certainly ſhewn in the Praiſes of the DEITY, and Prayers to Him: And as they are of Natural Obligation, ſo they are likewiſe of Divine Inſtitution. Which *Milton* obſerving, introduces *Adam* and *Eve*, every Morning adoring GOD in Hymns and Prayers. The firſt Poetry was thus begun, in the wild Notes of Natural Poetry, before the Invention of Feet, and Meaſures. The *Grecians* and *Romans* had no other Original of their Poetry. Feſtivals and Holy-days ſoon ſucceeded to Private Worſhip, and we need not doubt but they were enjoin'd by the True GOD to His own People; as they were afterwards imitated by the *Heathens*; who by the Light of Reaſon knew they were to invoke ſome Superiour Being in their Neceſſities, and to thank Him for his Benefits. Thus the *Grecian* Holy-days were Celebrated with Offerings to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, and other Deities, to whoſe Bounty they ſuppos'd they were owing for their Corn and Wine, and other Helps of Life. And the ancient

Romans, as *Horace* tells us, paid their Thanks to Mother Earth, or *Veſta*, to *Silvanus*, and their *Genius*, in the ſame manner. But as all Feſtivals have a double Reaſon of their Inſtitution; the firſt of Religion, the other of Recreation, for the unbending of our Minds: So both the *Grecians* and *Romans* agreed, after their Sacrifices were perform'd, to ſpend the remainder of the Day in Sports and Merriments; amongſt which, Songs and Dances, and that which they call'd Wit, (for want of knowing better) were the chiefeſt Entertainments. The *Grecians* had a notion of Satyres, whom I have already deſcrib'd; and taking them, and the *Sileni*, that is the young Satyrs and the old, for the Tutors, Attendants, and Humble Companions of their *Bacchus*, habited themſelves like thoſe Rural Deities, and imitated them in their Ruſtick Dances, to which they join'd Songs, with ſome ſort of rude Harmony, but without certain Numbers; and to theſe they added a kind of Chorus.

The *Romans* alſo (as Nature is the ſame in all Places) tho' they knew nothing of thoſe *Grecian* Demi-Gods, nor had any Communication with *Greece*, yet had certain Young Men, who at their Feſtivals Danc'd and Sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of Verſe, which they call'd *Saturnian*; what it was, we have no certain light from Antiquity to diſcover; but we may conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was void of Art, or at leaſt with very feeble beginnings of it. Thoſe ancient *Romans*, at theſe Holy-days, which were a mixture of Devotion and Debauchery, had a Cuſtom of reproaching each other with their Faults, in a ſort of *extempore* Poetry, or rather of tunable hobling Verſe; and they anſwer'd in the ſame kind of groſs Raillery; their Wit and their Muſick being of a piece. The *Grecians*, ſays *Caſaubon*, had formerly done the ſame, in the Perſons of their petulant Satyrs: But I am afraid he miſtakes the matter, and confounds the Singing and Dancing of the Satyrs, with the Ruſtical Entertainments of the firſt *Romans*. The Reaſon of my Opinion is this; that *Caſaubon* finding little light from Antiquity,

quity, of theſe beginnings of Poetry, amongſt the *Grecians*; but only theſe Repreſentations of *Satyrs*, who carry'd *Caniſters* and *Carnucopias* full of ſeveral Fruits in their Hands, and danc'd with them at their Publick Feaſts: And afterwards reading *Horace*, who makes mention of his homely *Romans*, jeſting at one another in the ſame kind of Solemnities, might ſuppoſe thoſe wanton *Satyrs* did the ſame. And eſpecially becauſe *Horace* poſſibly might ſeem to him, to have ſhewn the Original of all Poetry in general, including the *Grecians*, as well as *Romans*: Tho' 'tis plainly otherwiſe, that he only deſcrib'd the beginning, and firſt Rudiments of Poetry in his own Country. The Verſes are theſe, which he cites from the Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book, which was written to *Auguſtus*.

Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem Porco, Silvanum lacte piabant;
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
Feſcennia per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis, opprobria ruſtica fudit.

Our brawny Clowns of old, who turn'd the Soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At Harveſt home, with Mirth and Country Cheer
Reſtor'd their Bodies for another Year;
Refreſh'd their Spirits, and renew'd their Hope
Of ſuch a future Feaſt, and future Crop.
Then with their Fellow-Joggers of the Ploughs,
Their little Children, and their faithful Spouſe;
A Sow they ſlew to Veſta's *Deity;*
And kindly Milk, Silvanus, *pour'd to thee.*
With Flow'rs, and Wine, their Genius they ador'd;
A ſhort Life, and a merry, was the Word.
From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes enſue,
And at each other homely Taunts they threw.

Yet ſince it is a hard Conjecture, that ſo Great a Man as *Caſaubon* ſhou'd miſapply what *Horace* writ concerning ancient *Rome*, to the Ceremonies and Manners of ancient *Greece*, I will not inſiſt on this Opinion, but rather judge in general, That ſince all Poetry had its Original from Religion, that of the *Grecians* and *Rome* had the ſame beginning: Both were invented at Feſtivals of Thankſgiving: And both were proſecuted with Mirth and Raillery, and Rudiments of Verſes: Amongſt the *Greeks*, by thoſe who repreſented *Satyrs*; and amongſt the *Romans*, by real Clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading *Caſaubon* on theſe two Subjects, methinks I hear the ſame Story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which *Dacier* taking notice, in his Interpretation of the Latin Verſes which I have tranſlated, ſays plainly, that the beginning of Poetry was the ſame, with a ſmall variety in both Countries: And that the Mother of it in all Nations, was Devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that moſt Learned Critique takes notice alſo, in his Illuſtrations on the Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book, that as the Poetry of the *Romans*, and that of the *Grecians*, had the ſame beginning at Feaſts of Thankſgiving, as it has been obſerv'd; and the old Comedy of the *Greeks* which was invective, and the Satire of the *Romans* which was of the ſame nature, were begun on the very ſame occaſion, ſo the Fortune of both in proceſs of time was juſt the ſame; the old Comedy of the *Grecians* was forbidden, for its too much Licence in expoſing of particular Perſons, and the Rude Satire of the *Romans* was alſo puniſh'd by a Law of the *Decemviri*, as *Horace* tells us, in theſe Words:

Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per Annos
Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus; & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax: Doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: Quinetiam Lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi, vertere modum formidine fuſtis;
Ad benedicendum delectandumque redacti.

The Law of the *Decemviri* was this: *Siquis Occentaſſit malum Carmen, ſive Condidiſit, quod Infamiam faxit, Flagitiumve alteri, Capital eſto.* A ſtrange likeneſs, and barely poſſible: But the Critiques being all of the ſame Opinion, it becomes me to be ſilent, and to ſubmit to better Judgments than my own.

But to return to the *Grecians*, from whoſe Satyrick Drama's, the elder *Scaliger* and *Heinſius*, will have the *Roman* Satire to proceed, I am to take a view of them firſt, and ſee if there be any ſuch Deſcent from them as thoſe Authors have pretended.

Theſpis, or whoſever he were that invented Tragedy, (for Authors differ) mingl'd with them a Chorus and Dances of *Satyres*, which had before been us'd, in the Celebration of their Feſtivals; and there they were ever afterwards retain'd. The Character of them was alſo kept, which was Mirth and Wantonneſs: And this was given, I ſuppoſe, to the Folly of the common Audience, who ſoon grow weary of good Sence; and as we daily ſee, in our own Age and Country, are apt to forſake Poetry, and ſtill ready to return to Buffoonry and Farce. From hence it came, that in the *Olympique Games*, where the Poets contended for four Prizes, the Satyrique Tragedy was the laſt of them; for in the reſt, the *Satyrs* were excluded from the Chorus. Amongſt the Plays of *Euripides*, which are yet remaining, there is one of theſe Satyriques, which is call'd the *Cyclops*; in which we may ſee the nature of thoſe Poems; and from thence conclude, what likeneſs they have to the *Roman* Satire.

The Story of this *Cyclops*, whoſe Name was *Polyphemus*, ſo famous in the *Grecian* Fables, was, That *Ulyſſes*, who with his Company was driven on the Coaſt of *Sicily*, where thoſe *Cyclops* inhabited, coming to ask Relief from *Silenus*, and the *Satyres*, who were Herdſmen to that one-ey'd Giant, was kindly receiv'd by them, and entertain'd; 'till being perceiv'd by *Polyphemus*, they were made Priſoners, againſt the Rites of Hoſpitality, for which *Ulyſſes* eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down into the

Den,

Den, and ſome of them devour'd: After which, *Ulyſſes* having made him drunk, when he was aſleep thruſt a great Firebrand into his Eye; and ſo revenging his dead Followers, eſcap'd with the remaining Party of the living: And *Silenus*, and the *Satyrs*, were freed from their Servitude under *Polyphemus*, and remitted to their firſt Liberty, of attending and accompanying their Patron *Bacchus*.

This was the Subject of the Tragedy, which being one of thoſe that end with a happy Event, is therefore by *Ariſtotle* judg'd below the other ſort, whoſe Succeſs is unfortunate: Notwithſtanding which, the *Satyrs*, who were part of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, as well as the whole *Chorus*, were properly introduc'd into the Nature of the Poem, which is mix'd of Farce and Tragedy. The Adventure of *Ulyſſes* was to entertain the Judging Part of the Audience, and the uncouth Perſons of *Silenus*, and the Satyrs, to divert the Common People with their groſs Railleries.

Your Lordſhip has perceiv'd, by this time, that this Satyrique Tragedy, and the *Roman* Satire have little reſemblances in any other Features. The very Kinds are different: For what has a Paſtoral Tragedy to do with a Paper of Verſes ſatirically written? The Character and Raillery of the Satyres, is the only thing that cou'd pretend to a likeneſs: Were *Scaliger* and *Heinſius* alive to maintain their Opinion. And the firſt Farces of the *Romans*, which were the Rudiments of their Poetry, were written before they had any Communication with the *Greeks*; or, indeed, any knowledge of that People.

And here it will be proper to give the Definition of the *Greek* Satyrique Poem from *Caſaubon*, before I leave this Subject. The Satyrique, ſays he, is a Dramatique Poem, annex'd to a Tragedy; having a Chorus, which conſiſts of Satyrs: The Perſons repreſented in it, are Illuſtrious Men: The Action of it is great; the Stile is partly ſerious, and partly jocular; and the Event of the Action moſt commonly is happy.

The *Grecians*, beſides theſe Satyrique Tragedies, had another kind of Poem, which they call'd *Silli*; which

were more of kin to the *Roman* Satire: Thoſe *Silli* were indeed Invective Poems, but of a different Species from the *Roman* Poems of *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, *Lucilius*, *Horace*, and the reſt of their Succeſſors. They were ſo call'd, ſays *Caſaubon* in one place, from *Silenus*, the Foſter-Father of *Bacchus*; but in another place, bethinking himſelf better, he derives their Name ἀπὸ τῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their Scoffing and Petulancy. From ſome Fragments of the *Silli*, written by *Timon*, we may find, that they were Satryrique Poems, full of *Parodies*; that is, of Verſes patch'd up from great Poets, and turn'd into another Sence than their Author intended them. Such amongſt the *Romans* is the famous *Cento* of *Auſonius*; where the Words are *Virgil*'s: But by applying them to another Sence, they are made a Relation of a Wedding-Night; and the Act of Conſummation fulſomly deſcrib'd in the very Words of the moſt Modeſt amongſt all Poets. Of the ſame manner are our Songs, which are turn'd into Burleſque; and the ſerious Words of the Author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in *Timon*'s *Silli* the Words are generally thoſe of *Homer*, and the Tragique Poets; but he applies them Satyrically, to ſome Cuſtoms and Kinds of Philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the *Romans* not uſing any of theſe *Parodies* in their Satyres; ſometimes, indeed, repeating Verſes of other Men, as *Perſius* cites ſome of *Nero*'s; but not turning them into another meaning, the *Silli* cannot be ſuppos'd to be the Original of *Roman* Satire. To theſe *Silli* conſiſting of *Parodies*, we may properly add the Satires which were written againſt particular Perſons; ſuch as were the Iambiques of *Archilocus* againſt *Lycambes*, which *Horace* undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whoſe Titles bear a ſufficient witneſs of it: I might alſo name the Invective of *Ovid* againſt *Ibis*; and many others: But theſe are the Under-Wood of Satire, rather than the Timber-Trees: They are not a general Extenſion, as reaching only to ſome individual Perſon. And *Horace* ſeems to have purg'd himſelf from thoſe Splenetick Reflections in thoſe *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he under-

took

took the Noble Work of Satires; which were properly ſo call'd.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length diſengag'd my ſelf from thoſe Antiquities of *Greece*; and have prov'd, I hope, from the beſt Critiques, that the *Roman* Satire was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own Manufacture: I am now almoſt gotten into my depth; at leaſt by the help of *Dacier* I am ſwimming towards it. Not that I will promiſe always to follow him, any more than he follows *Caſaubon*; but to keep him in my eye, as my beſt and trueſt Guide; and where I think he may poſſibly miſlead me, there to have recourſe to my own Lights, as I expect that others ſhould do by me.

Quintilian ſays, in Plain words, *Satira quidem tota, noſtra eſt*: And *Horace* had ſaid the ſame thing before him, ſpeaking of his Predeceſſor in that ſort of Poetry, *Et Græcis intacti Carminis Author.* Nothing can be clearer than the Opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the beſt Critiques of the two beſt Ages of the *Roman* Empire, than that Satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not tranſplanted from *Athens* to *Rome*. Yet, as I have ſaid, *Scaliger* the Father, according to his Cuſtom, that is, inſolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better Reaſon, than the derivation of *Satyrus* from σάθυ *Salacitas*; and ſo from the Lechery of thoſe Fauns, thinks he has ſufficiently prov'd, that Satyre is deriv'd from them. As if Wantonneſs and Lubricity, were eſſential to that ſort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other Allegation, which I have already mention'd, is as pitiful: That the *Satyres* carry'd Platters and Caniſters full of Fruit, in their Hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the leſs *Satyres*? Or were the Fruits and Flowers, which they offer'd, any thing of kin to Satyre? Or any Argument that this Poem was originally *Grecian*? *Caſaubon* judg'd better, and his Opinion is grounded on ſure Authority; that *Satyre* was deriv'd from *Satura*, a *Roman* word, which ſignifies Full, and Abundant, and full alſo of Variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due Perfection.

C 3 'Tis

'Tis thus, ſays *Dacier*, that we lay a full Colour, when the Wooll has taken the whole Tincture, and drunk in as much of the Dye as it can receive. According to this Derivation, from *Satur* comes *Satura*, or *Satira*: According to the new Spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now ſpell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an Adjective, and relates to the word *Lanx*, which is underſtood. And this *Lanx*, in *Engliſh* a Charger, or large Platter, was yearly fill'd with all ſorts of Fruits, which were offer'd to the Gods at their Feſtivals, as the *Premices*, or Firſt Gatherings. Theſe Offerings of ſeveral ſorts thus mingl'd, 'tis true, were not unknown to the *Grecians*, who call'd them παγκαρπὸν θυσίαν, a Sacrifice of all ſorts of Fruits; and πανσπερμίαν, when they offer'd all kinds of Grain. *Virgil* has mention'd theſe Sacrifices in his *Georgiques*,

Lancibus & pandis, fumantia reddimus Exta. And in another place, *Lanceſque & liba feremus*: That is, we offer the ſmoaking Intrails in great Platters; and we will offer the Chargers, and the Cakes.

This word *Satura* has been afterward apply'd to many other ſorts of Mixtures; as *Feſtus* calls it a kind of *Olla*, or hotch-potch, made of ſeveral ſorts of Meats. Laws were alſo call'd *Leges Saturæ*; when they were of ſeveral Heads and Titles; like our tack'd Bills of Parliament. And *per Saturam legem ferre*, in the *Roman* Senate, was to carry a Law without telling the Senators, or counted Voices when they were in haſte. *Saluſt* uſes the word *per Saturam Sententias exquirere*; when the Majority was viſibly on one ſide. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the Diſcourſes or Satyres of *Ennius*, *Lucilius*, and *Horace*, as we now call them, took their Name; becauſe they are full of various Matters, and are alſo written on various Subjects, as *Porphyrius* ſays. But *Dacier* affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that theſe Satyres are ſo call'd: For that Name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer reſemblance to thoſe Diſcourſes of *Horace*. In explaining of which, (continues,

tinues *Dacier*) a Method is to be purſu'd, of which *Caſaubon* himſelf has never thought, and which will put all things into ſo clear a Light, that no farther room will be left for the leaſt Diſpute.

During the ſpace of almoſt four hundred Years, ſince the Building of their City, the *Romans* had never known any Entertainments of the State: Chance and Jollity firſt found out thoſe Verſes which they call'd *Saturnian*, and *Feſcennine*: Or rather Human Nature, which is inclin'd to Poetry, firſt produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpoliſh'd, as all other Operations of the Soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with Art and Study. However, in occaſions of Merriment they were firſt practis'd; and this rough-caſt unhewn Poetry, was inſtead of Stage-Plays for the ſpace of an hundred and twenty Years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the *French* call them, *Impromptus*: For which the *Tarſians* of old were much renown'd; and we ſee the daily Examples of them in the *Italian* Farces of *Harlequin*, and *Scaramucha*. Such was the Poetry of that ſalvage People, before it was tun'd into Numbers, and the Harmony of Verſe. Little of the *Saturnian* Verſes is now remaining; we only know from Authors, that they were nearer Proſe than Poetry, without feet, or meaſure. They were ἔνρυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: Perhaps they might be us'd in the ſolemn Part of their Ceremonies, and the *Feſcennine*, which were invented after them, in their Afternoons Debauchery, becauſe they were ſcoffing and obſcene.

The *Feſcennine* and *Saturnian* were the ſame; for as they were call'd *Saturnian* from their Ancientneſs, when *Saturn* Reign'd in *Italy*; they were alſo call'd *Feſcennine*, from *Feſcenina*, a Town in the ſame Country, where they were firſt practis'd. The Actors with a groſs and ruſtick kind of Raillery, reproach'd each other with their Failings; and at the ſame time were nothing ſparing of it to their Audience. Somewhat of this Cuſtom was afterwards retain'd in their *Saturnalia*, or Feaſts of *Saturn*, celebrated in *December*; at leaſt all kind of freedom in Speech

was then allow'd to Slaves, even againſt their Maſters; and we are not without ſome imitation of it in our *Chriſtmas Gambols*, Souldiers alſo us'd thoſe *Feſcennine* Verſes, after Meaſure and Numbers had been added to them, at the Triumph of their Generals: Of which we have an Example, in the Triumph of *Julius Cæſar* over *Gaul*, in theſe Expreſſions: *Cæſar Gallias ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem: Ecce Cæſar nunc triumphat, qui ſubegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui ſubegit Cæſarem.* The Vapours of Wine made the firſt Satyrical Poets amongſt the *Romans*; which, ſays *Dacier*, we cannot better repreſent, than by imagining a Company of Clowns on a Holy-day, dancing Lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* Doggrel, with their Defects and Vices, and the Stories that were told of them in Bake-houſes and Barbers Shops.

When they began to be ſomewhat better bred, and were entring, as I may ſay, into the firſt Rudiments of Civil Converſation, they left theſe Hedge-Notes, for another ſort of Poem, ſomewhat poliſh'd, which was alſo full of pleaſant Raillery, but without any mixture of Obſcenity. This ſort of Poetry appear'd under the name of Satire, becauſe of its variety: And this Satire was adorn'd with Compoſitions of Muſick, and with Dances; but Laſcivious Poſtures were baniſh'd from it. In the *Tuſcan* Language, ſays *Livy*, the word *Hiſter* ſignifies a Player: And therefore thoſe Actors, which were firſt brought from *Etruria* to *Rome*, on occaſion of a Peſtilence; when the *Romans* were admoniſh'd to avert the Anger of the Gods by Plays, in the Year *ab Urbe Condita* CCCXC. Thoſe Actors, I ſay, were therefore call'd *Hiſtriones*: And that Name has ſince remain'd, not only to Actors *Roman* born, but to all others of every Nation. They play'd not the former *extempore* Stuff of *Feſcennine* Verſes, or Clowniſh Jeſts; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly Farce, with Muſick and Dances, and Motions that were proper to the Subject.

In this Condition *Livius Andronicus* found the Stage, when he attempted firſt, inſtead of Farces, to ſupply it

with

with a Nobler Entertainment of Tragedies and Comedies. This Man was a *Grecian* born, and being made a Slave by *Livius Salinator*, and brought to *Rome*, had the Education of his Patron's Children committed to him. Which Truſt he diſcharg'd, ſo much to the ſatiſfaction of his Maſter, that he gave him his Liberty.

Andronicus thus become a Freeman of *Rome*, added to his own Name that of *Livius* his Maſter; and, as I obſerv'd, was the firſt Author of a Regular Play in that Commonwealth. Being already inſtructed in his Native Country, in the Manners and Decencies of the *Athenian* Theater, and converſant in the *Archæa Comœdia*, or old Comedy of *Ariſtophanes*, and the reſt of the *Grecian* Poets; he took from that Model his own deſigning of Plays for the *Roman* Stage. The firſt of which was repreſented in the Year CCCCCXIV. ſince the Building of *Rome*, as *Tully*, from the Commentaries of *Atticus*, has aſſur'd us; it was after the end of the firſt *Punic* War, the Year before *Ennius* was born. *Dacier* has not carry'd the matter altogether thus far; he only ſays, that one *Livius Andronicus* was the firſt Stage-Poet at *Rome*: But I will adventure on this hint, to advance another Propoſition, which I hope the Learned will approve. And tho' we have not any thing of *Andronicus* remaining to juſtifie my Conjecture, yet 'tis exceeding probable, that having read the Works of thoſe *Grecian* Wits, his Country-men, he imitated not only the Ground-work, but alſo the manner of their Writing. And how grave ſoever his Tragedies might be, yet in his Comedies he expreſs'd the way of *Ariſtophanes*, *Eupolis*, and the reſt, which was to call ſome Perſons by their own Names, and to expoſe their Defects to the laughter of the People. The Examples of which we have in the fore-mention'd *Ariſtophanes*, who turn'd the wiſe *Socrates* into ridicule; and is alſo very free with the Management of *Cleon*, *Alcibiades*, and other Miniſters of the *Athenian* Government. Now if this be granted, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that the firſt hint of Satyrical Plays on the *Roman* Stage, was given by the *Greeks*. Not from the *Satyrica*, for that

has

has been reaſonably exploded in the former part of this Diſcourſe: But from their old Comedy, which was imitated firſt by *Livius Andronicus*. And then *Quintilian* and *Horace* muſt be cautiouſly interpreted, where they affirm, that Satire is wholly *Roman*; and a ſort of Verſe, which was not touch'd on by the *Grecians*. The Reconcilement of my opinion to the Standard of their Judgment, is not however very difficult, ſince they ſpake of Satire, not as in its firſt Elements, but as it was form'd into a ſeparate Work; begun by *Ennius*, purſu'd by *Lucilius*, and compleated afterwards by *Horace*. The Proof depends only on this *Poſtulatum*, that the Comedies of *Andronicus*, which were imitations of the *Greek*, were alſo imitations of their Railleries, and Reflections on particular Perſons. For if this be granted me, which is a moſt probable Suppoſition, 'tis eaſie to inferr, that the firſt Light which was given to the *Roman Theatrical* Satire, was from the Plays of *Livius Andronicus*. Which will be more manifeſtly diſcover'd, when I come to ſpeak of *Ennius*. In the mean time I will return to *Dacier*.

The People, ſays he, ran in Crowds to theſe new Entertainments of *Andronicus*, as to Pieces which were more Noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former Satires, which for ſome time they neglected and abandon'd. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they join'd them to their Comedies: Playing them at the end of every Drama; as the *French* continue at this day to act their Farces; in the nature of a ſeparate Entertainment from their Tragedies. But more particularly they were join'd to the *Atellane* Fables, ſays *Caſaubon*; which were Plays invented by the *Oſci*. Thoſe Fables, ſays *Valerius Maximus*, out of *Livy*, were temper'd with the *Italian* Severity, and free from any Note of Infamy or Obſceneneſs; and as an old Commentator on *Juvenal* affirms, the *Exodiarii*, which were Singers and Dancers, enter'd to entertain the People with light Songs, and mimical Geſtures, that they might not go away oppreſs'd with Melancholy, from thoſe ſerious Pieces of the Theater.

So

ſo that the ancient Satire of the *Romans* was in extempo-rary Reproaches: The next was Farce, which was brought from *Tuſcany*: To that ſucceeded the Plays of *Andronicus*, from the old Comedy of the *Grecians*: And out of all theſe, ſprung two ſeveral Branches of new *Roman* Satire; like diffrent Cyens from the ſame Root. Which I ſhall prove with as much brevity as the Subject will allow.

A Year after *Andronicus* had open'd the *Roman* Stage with his new Drama's, *Ennius* was born; who, when he was grown to Man's Eſtate, having ſeriouſly conſider'd the Genius of the People, and how eagerly they follow'd the firſt Satires, thought it wou'd be worth his Pains, to re-fine upon the Project, aud to write Satires not to be Acted on the Theater, but Read. He preſerv'd the Ground-work of their Pleaſantry, their Venom, and their Raillery on particular Perſons, and general Vices: And by this means, avoiding the Danger of any ill Succeſs, in a Publick Repreſentation, he hop'd to be as well receiv'd in the Ca-binet, as *Andronicus* had been upon the Stage. The Event was anſwerable to his Expectation. He made Diſcourſes in ſeveral ſorts of Verſe, vary'd often in the ſame Paper; retaining ſtill in the Title, their original Name of Satire. Both in relation to the Subjects, and the variety of Matters contain'd in them, the Satires of *Horace* are entirely like them; only *Ennius*, as I ſaid, confines not himſelf to one ſort of Verſe, as *Horace* does; but taking Example from the *Greeks*, and even from *Homer* himſelf, in his *Margites*, which is a kind of Satire, as *Scaliger* obſerves, gives him-ſelf the licenſe, when one ſort of Numbers comes not eaſily, to run into another, as his Fancy Dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle Hexameters with Iambique Trimeters; or with Trochaique Tetrameters; as appears by thoſe Fragments which are yet remaining of him: *Ho-race* has thought him worthy to be Copy'd; inſerting ma-ny things of his into his own Satires, as *Virgil* has done in-to his *Æneids*.

Here we have *Dacier* making out that *Ennius* was the firſt Satyriſt in that way of Writing, which was of his In-

vention;

vention; that is, Satire abſtracted from the Stage, and new modell'd into Papers of Verſes, on ſeveral Subjects. But he will have *Ennius* take the Ground-work of Satire from the firſt Farces of the *Romans*; rather than from the form'd Plays of *Livius Andronicus*, which were Copy'd from the *Grecian* Comedies. It may poſſibly be ſo; but *Dacier* knows no more of it than I do. And it ſeems to me the more probable Opinion, that he rather imitated the fine Railleries of the *Greeks*, which he ſaw in the Pieces of *Andronicus*, than the Courſneſs of his old Country-men, in their Clowniſh Extemporary way of jeering.

But beſides this, 'tis univerſally granted, that *Ennius* tho' an *Italian*, was excellently learn'd in the *Greek* Language. His Verſes were ſtuff'd with Fragments of it, even to a fault: And he himſelf believ'd, according to the *Pythagorian* Opinion, that the Soul of *Homer* was tranſfus'd into him: Which *Perſius* obſerves, in his *Sixth Satire: Poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe Mæonides.* But this being only the private Opinion of ſo inconſiderable a Man as I am, I leave it to the farther Diſquiſition of the Critiques, if they think it worth their notice. Moſt evident it is, that whether he imitated the *Roman* Farce, or the *Greek* Comedies, he is to be acknowledg'd for the firſt Author of *Roman Satire*, as it is properly ſo call'd; and diſtinguiſh'd from any ſort of Stage-Play.

Of *Pacuvius*, who ſucceeded him, there is little to be ſaid, becauſe there is ſo little remaining of him: Only that he is taken to be the Nephew of *Ennius*, his Siſter's Son; that in probability he was inſtructed by his Uncle, in his way of Satire, which we are told he has Copy'd; but what Advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the World, when *Pacuvius* flouriſh'd moſt; he alſo made Satires after the manner of *Ennius* but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavour'd to imitate more cloſely the *vetus Comœdia* of the *Greeks*: Of the which the old Original *Roman* Satire had no Idea, till the time of *Livius Andronicus*. And though *Horace* ſeems to have made *Lucilius* the firſt Author of Satire in Verſe,

amongſt the *Romans*; in theſe Words, *Quid cum eſt* Lucilius *auſus Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem*: He is only thus to be underſtood, That *Lucilius* had given a more graceful turn to the Satire of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; not that he invented a new Satire of his own: And *Quintilian* ſeems to explain this Paſſage of *Horace* in theſe Words: *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt* Lucilius.

Thus, both *Horace* and *Quintilian*, give a kind of Primacy of Honour to *Lucilius*, amongſt the Latin Satyriſts. For as the *Roman* Language grew more refin'd, ſo much more capable it was of receiving the *Grecian* Beauties in his time: *Horace* and *Quintilian* cou'd mean no more, than that *Lucilius* writ better than *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*: And on the ſame account we preferr *Horace* to *Lucilius*: Both of them imitated the old *Greek* Comedy; and ſo did *Ennius* and *Pacuvius* before them. The poliſhing of the Latin Tongue, in the ſucceſſion of Times, made the only difference. And *Horace* himſelf, in two of his Satires, written purpoſely on this Subject, thinks the *Romans* of his Age, were too partial in their Commendations of *Lucilius*; who writ not only looſely, and muddily, with little Art, and much leſs Care, but alſo in a time when the Latin Tongue was not yet ſufficiently purg'd from the Dregs of Barbariſm; and many ſignificant and ſounding Words, which the *Romans* wanted, were not admitted even in the times of *Lucretius* and *Cicero*; of which both complain.

But to proceed, *Dacier* juſtly taxes *Caſaubon*, for ſaying, That the Satires of *Lucilius* were wholly different in *Specie*, from thoſe of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. *Caſaubon* was led into that Miſtake by *Diomedes* the Grammarian, who in effect ſays this: Satire amongſt the *Romans*, but not amongſt the *Greeks*, was a biting invective Poem, made after the Model of the ancient Comedy; for the Reprehenſion of Vices: Such as were the Poems of *Lucilius*, of *Horace*, and of *Perſius*. But in former times, the name of Satire was given to Poems, which were compos'd of ſeveral ſorts of Verſes; ſuch as were made by *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*;

more

more fully expreſſing the Etymology of the word Satire, from *Satura*, which we have obſerv'd. Here 'tis manifeſt, that *Diomedes* makes a Specifical Diſtinction betwixt the Satires of *Ennius*, and thoſe of *Lucilius*. But this, as we ſay in *Engliſh*, is only a Diſtinction without a Difference; for the Reaſon of it is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe. This was that which cozen'd honeſt *Caſaubon*, who relying on *Diomedes*, had not ſufficiently examin'd the Origin and Nature of thoſe two Satires; which were entirely the ſame, both in the Matter and the Form. For all that *Lucilius* perform'd beyond his Predeceſſors, *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, was only the adding of more Politeneſs, and more Salt; without any change in the Subſtance of the Poem: And tho' *Lucilius* put not together in the ſame Satire ſeveral ſorts of Verſes, as *Ennius* did; yet he compos'd ſeveral Satires, of ſeveral ſorts of Verſes; and mingl'd them with *Greek* Verſes: One Poem conſiſted only of Hexameters; and another was entirely of Iambiques; a third of Trochaiques; as is viſible by the Fragments yet remaining of his Works. In ſhort, if the Satires of *Lucilius* are therefore ſaid to be wholly different from thoſe of *Ennius*, becauſe he added much more of Beauty and Poliſhing to his own Poems, than are to be found in thoſe before him; it will follow from hence, that the Satires of *Horace* are wholly different from thoſe *Lucilius*, becauſe *Horace* has not leſs ſurpaſs'd *Lucilius* in the Elegancy of his Writing, than *Lucilius* ſurpaſs'd *Ennius* in the Turn and Ornament of his. This Paſſage of *Diomedes* has alſo drawn *Douſa*, the Son, into the ſame Errour of *Caſaubon*, which, I ſay, not to expoſe the little Failings of thoſe judicious Men, but only to make it appear, with how much Diffidence and Caution we are to Read their Works; when they treat a Subject of ſo much Obſcurity, and ſo very ancient, as is this of Satire.

Having thus brought down the Hiſtory of Satire from its Original, to the times of *Horace*, and ſhewn the ſeveral changes of it. I ſhou'd here diſcover ſome of thoſe Graces which *Horace* added to it, but that I think it will

be more proper to defer that Undertaking, till I make the Compariſon betwixt him and *Juvenal*. In the mean while, following the Order of Time, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomewhat of another kind of Satire, which alſo was deſcended from the Ancients: 'Tis that which we call the *Varronian* Satire, but which *Varro* himſelf calls the *Menippean*; becauſe *Varro*, the moſt Learn'd of the *Romans*, was the firſt Author of it, who imitated, in his Works, the Manners of *Menippus* the *Gadarenian*, who profeſs'd the Philoſophy of the *Cyniques*.

This ſort of Satire was not only compos'd of ſeveral ſorts of Verſe, like thoſe of *Ennius*, but was alſo mix'd with Proſe; and Greek was ſprinkl'd amongſt the Latin. *Quintilian*, after he had ſpoken of the Satire of *Lucilius*, adds what follows. *There is another and former kind of Satire, Compos'd by* Terentius Varro, *the moſt Learn'd of the* Romans: *In which he was not ſatisfy'd alone, with mingling in it ſeveral ſorts of Verſe.* The only difficulty of this Paſſage, is, that *Quintilian* tells us, that this Satire of *Varro* was of a former kind. For how can we poſſibly imagine this to be, ſince *Varro*, who was contemporary to *Cicero*, muſt conſequently be after *Lucilius*? But *Quintilian* meant not, that the Satire of *Varro* was in order of time before *Lucilius*? he wou'd only give us to underſtand, that the *Varronian* Satire, with mixture of ſeveral ſorts of Verſes, was more after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, than that of *Lucilius*, who was more ſevere, and more correct; and gave himſelf leſs liberty in the mixture of his Verſes, in the ſame Poem.

We have nothing remaining of thoſe *Varronian* Satires, excepting ſome inconſiderable Fragments; and thoſe for the moſt part much corrupted. The Titles of many of them are indeed preſerv'd, and they are generally double: From whence, at leaſt, we may underſtand, how many various Subjects were treated by that Author. *Tully*, in his Academicks, introduces *Varro* himſelf giving us ſome light concerning the Scope and Deſign of thoſe Works. Wherein, after he had ſhewn his reaſons why he did not

ex profeſſo write of Philoſophy, he adds what follows. Notwithſtanding, *ſays he*, that thoſe Pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated *Menippus*, though I have not Tranſlated him, are ſprinkled with a kind of mirth, and gayety: Yet many things are there inſerted, which are drawn from the very Intrails of Philoſophy, and many things ſeverely argu'd: Which I have mingl'd with Pleaſantries on purpoſe, that they may more eaſily go down with the Common ſort of Unlearn'd Readers. The reſt of the Sentence is ſo lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the Compoſition of his Satires, he ſo temper'd Philology with Philoſophy, that his Work was a mixture of them both. And *Tully* himſelf confirms us in this Opinion; when a little after he addreſſes himſelf to *Varro* in theſe words. *And you your ſelf have compos'd a moſt Elegant and compleat Poem*; *you have begun Philoſophy in many Places: Sufficient to incite us, though too little to Inſtruct us.* Thus it appeares, that *Varro* was one of thoſe Writers whom they call'd σπουδογέλοιοι, ſtudious of laughter; and that, as Learned as he was, his buſineſs was more to divert his Reader, than to teach him. And he Entitled his own Satires *Menippean*: Not that *Menippus* had written any Satires, (for his were either Dialogues or Epiſtles) but that *Varro* imitated his Style, his Manner, and his Facetiouſneſs. All that we know farther of *Menippus*, and his Writings, which are wholly loſt; is, that by ſome he is eſteem'd, as, amongſt the reſt, by *Varro*: By others he is noted of Cynical Impudence, and Obſcenity: That he was much given to thoſe *Parodies*, which I have already mention'd; that is, he often quoted the Verſes of *Homer* and the Tragick Poets, and turn'd their ſerious meaning into ſomething that was Ridiculous; whereas *Varro's* Satires are by *Tully* call'd Abſolute, and moſt Elegant, and Various Poems. *Lucian*, who was emulous of this *Menippus*, ſeems to have imitated both his Manners and his Style in many of his Dialogues; where *Menippus* himſelf is often introduc'd as a Speaker in them, and as a perpetual Buffoon; Particularly his Character is expreſs'd in the

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beginning of that Dialogue which is call'd Νεκυομαντία. But *Varro*, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthyneſs, and only expreſſes his witty Pleaſantry.

This we may believe for certain, That as his Subjects were various, ſo moſt of them were Tales or Stories of his own invention. Which is alſo manifeſt from Antiquity, by thoſe Authors who are acknowledg'd to have written *Varronian* Satires, in imitation of his: Of whom the Chief is *Petronius Arbiter*, whoſe Satire, they ſay, is now Printing in *Holland*, wholly recover'd, and made compleat: When 'tis made publick, it will eaſily be ſeen by any one Sentence, whether it be ſuppoſititious, or genuine. Many of *Lucian*'s Dialogues may alſo properly be call'd *Varronian* Satires; particularly his *True Hiſtory*: And conſequently the *Golden Aſs* of *Apuleius*, which is taken from him. Of the ſame ſtamp is the Mock Deification of *Claudius*, by *Seneca*: And the *Sympoſium* or *Cæſars* of *Julian* the Emperour. Amongſt the Moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moriæ* of *Eraſmus*, *Barclay*'s *Euphormio*, and a Volume of *German* Authors, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Killigrew* once lent me. In the Engliſh I remember none, which are mix'd with Proſe, as *Varro*'s were: But of the ſame kind is Mother *Hubbard*'s Tale in *Spencer*; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the Poems of *Abſalom*, and *Mac Flecno*.

This is what I have to ſay in general of Satire: Only as *Dacier* has obſerv'd before me, we may take notice, That the word Satire is of a more general ſignification in Latin, than in French, or Engliſh. For amongſt the *Romans* it was not only us'd for thoſe Diſcourſes which decry'd Vice, or expos'd Folly; but for others alſo, where Virtue was recommended. But in our modern Languages we apply it only to invective Poems, where the very Name of Satire is formidable to thoſe Perſons, who wou'd appear to the World, what they are not in themſelves. For in Engliſh, to ſay Satire, is to mean Reflection, as we uſe that Word in the worſt ſence; or as the *French* call it, more properly, *Medíſance*. In the Criticiſm of Spelling, it ought to be

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with *i* and not with *y*; to diſtinguiſh its true Derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be ſo, then 'tis falſe ſpell'd throughout this Book: For here 'tis written Satyr. Which having not conſider'd at the firſt, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the *French* are more nice, and never ſpell it any other way than Satire.

I am now arriv'd at the moſt difficult part of my Undertaking, which is, to compare *Horace* with *Juvenal* and *Perſius*: 'Tis obſerv'd by *Rigaltius*, in his Preface before *Juvenal*, written to *Thuanus*, that theſe three Poets have all their particular *Partiſans*, and Favourers: Every Commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himſelf oblig'd to prefer his Author to the other two: To find out their Failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own Darling. Such is the Partiality of Mankind, to ſet up that Intereſt which they have once eſpous'd, tho' it be to the prejudice of Truth, Morality, and common Juſtice: And eſpecially in the Productions of the Brain. As Authors generally think themſelves the beſt Poets, becauſe they cannot go out of themſelves, to judge ſincerely of their Betters; ſo it is with Critiques, who, having firſt taken a liking to one of theſe Poets, proceed to Comment on him, and to Illuſtrate him: After which, they fall in love with their own Labours, to that degree of blind Fondneſs, that at length they defend and exalt their Author, not ſo much for his ſake, as for their own. 'Tis a Folly of the ſame nature with that of the *Romans* themſelves, in their Games of the *Circus*; the Spectators were divided in their Factions, betwixt the *Veneti* and the *Praſini*: Some were for the Charioteer in Blue, and ſome for him in Green. The Colours themſelves were but a Fancy; but when once a Man had taken pains to ſet out thoſe of his Party, and had been at the trouble of procuring Voices for them, the Caſe was alter'd: He was concern'd for his own Labour; and that ſo earneſtly, that Diſputes and Quarrels, Animoſities, Commotions, and Bloodſhed, often happen'd: And in the Declenſion of the *Grecian* Empire,

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the very Soveraigns themſelves engag'd in it, even when the Barbarians were at their Doors; and ſtickl'd for the Preference of Colours, when the ſafety of their People was in queſtion. I am now, my ſelf, on the brink of the ſame Precipice; I have ſpent ſome time on the Tranſlation of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*; and it behoves me to be wary, leſt, for that Reaſon, I ſhou'd be partial to them, or take a Prejudice againſt *Horace*. Yet, on the other ſide, I wou'd not be like ſome of our Judges, who wou'd give the Cauſe for a Poor Man, right or wrong: For tho' that be an Errour on the better hand, yet it is ſtill a Partiality: And a Rich Man, unheard, cannot be concluded an Oppreſſor. I remember a Saying of King *Charles* II. on Sir *Matthew Hales*, (who was doubtleſs an Uncorrupt and Upright Man) That his Servants were ſure to be Caſt on any Trial, which was heard before him: Not that he thought the Judge was poſſibly to be brib'd; but that his Integrity might be too ſcrupulous: And that the Cauſes of the Crown were always ſuſpicious, when the Priviledges of Subjects were concern'd.

It had been much fairer, if the modern Critiques, who have imbark'd in the Quarrels of their Favourite Authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's Heap, to raiſe their own. There is Praiſe enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his Fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themſelves with the Spoils of others. But to come to particulars, *Heinſius* and *Dacier*, are the moſt principal of thoſe, who raiſe *Horace* above *Juvenal* and *Perſius*. *Scaliger* the Father, *Rigaltius*, and many others, debaſe *Horace*, that they may ſet up *Juvenal*: And *Caſaubon*, who is almoſt ſingle, throws Dirt on *Juvenal* and *Horace*, that he may exalt *Perſius*, whom he underſtood particularly well, and better than any of his former Commentators; even *Stelluti* who ſucceeded him. I will begin with him, who in my Opinion defends the weakeſt Cauſe, which is that of *Perſius*; and labouring, as *Tacitus* profeſſes of his own Writing, to diveſt my ſelf of Partiality, or Prejudice, conſider *Per-*

ſius, not as a Poet, whom I have wholly Tranſlated, and who has coſt me more Labour and Time, than *Juvenal*; but according to what I judge to be his own Merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of *Juvenal* or *Horace*; and yet in ſome things to be preferr'd to both of them.

Firſt, then, for the Verſe, neither *Caſaubon* himſelf, nor any for him, can defend either his Numbers, or the Purity of his *Latin*. *Caſaubon* gives this Point for loſt; and pretends not to juſtifie either the Meaſures, or the Words of *Perſius*: He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal*, in both.

Then, as his Verſe his ſcabrous, and hobbling, and his Words not every where well choſen, the Purity of *Latin* being more corrupted, than in the time of *Juvenal*, and conſequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the heighth of its Perfection; ſo his Diction is hard; his Figures are generally too bold and daring; and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, inſufferably ſtrain'd.

In the third place, notwithſtanding all the diligence of *Caſaubon*, *Stelluti*, and a *Scotch* Gentleman (whom I have heard extreamly commended for his Illuſtrations of him;) yet he is ſtill obſcure: Whether he affected not to be underſtood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his ſafety under *Nero*, compell'd him to this darkneſs in ſome places; or that it was occaſion'd by his cloſe way of Thinking, and the brevity of his Stile, and crowding of his Figures; or laſtly, whether after ſo long a time, many of his Words have been corrupted, and many Cuſtoms, and Stories relating to them, loſt to us; whether ſome of theſe Reaſons, or all, concurr'd to render him ſo cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the beſt of Commentators can but gueſs at his Meaning, in many Paſſages: And none can be certain that he has divin'd rightly.

After all, he was a young Man, like his Friend and Contemporary *Lucan*: Both of them Men of extraordinary Parts, and great acquir'd Knowledge, conſidering their Youth. But neither of them had arriv'd to that Maturity of Judgment, which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of

a form'd Poet. And this Conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome Imperfections to their charge; ſo, on the other ſide, 'tis a candid excuſe for thoſe Failings, which are incident to Youth and Inexperience; and we have more Reaſon to wonder, how they, who died before the Thirtieth Year of their Age, cou'd write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly; than to accuſe them of thoſe Faults, from which Human Nature, and more eſpecially in Youth, can never poſſibly be exempted.

To conſider *Perſius* yet more cloſely: He rather inſulted over Vice and Folly, than expos'd them, like *Juvenal* and *Horace*. And as chaſte and modeſt as he is eſteem'd, it cannot be deny'd, but that in ſome places he is broad and fulſom, as the latter Verſes of the Fourth Satire, and of the Sixth, ſufficiently witneſs. And 'tis to be believ'd, that he who commits the ſame Crime often, and without Neceſſity, cannot but do it but with ſome kind of Pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion, he is manifeſtly below *Horace*; becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt Beauties from him: And *Caſaubon* is ſo far from denying this, that he has written a Treatiſe purpoſely concerning it; wherein he ſhews a multitude of his Tranſlations from *Horace*, and his Imitations of him, for the Credit of his Author, which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To theſe Defects, which I caſually obſerv'd, while I was Tranſlating this Author; *Scaliger* has added others: He calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly Writer, and a trifler; full of Oſtentation of his Learning; and after all, unworthy to come into Competition with *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

After ſuch terrible Accuſations, 'tis time to hear what his Patron *Caſaubon* can alledge in his Defence. Inſtead of anſwering, he excuſes for the moſt part; and when he cannot, accuſes others of the ſame Crimes. He deals with *Scaliger*, as a modeſt Scholar with a Maſter. He Compliments him with ſo much Reverence, that one wou'd ſwear he fear'd him as much at leaſt as he reſpected him. *Scaliger* will not allow *Perſius* to have any Wit: *Caſaubon* in-

terprets this in the mildeſt Sence; and confeſſes his Author was not good at turning things into a pleaſant Ridicule; or in other words, that he was not a laughable Writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptiſſimus ad jocandum*. But that he was oſtentatious of his Learning, that, by *Scaliger*'s good Favour, he denies. *Perſius* ſhew'd his Learning, but was no Boaſter of it; he did *oſtendere*, but not *oſtentare*; and ſo, he ſays, did *Scaliger*: Where, methinks, *Caſaubon* turns it handſomly upon that ſupercilious Critick, and ſilently inſinuates, that he himſelf was ſufficiently Vain-glorious; and a Boaſter of his own Knowledge. All the Writings of this Venerable *Cenſor*, continues *Caſaubon*, which are χρυσοῦ χρυσότερα, more golden than Gold it ſelf, are every where ſmelling of that Thyme, which, like a Bee, he has gather'd from ancient Authors: But far be Oſtentation and Vain-glory from a Gentleman, ſo well Born, and ſo nobly Educated as *Scaliger*: But, ſays *Scaliger*, he is ſo obſcure, that he has got himſelf the Name of *Scotinus*, a dark Writer. Now, ſays *Caſaubon*, 'tis a wonder to me that any thing cou'd be obſcure to the Divine Wit of *Scaliger*; from which nothing cou'd be hidden. This is indeed a ſtrong Compliment, but no Defence. And *Caſaubon*, who cou'd not but be ſenſible of his Author's blind ſide, thinks it time to abandon a Poſt that was untenable. He acknowledges that *Perſius* is obſcure in ſome places; but ſo is *Plato*, ſo is *Thucydides*; ſo are *Pindar*, *Theocritus*, and *Ariſtophanes*, amongſt the *Greek* Poets; and even *Horace* and *Juvenal*, he might have added, amongſt the *Romans*. The Truth is, *Perſius* is not ſometimes, but generally obſcure: And therefore *Caſaubon*, at laſt, is forc'd to excuſe him, by alledging that it was *ſe defendendo*, for fear of *Nero*; and that he was commanded to Write ſo cloudily by *Cornutus*, in virtue of holy Obedience to his Maſter. I cannot help my own Opinion; I think *Cornutus* needed not to have read many Lectures to him on that Subject. *Perſius* was an apt Scholar; and when he was bidden to be obſcure, in ſome places, where his Life and Safety were in queſtion, took the

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ſame Counſel for all his Book; and never afterwards wrote ten Lines together clearly. *Caſaubon*, being upon this Chapter, has not fail'd, we may be ſure, of making a Compliment to his own dear Comment. If *Perſius*, ſays he, be in himſelf obſcure, yet my Interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no queſtion but he deſerves that Praiſe, which he has given to himſelf: But the nature of the thing, as *Lucretius* ſays, will not admit of a perfect Explanation. Beſides many Examples which I cou'd urge, the very laſt Verſe of his laſt Satire, upon which he particularly values himſelf in his Preface, is not yet ſufficiently explicated. 'Tis true, *Holiday* has endeavour'd to juſtifie his Conſtruction; but *Stelluti* is againſt it: And, for my part, I can have but a very dark Notion of it. As for the Chaſtity of his Thoughts, *Caſaubon* denies not but that one particular Paſſage, in the Fourth Satire, *At, ſi unctus ceſſes*, &c. is not only the moſt obſcure, but the moſt obſcene of all his Works: I underſtood it; but for that Reaſon turn'd it over. In defence of his boiſterous Metaphors, he quotes *Longinus*, who accounts them as Inſtruments of the Sublime; fit to move and ſtir up the Affections, particularly in Narration. To which it may be reply'd, That where the Trope is far fetch'd, and hard, 'tis fit for nothing but to puzzle the Underſtanding; and may be reckon'd amongſt thoſe things of *Demoſthenes*, which *Æſchines* call'd θαύματα, not ῥήματα· that is Prodigies, not Words. It muſt be granted to *Caſaubon*, that the Knowledge of many things is loſt in our Modern Ages, which were of familiar notice to the Ancients; and that Satire is a Poem of a difficult nature in it ſelf, and is not written to vulgar Readers. And through the relation which it has to Comedy, the frequent change of Perſons makes the Senſe perplex'd; when we can but divine who it is that ſpeaks: Whether *Perſius* himſelf, or his Friend and Monitor; or, in ſome places, a third Perſon. But *Caſaubon* comes back always to himſelf, and concludes, that if *Perſius* had not been obſcure, there had been no need of him for an Interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoin'd

himſelf ſo hard a Task, he then conſider'd the *Greek* Proverb, that he muſt *χελώνης ἐαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν·* either eat the whole Snail, or let it quite alone; and ſo he went through with his laborious Task, as I have done with my difficult Tranſlation.

Thus far, my Lord, you ſee it has gone very hard with *Perſius*: I think he cannot be allow'd to ſtand in competition, either with *Juvenal* or *Horace*. Yet, for once, I will venture to be ſo vain, as to affirm, That none of his hard Metaphors, or forc'd Expreſſions, are in my Tranſlation: But more of this in its proper place, where I ſhall ſay ſomewhat in particular, of our general Performance, in making theſe two Authors Engliſh. In the mean time, I think my ſelf oblig'd to give *Perſius* his undoubted due, and to acquaint the World, with *Caſaubon*, in what he has equall'd, and in what excell'd his two Competitors.

A Man who is reſolv'd to praiſe an Author, with any appearance of Juſtice, muſt be ſure to take him on the ſtrongeſt ſide, and where he is leaſt liable to Exceptions. He is therefore oblig'd to chuſe his Mediums accordingly: *Caſaubon*, who ſaw that *Perſius* cou'd not laugh with a becoming Grace, that he was not made for Jeſting, and that a merry Conceipt was not his Talent, turn'd his Feather, like an *Indian*, to another Light, that he might give it the better Gloſs. Moral Doctrine, ſays he, and Urbanity, or well-manner'd Wit, are the two things which conſtitute the *Roman* Satire. But of the two, that which is moſt eſſential to this Poem, and is as it were the very Soul which animates it, is the ſcourging of Vice, and exhortation to Virtue. Thus Wit, for a good Reaſon, is already almoſt out of Doors; and allow'd only for an Inſtrument, a kind of Tool, or a Weapon, as he calls it, of which the Satyriſt makes uſe, in the compaſſing of his Deſign. The End and Aim of our Three Rivals, is conſequently the ſame. But by what Methods they have proſecuted their Intention, is farther to be conſider'd. Satire is of the nature of Moral Philoſophy, as being inſtructive: He therefore, who inſtructs moſt uſefully, will carry the Palm from

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his two Antagoniſts. The Philoſophy in which *Perſius* was Educated, and which he profeſſes through his whole Book, is the Stoick: The moſt Noble, moſt Generous, moſt Beneficial to Human Kind, amongſt all the Sects, who have given us the Rules of Ethiques, thereby to form a ſevere Virtue in the Soul; to raiſe in us an undaunted Courage, againſt the Aſſaults of Fortune; to eſteem as nothing the things that are without us, becauſe they are not in our Power; not to value Riches, Beauty, Honours, Fame, or Health, any farther than as Conveniences, and ſo many Helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our Generation. In ſhort, to be always happy, while we poſſeſs our Minds, with a good Conſcience, are free from the Slavery of Vices, and conform our Actions and Converſation to the Rules of Right Reaſon. See here, my Lord, an Epitome of *Epictetus*; the Doctrine of *Zeno*, and the Education of our *Perſius*. And this he expreſs'd, not only in all his Satires, but in the manner of his Life. I will not leſſen this Commendation of the Stoick Philoſophy, by giving you an account of ſome Abſurdities in their Doctrine, and ſome perhaps Impieties, if we conſider them by the Standard of Chriſtian Faith: *Perſius* has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from thoſe Imputations. What he teaches, might be taught from Pulpits, with more profit to the Audience, than all the nice Speculations of Divinity, and Controverſies concerning Faith; which are more for the Profit of the Shepherd, than for the Edification of the Flock. Paſſion, Intereſt, Ambition, and all their bloody Conſequences of Diſcord and of War, are baniſh'd from this Doctrine. Here is nothing propos'd but the Quiet and Tranquility of the Mind; Virtue lodg'd at home, and afterwards diffus'd in her general Effects, to the Improvement and Good of Human Kind. And therefore I wonder not that the preſent Biſhop of *Salisbury* has recommended this our Author, and the Tenth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in his Paſtoral Letter, to the ſerious peruſal and practice of the Divines in his Dioceſs, as the beſt Common Places for their Sermons, as the Store-

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Houſes and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occaſion, all manner of Aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of a virtuous Life, which the Stoicks have aſſign'd for the great End and Perfection of Mankind. Herein, then it is, that *Perſius* has excell'd both *Juvenal* and *Horace*. He ſticks to his own Philoſophy: He ſhifts not ſides, like *Horace*, who is ſometimes an *Epicuræan*, ſometimes a Stoick, ſometimes an Eclectick; as his preſent Humour leads him: Nor declaims like *Juvenal* againſt Vices, more like on Orator, than a Philoſopher. *Perſius* is every where the ſame; true to the Dogma's of his Maſter: What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practiſes himſelf. There is a Spirit of Sincerity in all he ſays: You may eaſily diſcern that he is in earneſt, and is perſwaded of that Truth which he inculcates. In this I am of Opinion, that he excels *Horace*, who is commonly in jeſt, and laughs while he inſtructs: And is equal to *Juvenal*, who was as honeſt and ſerious as *Perſius*, and more he cou'd not be.

Hitherto I have follow'd *Caſaubon*, and enlarg'd upon him; becauſe I am ſatisfy'd that he ſays no more than Truth; the reſt is almoſt all frivolous. For he ſays that *Horace* being the Son of a Tax-gatherer, or a Collector, as we call it, ſmells every where of the Meanneſs of his Birth and Education: His Conceipts are vulgar, like the Subjects of his Satires; that he does *Plebeium ſapere*; and Writes not with that Elevation, which becomes a Satyriſt: That *Perſius* being Nobly born, and of an opulent Family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better Maſter; *Cornutus* being the moſt Learned of his time, a Man of a moſt Holy Life, the Chief of the Stoick Sect at *Rome*; and not only a great Philoſopher, but a Poet himſelf; and in probability a Coadjutor of *Perſius*. That, as for *Juvenal*, he was long a Declaimer, came late to Poetry, and had not been much converſant in Philoſophy.

'Tis granted that the Father of *Horace* was *Libertinus*, that is one degree remov'd from his Grandfather, who had been once a Slave: But *Horace*, ſpeaking of him, gives

gives him the beſt Character of a Father, which I ever read in Hiſtory; and I wiſh a witty Friend of mine now living had ſuch another. He bred him in the beſt School, and with the beſt Company of young Noble-men. And *Horace*, by his Gratitude to his Memory, gives a certain Teſtimony that his Education was ingenuous. After this, he form'd himſelf abroad, by the Converſation of Great Men. *Brutus* found him at *Athens*, and was ſo pleas'd with him, that he took him thence into the Army, and made him *Tribunus Militum*, a Colonel in a Legion, which was the Preferment of an Old Souldier. All this was before his Acquaintance with *Mecænas*, and his Introduction into the Court of *Auguſtus*, and the Familiarity of that Great Emperour; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his Converſation, and render him accompliſh'd and knowing in all the Arts of Complacency and Good-behaviour; and, in ſhort, an agreeable Companion for the retir'd Hours and Privacies of a Favourite, who was Firſt Miniſter. So that, upon the whole matter, *Perſius* may be acknowledg'd to be equal with him, in thoſe reſpects, tho' better born, and *Juvenal* inferiour to both. If the Advantage be any where, 'tis on the ſide of *Horace*; as much as the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, was ſuperiour to that of *Nero*. As for the Subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that *Horace* writ not vulgarly on vulgar Subjects, nor always choſe them. His Stile is conſtantly accommodated to his Subject, either high or low: If his fault be too much lowneſs, that of *Perſius* is the fault of the hardneſs of his Metaphors, and obſcurity: And ſo they are equal in the Failings of their Stile; where *Juvenal* manifeſtly triumphs over both of them.

The Compariſon betwixt *Horace* and *Juvenal* is more difficult; becauſe their Forces were more equal: A Diſpute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the Favourers of the two Poets. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſhall only venture to give my own Opinion, and leave it for better Judges to determine. If it be only

argu'd in general, which of them was the better Poet; the Victory is already gain'd on the ſide of *Horace*. *Virgil* himſelf muſt yield to him in the delicacy of his Turns, his choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his Latin. He who ſays that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his *Odes*. But the Contention betwixt theſe two great Maſters, is for the Prize of Satire: In which Controverſie, all the *Odes* and *Epodes* of *Horace* are to ſtand excluded. I ſay this, becauſe *Horace* has written many of them Satirically, againſt his private Enemies: Yet theſe, if juſtly conſider'd, are ſomewhat of the Nature of the *Greek Silli*, which were Invectives againſt particular Sects and Perſons. But *Horace* had purg'd himſelf of this Choler, before he enter'd on thoſe Diſcourſes, which are more properly call'd the *Roman* Satire: He has not now to do with a *Lyce*, a *Canidia*, a *Caſſius Severus*, or a *Menas*; but is to correct the Vices and the Follies of his Time, and to give the Rules of a happy and virtuous Life. In a word, that former ſort of Satire, which is known in *England* by the Name of Lampoon, is a dangerous ſort of Weapon, and for the moſt part unlawful. We have no moral Right on the Reputation of other Men. 'Tis taking from them what we cannot reſtore to them. There are only two Reaſons, for which we may be permitted to write Lampoons; and I will not promiſe that they can always juſtifie us: The firſt is Revenge, when we have been affronted in the ſame nature, or have been any ways notoriouſly abus'd, and can make our ſelves no other Reparation. And yet we know, that, in Chriſtian Charity, all Offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like Pardon for thoſe which we daily commit againſt Almighty GOD. And this Conſideration has often made me tremble when I was ſaying our Saviour's Prayer; for the plain Condition of the Forgiveneſs which we beg, is the pardoning of others the Offences which they have done to us: For which Reaſon I have many times avoided the commiſſion of that Fault, ev'n when I have been notoriouſly provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, paſs for Vanity in me; for 'tis Truth. More

Libels have been written againſt me, than almoſt any Man now living: And I had Reaſon on my ſide, to have defended my own Innocence: I ſpeak not of my Poetry, which I have wholly given up to the Criticks; let them uſe it as they pleaſe; Poſterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: For Intereſt and Paſſion will lie bury'd in another Age; and Partiality and Prejudice be forgotten. I ſpeak of my Morals, which have been ſufficiently aſpers'd; that only ſort of Reputation ought to be dear to every honeſt Man, and is to me. But let the World witneſs for me, that I have been often wanting to my ſelf in that particular; I have ſeldom anſwer'd any ſcurrilous Lampoon; when it was in my power to have expos'd my Enemies: And being naturally vindicative, have ſuffer'd in ſilence, and poſſeſs'd my Soul in quiet.

Any thing, tho' never ſo little, which a Man ſpeaks of himſelf, in my Opinion, is ſtill too much; and therefore I will wave this Subject, and proceed to give the ſecond Reaſon, which may juſtifie a Poet, when he writes againſt a particular Perſon; and that is, when he is become a Publick Nuiſance. All thoſe, whom *Horace* in his Satires, and *Perſius* and *Juvenal* have mention'd in theirs, with a Brand of Infamy, are wholly ſuch. 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crimes and Follies: Both for their own Amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terrour of others, to hinder them from falling into thoſe Enormities, which they ſee are ſo ſeverely puniſh'd, in the Perſons of others. The firſt Reaſon was only an Excuſe for Revenge; but this ſecond is abſolutely of a Poet's Office to perform: But how few Lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this Duty: When they come in my way, 'tis impoſſible ſometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are in common Juſtice, from the Choice of ſuch Perſons as are the proper Subject of Satire! And how little Wit they bring, for the ſupport of their Injuſtice! The Weaker Sex is their moſt ordinary Theme;

and the beſt and faireſt are ſure to be the moſt ſeverely handled. Amongſt Men, thoſe who are proſperouſly unjuſt, are intitled to a Panegyrick: But afflicted Virtue is inſolently ſtabb'd with all manner of Reproaches; no Decency is conſider'd, no Fulſomneſs omitted; no Venom is wanting, as far as Dulneſs can ſupply it: For there is a perpetual Dearth of Wit; a Barrenneſs of good Sence and Entertainment. The neglect of the Readers, will ſoon put an end to this ſort of ſcribling. There can be no Pleaſantry where there is no Wit: No Impreſſion can be made, where there is no Truth for the Foundation. To conclude, they are like the Fruits of the Earth in this unnatural Seaſon: The Corn which held up its Head, is ſpoil'd with Rankneſs; but the greater part of the Harveſt is laid along, and little of good Income and wholeſom Nouriſhment is receiv'd into the Barns. This is almoſt a Digreſſion, I confeſs to your Lordſhip; but a juſt Indignation forc'd it from me. Now I have remov'd this Rubbiſh, I will return to the Compariſon of *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

I wou'd willingly divide the Palm betwixt them; upon the two Heads of Profit and Delight, which are the two Ends of Poetry in general. It muſt be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, That *Horace* is the more copious and profitable in his Inſtructions of Human Life: But in my particular Opinion, which I ſet not up for a Standard to better Judgments, *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to *Horace* for my Inſtruction; and more to *Juvenal*, for my Pleaſure. This, as I ſaid, is my particular Taſte of theſe two Authors: They who will have either of them to excell the other in both Qualities, can ſcarce give better Reaſons for their Opinion, than I for mine: But all unbiaſs'd Readers, will conclude, that my Moderation is not to be condemn'd: To ſuch impartial Men I muſt appeal: For they who have already form'd their Judgment, may juſtly ſtand ſuſpected of Prejudice; and tho' all who are my Readers, will ſet up to be my Judges,

I enter my *Caveat* againſt them, that they ought not ſo much as to be of my Jury: Or, if they be admitted, 'tis but Reaſon, that they ſhould firſt hear what I have to urge in the Defence of my Opinion.

That *Horace* is ſomewhat the better Inſtructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, That his Inſtructions are more general; *Juvenal*'s more limited. So that granting, that the Counſels which they give, are equally good for Moral Uſe; *Horace*, who gives the moſt various Advice, and moſt applicable to all Occaſions which can occurr to us in the courſe of our Lives; as including in his Diſcourſes, not only all the Rules of Morality, but alſo of Civil Converſation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferr'd to him, who is more circumſcrib'd in his Inſtructions, makes them to fewer People, and on fewer Occaſions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for uſing an Old Saying, ſince 'tis true, and to the purpoſe, *Bonum quo communius, eo melius*. *Juvenal*, excepting only his firſt Satire, is in all the reſt confin'd, to the expoſing of ſome particular Vice; that he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His Sentences are truly ſhining and inſtructive: But they are ſprinkl'd here and there. *Horace* is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil*, to hide his Sentences: To give you the Virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their full extent: Which is the Oſtentation of a Poet, and not his Art: And this *Petronius* charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *Ne Sententiæ extra Corpus Orationis emineant:* He wou'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear emboſs'd upon it, and ſtriking directly on the Reader's view. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice: And, as there are but few notoriouſly Wicked Men, in compariſon with a Shoal of Fools and Fops; ſo 'tis a harder thing to make a Man wiſe, than to make him honeſt: For the Will is only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Underſtanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-ſides and Follies, even in the Profeſſors of Moral Philoſophy; and there is

no;

not any one Sect of them that *Horace* has not expos'd. Which, as it was not the Deſign of *Juvenal*, who was wholly employ'd in laſhing Vices, ſome of them the moſt enormous that can be imagin'd; ſo, perhaps, it was not ſo much his Talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the Commendation which *Perſius* gave him: Where by *Vitium*, he means thoſe little Vices, which we call Follies, the Defects of Human Underſtanding, or at moſt the Piccadillo's of Life, rather than the Tragical Vices, to which Men are hurry'd by their unruly Paſſions and exorbitant Deſires. But in the word *Omne*, which is univerſal, he concludes, with me, that the Divine Wit of *Horace* left nothing untouch'd; that he enter'd into the inmoſt Receſſes of Nature; found out the Imperfections even of the moſt Wiſe and Grave, as well as of the Common People; diſcovering, even in the great *Trebatius*, to whom he addreſſes the Firſt Satire, his hunting after Buſineſs, and following the Court, as well as in the Perſecutor *Criſpinus*, his Impertinence and Importunity. 'Tis true, he expoſes *Criſpinus* openly, as a common Nuiſance: But he rallies the other, as a Friend, more finely. The Exhortations of *Perſius* are confin'd to Noblemen: And the Stoick Philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: *Juvenal* exhorts to particular Virtues, as they are oppos'd to thoſe Vices againſt which he declaims: But *Horace* laughs to ſhame all Follies, and inſinuates Virtue, rather by familiar Examples, than by the ſeverity of Precepts.

This laſt Conſideration ſeems to incline the Ballance on the ſide of *Horace*, and to give him the preference to *Juvenal*, not only in Profit, but in Pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs, that the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleas'd ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own Taſte only: He may raviſh other Men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickl'd. Where he barely grins himſelf, and, as *Scaliger* ſays, only ſhews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke me to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be com-

mended, but his Wit is faint; and his Salt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. *Juvenal* is of a more Vigorous and Maſculine Wit, he gives me as much Pleaſure as I can bear: He fully ſatisfies my Expectation; he treats his Subject home: His Spleen is rais'd, and he raiſes mine: I have the Pleaſure of Concernment in all he ſays: He drives his Reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another Stage, it wou'd be too far, it wou'd make a Journey of a Progreſs, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a ſign the Subject is exhauſted, and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther. If a Fault can be juſtly found in him, 'tis that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my Friend the *Plain Dealer*, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of *Horace*, and much more elevated. His Expreſſions are Sonorous and more Noble; his Verſe more numerous, and his Words are ſuitable to his Thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the Pleaſure of the Reader; and the greater the Soul of him who reads, his Tranſports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the amble, *Juvenal* on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on Carpet-ground. He goes with more Impetuoſity than *Horace*, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds a more lively agitation to the Spirits. The low Stile of *Horace* is according to his Subject, that is generally groveling; I queſtion not but he cou'd have rais'd it: For the Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book, which he writes to *Auguſtus*, (a moſt inſtructive Satire concerning Poetry,) is of ſo much Dignity in the Words, and of ſo much Elegancy in the Numbers, that the Author plainly ſhews, the *Sermo Pedeſtris*, in his other Satires, was rather his Choice than his Neceſſity. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predeceſſor, and was reſolv'd to ſurpaſs him in his own manner. *Lucilius*, as we ſee by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Stile nor his Numbers, nor his Purity of Words, nor his Run of Verſe. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble way of Satire; writes under his

own Force, and carries a dead Weight, that he may match his Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reaſon, why he minded only the clearneſs of his Satire, and the cleanneſs of Expreſſion, without aſcending to thoſe Heights, to which his own Vigour might have carry'd him. But limiting his Deſires only to the Conqueſt of *Lucilius*, he had his Ends of his Rival, who liv'd before him; but made way for a new Conqueſt over himſelf, by *Juvenal* his Succeſſor. He cou'd not give an equal Pleaſure to his Reader, becauſe he us'd not equal Inſtruments. The fault was in the Tools, and not in the Workman. But Verſification and Numbers, are the greateſt Pleaſures of Poetry: *Virgil* knew it, and practis'd both ſo happily, that for ought I know, his greateſt Excellency is in his Diction. In all other Parts of Poetry, is faultleſs; bus in this he plac'd his chief Perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, ſince I have here an apt occaſion, to ſay, that *Virgil*, cou'd have written ſharper Satires, than either *Horace* or *Juvenal*, if he wou'd have employ'd his Talent that way. I will produce a Verſe and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to juſtifie my Opinion; and with *Comma's* after every Word, to ſhew, that he has given almoſt as many Laſhes, as he has written Syllables; 'tis againſt a bad Poet, whoſe ill Verſes he deſcribes: *Non tu, in triviis, indocte, ſolebas, ſtridenti, miſerum, ſtipula, diſperdere carmen?* But to return to my purpoſe, when there is any thing deficient in Numbers, and Sound, the Reader is uneaſie, and unſatisfy'd; he wants ſomething of his Complement, deſires ſomewhat which he finds not: And this being the manifeſt Defect of *Horace*, 'tis no wonder, that finding it ſupply'd in *Juvenal*, we are more delighted with him. And beſides this, the Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of Reading him. The Meat of *Horace* is more nouriſhing; but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquiſite; ſo that granting *Horace* to be the more general Philoſopher, we cannot deny that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet, I mean in Satire. His Thoughts are ſharper, his Indignation againſt Vice is more vehe-

ment;

ment; his Spirit has more of the Common-wealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all the Vices attending it, as they deſerve, with the utmoſt rigour: And conſequently a Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a zealous Vindicator of *Roman* Liberty, than with a Temporizing Poet, a Well-manner'd Court-Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of Laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, becauſe he is naturally ſervile. After all, *Horace* had the diſadvantage of the Times in which he liv'd; they were better for the Man, but worſe for the Satiriſt. 'Tis generally ſaid, that thoſe enormous Vices which were practis'd under the Reign of *Domitian*, were unknown in the time of *Auguſtus Cæſar*: That therefore *Juvenal* had a larger Field than *Horace*. Little Follies were out of doors, when Oppreſſion was to be ſcourg'd inſtead of Avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the falſe Opinions of Philoſophers, when the *Roman* Liberty was to be aſſerted. There was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian*'s Days, to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been living, to laugh at a Fly-Catcher. This Reflection at the ſame time excuſes *Horace*, but exalts *Juvenal*, I have ended, before I was aware, the Compariſon of *Horace* and *Juvenal* upon the Topicks of Inſtruction and Delight; and indeed I may ſafely here conclude that Common-place, For if we make *Horace* our Miniſter of State in Satire, and *Juvenal* of our private Pleaſures; I think the latter has no ill Bargain of it. Let Profit have the Preheminence of Honour, in the End of Poetry. Pleaſure, tho' but the ſecond in Degree, is the firſt in Favour. And who wou'd not chuſe to be lov'd better, rather than to be more eſteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another Topique; which concerns the particular Merits of theſe two Satyriſts. However, I will purſue my Buſineſs where I left it; and carry it farther than that common Obſervation of the ſeveral Ages in which theſe Authors Flouriſh'd. When *Horace* writ his Satires, the Monarchy of his *Cæſar* was in its newneſs, and the Government but juſt made eaſie to the Conquer'd People. They cou'd not poſſibly have forgotten the Uſurpation of that Prince upon their

Freedom, nor the violent Methods which he had us'd, in the compaſſing of that vaſt Deſign: They yet remember'd his Proſcriptions, and the Slaughter of ſo many Noble *Romans* their Defendors. Amongſt the reſt, that horrible Action of his, when he forc'd *Livia* from the Arms of her Husband, who was conſtrain'd to ſee her Marry'd, as *Dion* relates the Story, and, big with Child as ſhe was, convey'd to the Bed of his inſulting Rival. The ſame *Dion Caſſius* gives us another inſtance of the Crime before mention'd: That *Cornelius Siſenna*, being reproach'd in full Senate, with the licentious Conduct of his Wife, return'd this Anſwer; That he had Marry'd her by the Counſel of *Auguſtus*: Intimating, ſays my Author, that *Auguſtus* had oblig'd him to that Marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free acceſs to her. His Adulteries were ſtill before their Eyes, but they muſt be patient, where they had not Power. In other things that Emperour was moderate enough: Propriety was generally ſecur'd; and the People entertain'd with Publick Shows, and Donatives, to make them more eaſily digeſt their loſt Liberty. But *Auguſtus*, who was conſcious to himſelf of ſo many Crimes which he had committed, thought in the firſt place to provide for his own Reputation, by making an Edict againſt Lampoons and Satires, and the Authors of thoſe defamatory Writings, which my Author *Tacitus*, from the Law-Term, calls *famoſos libellos*.

In the firſt Book of his *Annals*, he gives the following Account of it, in theſe Words: *Primus Auguſtus cognitionem de famoſis libellis ſpecie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Caſſii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminaſque inluſtres, procacibus ſcriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in *Engliſh*: *Auguſtus* was the firſt, who under the colour of that Law took Cogniſance of Lampoons; being provok'd to it, by the Petulancy of *Caſſius Severus*, who had defam'd many Illuſtrious Perſons of both Sexes, in his Writings. The Law to which *Tacitus* refers, was *Lex læſæ Majeſtatis*; commonly call'd, for the ſake of brevity, *Majeſtas*; or, as we ſay, High Treaſon: He means not that this Law had not been

Enacted

Enacted formerly: For it had been made by the *Decemviri*, and was inſcrib'd amongſt the reſt in the Twelve Tables, to prevent the Aſperſion of the *Roman* Majeſty, either of the People themſelves, or their Religion, or their Magiſtrates: And the Infringement of it was Capital; that is, the Offender was whipt to Death, with the *Faſces*, which were born before their Chief Officers of *Rome*. But *Auguſtus* was the firſt, who reſtor'd that intermitted Law. By the words, *Under colour of that Law*, he inſinuates that *Auguſtus* caus'd it to be executed, on pretence of thoſe Libels, which were written by *Caſſius Severus*, againſt the Nobility: But, in truth, to ſave himſelf from ſuch defamatory Verſes. *Suetonius* likewiſe makes mention of it thus: *Sparſos de ſe in Curiâ famoſos libellos, nec expavit, & magna curâ redarguit. Ac ne requiſitis quidem Auctoribus, id modo cenſuit, cognoſcendum poſt hac de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuſpiam ſub alieno nomine edânt.* *Auguſtus* was not afraid of Libels, ſays that Author: Yet he took all care imaginable to have them anſwer'd; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the Authors of them ſhou'd be puniſh'd. But *Aurelius* makes it yet more clear, according to my Sence, that this Emperour for his own ſake durſt not permit them: *Fecit id Auguſtus in ſpeciem; & quaſi gratificaretur Populo Romano, & Primoribus urbis; ſed revera ut ſibi conſuleret: Nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipſe exemptus fuit. Nam ſuo nomine compeſcere erat invidioſum, ſub alieno facile & utile. Ergò ſpecie legis tractavit, quaſi Populi Romani Majeſtas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a ſufficient Comment on that Paſſage of *Tacitus*; I will add only by the way, that the whole Family of the *Cæſars*, and all their Relations were included in the Law; becauſe the Majeſty of the *Romans* in the time of the Empire was wholly in that Houſe: *Omnia Cæſar erat:* They were all accounted ſacred who belong'd to him. As for *Caſſius Severus*, he was contemporary with *Horace*; and was the ſame Poet againſt whom he writes in his *Epodes*, under this Title, *In Caſſium Severum Male-*

Maledicum Poetam: Perhaps intending to kill two Crows, according to our Proverb, with one Stone; and revenge both himſelf and his Emperour together.

From hence I may reaſonably conclude, That *Auguſtus*, who was not altogether ſo Good as he was Wiſe, had ſome By-reſpect in the enacting of this Law: For to do any thing for nothing, was not his Maxim. *Horace*, as he was a Courtier, comply'd with the Intereſt of his Maſter; and avoiding the laſhing of greater Crimes, confin'd himſelf to the ridiculing of petty Vices and common Follies; excepting only ſome reſerv'd Caſes, in his *Odes* and *Epodes*, of his own particular Quarrels; which either with permiſſion of the Magiſtrate, or without it, every Man will revenge, tho' I ſay not that he ſhou'd; for *prior læſit*, is a good excuſe in the Civil Law, if Chriſtianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper Man to arraign great Vices, at leaſt if the Stories which we hear of him are true, that he practis'd ſome, which I will not here mention, out of Honour to him. It was not for a *Claudius* to accuſe Adulterers, eſpecially when *Auguſtus* was of that number: So that tho' his Age was not exempted from the worſt of Villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reaſon of the Edict. And our Poet was not fit to repreſent them in an odious Character, becauſe himſelf was dipt in the ſame Actions. Upon this account, without farther inſiſting on the different Tempers of *Juvenal* and *Horace*, I conclude, that the Subjects which *Horace* choſe for Satire, are of a lower nature than thoſe of which *Juvenal* has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new Method, the Compariſon betwixt *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Perſius*; ſomewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be conſider'd. *Perſius* was Grave, and particularly oppos'd his Gravity to Lewdneſs, which was the predominant Vice in *Nero*'s Court, at the time when he publiſh'd his Satires, which was before that Emperour fell into the exceſs of Cruelty. *Horace* was a mild Admoniſher, a Court-Satiriſt, fit for the gentle Times of *Auguſtus*, and

more

more fit, for the Reaſons which I have already given. *Juvenal* was as proper for his Times, as they for theirs: His was an Age that deſerv'd a more ſevere Chaſtiſement; Vices were more groſs and open, more flagitious, more encourag'd by the Example of a Tyrant, and more protected by his Authority. Therefore, whereſoever *Juvenal* mentions *Nero*, he means *Domitian*, whom he dares not attack in his own Perſon, but ſcourges him by Proxy. *Heinſius* urges in praiſe of *Horace*, that according to the ancient Art and Law of Satire, it ſhou'd be nearer to Comedy than to Tragedy; not declaiming againſt Vice, but only laughing at it. Neither *Perſius* nor *Juvenal* were ignorant of this, for they had both ſtudy'd *Horace*. And the thing it ſelf is plainly true. But as they had read *Horace*, they had likewiſe read *Lucilius*, of whom *Perſius* ſays *ſecuit Urbem, & genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning *Mutius* and *Lupus*: And *Juvenal* also mentions him in theſe words: *Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the imitation of *Lucilius* was more proper to their purpoſe than that of *Horace*. They chang'd Satire, ſays *Holiday*; but they chang'd it for the better: For the Buſineſs being to reform great Vices, Chaſtiſement goes farther than Admonition; whereas a perpetual Grinn, like that of *Horace*, does rather anger than amend a Man.

Thus far that Learned Critick, *Barten Holiday*, whoſe Interpretation and Illuſtrations of *Juvenal* are as excellent, as the Verſe of his Tranſlation and his Engliſh are lame and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the Meaning of a Poet, which I acknowledge him to have perform'd moſt faithfully; but he muſt alſo imitate his Genius, and his Numbers, as far as the Engliſh will come up to the Elegance of the Original. In few words, 'tis only for a Poet to Tranſlate a Poet. *Holiday* and *Stapylton* had not enough conſider'd this, when they attempted *Juvenal*: But I forbear Reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this Sentence, where *Holiday* ſays, *A perpetual Grinn, like that of* Horace, *rather angers than amends a Man.* I

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cannot give him up the Manner of *Horace* in low Satire ſo eaſily: Let the Chaſtiſements of *Juvenal* be never ſo neceſſary for his new kind of Satire; let him declaim as wittily and ſharply as he pleaſes, yet ſtill the niceſt and moſt delicate touches of Satire conſiſt in fine Raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular Talent, to which even *Juvenal* could not arrive. 'Tis not Reading, 'tis not Imitation of an Author, which can produce this Fineneſs: It muſt be inborn, it muſt proceed from a Genius, and particular way of Thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from Nature: How eaſie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without uſing any of thoſe opprobrious Terms! To ſpare the groſſneſs of the Names, and to do the thing yet more ſeverely, is to draw a full Face, and to make the Noſe and Cheeks ſtand out, and yet not to employ any dephth of Shadowing. This is the Myſtery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Maſter can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his Practice. Neither is it true, that this Fineneſs of Raillery is offenſive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occaſion of an Offence may poſſibly be giv'n, but he cannot take it. If it be granted that in effect this way does more Miſchief; that a Man is ſecretly wounded, and tho' he be not ſenſible himſelf, yet the malicious World will find it for him: Yet there is ſtill a vaſt difference betwixt the ſlovenly Butchering of a Man, and the fineneſs of a Stroak that ſeparates the Head from the Body, and leaves it ſtanding in its place. A Man may be capable, as *Jack Ketch*'s Wife ſaid of his Servant, of a plain piece of Work, a bare Hanging; but to make a Malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her Husband. I wiſh I cou'd apply it to my ſelf, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Abſalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough:

And

And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an Injury. If I had rail'd, I might have ſuffer'd for it juſtly; but I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dexterouſly. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my ſelf to the repreſenting of Blindſides, and little Extravagancies: To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſh'd; the Jeſt went round, and he was laught at in his turn who began the Frolick.

And thus, my Lord, you ſee I have preferr'd the Manner of *Horace*, and of your Lordſhip, in this kind of Satire, to that of *Juvenal*; and I think, reaſonably. *Holiday* ought not to have arraign'd ſo Great an Author, for that which was his Excellency and his Merit: Or if he did, on ſuch a palpable Miſtake, he might expect that ſome one might poſſibly ariſe, either in his own time, or after him, to rectifie his Errour, and reſtore to *Horace* that Commendation, of which he has ſo unjuſtly robb'd him. And let the Manes of *Juvenal* forgive me, if I ſay, that this way of *Horace* was the beſt for amending Manners, as it is the moſt difficult. His was an *Enſe reſcindendum*; but that of *Horace* was a pleaſant Cure, with all the Limbs preſerv'd entire; and, as our *Mountebanks* tell us in their Bills, without keeping the Patient within doors for a Day. What they promiſe only, *Horace* has effectually perform'd: Yet I contradict not the Propoſition which I formerly advanc'd: *Juvenal's* Times requir'd a more painful kind of Operation; But if he had liv'd in the Age of *Horace*, I muſt needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the Method which was preſcrib'd him by his own Genius; which was ſharp and eager; he cou'd not rally, but he cou'd declaim: And as his Provocations were great, he has reveng'd them tragically. This notwithſtanding, I am to ſay another Word, which, as true as it is, will yet diſpleaſe the partial Admirers of our *Horace*. I have hinted it before; but 'tis time for me now to ſpeak more plainly.

This Manner of *Horace* is indeed the beſt; but *Horace* has not executed it altogether ſo happily, at leaſt not often. The Manner of *Juvenal* is confeſs'd to be inferiour to the former; but *Juvenal* has excell'd him in his Performance. *Juvenal* has rail'd more wittily than *Horace* has rally'd. *Horace* means to make his Reader laugh; but he is not ſure of his Experiment. *Juvenal* always intends to move your Indignation; and he always brings about his Purpoſe. *Horace*, for ought I know, might have tickl'd the People of his Age; but amongſt the Moderns he is not ſo ſucceſsful. They who ſay he entertains ſo pleaſantly, may perhaps value themſelves on the quickneſs of their own Underſtandings, that they can ſee a Jeſt farther off than other Men: They may find occaſion of Laughter, in the Wit-battel of the two Buffoons, *Sormentus* and *Cicerrus*; and hold their ſides for fear of burſting when *Rupilius* and *Perſius* are ſcolding. For my own part, I can only like the Characters of all Four, which are judiciouſly given: But for my heart I cannot ſo much as ſmile at their inſipid Raillery. I ſee not why *Perſius* ſhou'd call upon *Brutus*, to revenge him on his Adverſary; and that becauſe he had kill'd *Julius Cæſar* for endeavouring to be a King, therefore he ſhou'd be deſir'd to Murther *Rupilius* only becauſe his Name was Mr. *King*. A miſerable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to record: I have heard honeſt Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be, Puns were then in Faſhion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the laſt Age, and in the Court of King *Charles* II. I am ſorry to ſay it, for the ſake of *Horace*; but certain it is, he has no fine Palate who can feed ſo heartily on Garbage.

But I have already weary'd my ſelf, and doubt not but I have tir'd your Lordſhip's Patience, with this long rambling, and I fear trivial Diſcourſe. Upon the one half of the Merits, that is, Pleaſure, I cannot but conclude that *Juvenal* was the better Satiriſt: They who will deſcend into his particular Praiſes, may find them at large in

the Diſſertation of the Learned *Rigaltius* to *Thuanus*. As for *Perſius*, I have given the Reaſons why I think him inferiour to both of them: Yet I have one thing to add on that Subject.

Barten Holiday, who Tranſlated both *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, has made this Diſtinction betwixt them, which is no leſs true than witty; That, in *Perſius*, the Difficulty is to find a Meaning; in *Juvenal* to chuſe a Meaning: So Crabbed is *Perſius*, and ſo Copious is *Juvenal*: So much the Underſtanding is employ'd in one, and ſo much the Judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any Sence in the former, and the beſt Sence of the latter.

If, on the other ſide, any one ſuppoſe I have commended *Horace* below his Merit, when I have allow'd him but the ſecond Place, I deſire him to conſider, if *Juvenal*, a Man of excellent Natural Endowments, beſides the Advantages of Diligence and Study, and coming after him, and Building upon his Foundations, might not probably, with all theſe Helps, ſurpaſs him? And whether it be any Diſhonour to *Horace* to be thus ſurpaſs'd; ſince no Art, or Science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it muſt paſs first through many hands, and even through ſeveral Ages? If *Lucilius* cou'd add to *Ennius*, and *Horace* to *Lucilius*, why, without any diminution to the Fame of *Horace*, might not *Juvenal* give the laſt Perfection to that Work? Or rather, what Diſreputation is it to *Horace*, that *Juvenal* excels in the Tragical Satire, as *Horace* does in the Comical? I have read over attentively both *Heinſius* and *Dacier*, in their Commendations of *Horace*; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to *Juvenal*, than the Inſtructive Part; the Part of Wiſdom, and not that of Pleaſure; which therefore is here allow'd him, notwithſtanding what *Scaliger* and *Rigaltius* have pleaded to the contrary for *Juvenal*. And to ſhew I am impartial, I will here Tranſlate what *Dacier* has ſaid on that Subject.

I cannot give a more juſt Idea of the Two Books of Satires made by *Horace*, than by comparing them to the

Statues

Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* compares *Socrates*, in the *Sympoſium.* They were Figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of Beauty on their out-ſide: But when any one took the pains to open them, and ſearch into them, he there found the Figures of all the Deities. So, in the Shape that *Horace* preſents himſelf to us, in his Satires, we ſee nothing at the firſt view which deſerves our Attention. It ſeems that he is rather an Amuſement for Children, than for the ſerious Conſideration of Men: But when we take away his Cruſt, and that which hides him from our ſight; when we diſcover him to the bottom, then we find all the Divinities in a full Aſſembly: That is to ſay, all the Virtues which ought to be the continual exerciſe of thoſe, who ſeriouſly endeavour to correct their Vices.

'Tis eaſie to obſerve, that *Dacier*, in this Noble Similitude, has confin'd the Praiſe of his Author wholly to the Inſtructive Part: The Commendation turns on this, and ſo does that which follows.

In theſe Two Books of Satire, 'tis the Buſineſs of *Horace* to inſtruct us how to combat our Vices, to regulate our Paſſions, to follow Nature, to give Bounds to our Deſires, to diſtinguiſh betwixt Truth and Falſhood, and betwixt our Conceptions of Things, and Things themſelves. To come back from our prejudicate Opinions, to underſtand exactly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions; and to avoid the Ridicule, into which all Men neceſſarily fall, who are intoxicated with thoſe Notions which they have receiv'd from their Maſters; and which they obſtinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right Reaſon.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to our ſelves, agreeable and faithful to our Friends, and diſcreet, ſerviceable, and well-bred in relation to thoſe with whom we are oblig'd to live, and to converſe. To make his Figures intelligible, to conduct his Readers through the Labyrinth of ſome perplex'd Sentence, or obſcure Parentheſis, is no greater matter: And, as *Epictetus* ſays, there

is nothing of Beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent Man. The principal Buſineſs, and which is of moſt importance to us, is to ſhew the Uſe, the Reaſon, and the Proof of his Precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themſelves, according to ſo exact a Model; are juſt like the Patients, who have open before them a Book of admirable Receipts for their Diſeaſes, and pleaſe themſelves with reading it, without comprehending the Nature of the Remedies; or how to apply them to their Cure.

Let *Horace* go off with theſe Encomiums, which he has ſo well deſerv'd.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three Poets, I will uſe the Words of *Virgil*, in his *Fifth Æneid* where *Æneas* propoſes the Rewards of the Foot Race, to the Three firſt, who ſhou'd reach the Goal. *Tres præmia primi, accipient; flavaque Caput nectentur Olivâ*: Let theſe Three Ancients be preferr'd to all the Moderns; as firſt arriving at the Goal: Let them all be Crown'd as Victors, with the Wreath that properly belongs to Satire. But, after that, with this diſtinction amongſt themſelves, *Primus equum phaleris inſignem, Victor habeto.* Let *Juvenal* Ride firſt in Triumph. *Alter Amazoniam pharetram; plenamque Sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro Balteus, & tereti ſubnectit Fibula gemmâ.* Let *Horace*, who is the Second, and but juſt the Second, carry off the Quivers and the Arrows, as the Badges of his Satire; and the Golden Belt and the Diamond Button, *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito.* And let *Perſius*, the laſt of the firſt Three Worthies, be contented with this *Grecian* Shield, and with Victory not only over all the *Grecians*, who were ignorant of the *Roman* Satire, but over all the Moderns in ſucceeding Ages; excepting *Boileau* and your Lordſhip.

And thus I have given the Hiſtory of Satire, and deriv'd it as from *Ennius*, to your Lordſhip; that is, from its firſt Rudiments of Barbarity, to its laſt Poliſhing and Perfection: Which is, with *Virgil*, in his Addreſs to *Auguſtus*;

---nomen

———nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni primâ quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar.

I ſaid only from *Ennius*; but I may ſafely carry it higher, as far as *Livius Andronicus*; who, as I have ſaid formerly, taught the firſt Play at *Rome*, in the Year *ab Urbe conditâ*, CCCCCXIV. I have ſince deſir'd my Learned Friend Mr. *Maidwell*: to compute the difference of Times, betwixt *Ariſtophanes* and *Livius Andronicus*; and he aſſures me from the beſt Chronologers, that *Plutus*, the laſt of *Ariſtophanes*'s Plays, was Repreſented at *Athens*, in the Year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the Year *Urbis Conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of Years betwixt *Ariſtophanes* and *Andronicus* is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that *Livius Andronicus*, who was a *Grecian*, had read the Plays of the Old Comedy, which were Satirical, and alſo of the New; for *Menander* was fifty Years before him, which muſt needs be a great light to him, in his own Plays, that were of the Satirical Nature. That the *Romans* had Farces before this, 'tis true; but then they had no Communication with *Greece*: So that *Andronicus* was the firſt who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy, in his Plays; he was imitated by *Ennius*, about thirty Years afterwards. Tho' the former writ Fables; the latter, ſpeaking properly, began the *Roman* Satire. According to that Deſcription, which *Juvenal* gives of it in his Firſt; *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri eſt farrago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from *Caſaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and indeed from all the Modern Critiques, that not *Ennius*, but *Andronicus* was the Firſt; who by the *Archæa Comedia* of the *Greeks*, added many Beauties to the firſt Rude and Barbarous *Roman* Satire: Which ſort of Poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from *Rome*, yet Nature teaches it Mankind, in all Ages, and in every Country.

'Tis

'Tis but neceſſary, that after ſo much has been ſaid of Satire, ſome Definition of it ſhould be given. *Heinſius*, in his Diſſertations on *Horace*, makes it for me, in theſe words; *Satire is a kind of Poetry, without a Series of Action, invented for the purging of our Minds; in which Human Vices, Ignorance, and Errors; and all things beſides, which are produc'd from them, in every Man, are ſeverely Reprehended; partly Dramatically, partly Simply, and ſometimes in both kinds of ſpeaking; but for the moſt part Figuratively, and Occultly; conſiſting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a ſharp and pungent manner of Speech; but partly, alſo, in a Facetious and Civil way of Jeſting; by which either Hatred, or Laughter, or Indignation is mov'd.*---- Where I cannot but obſerve, that this obſcure and perplex'd Definition, or rather Deſcription of Satire, is wholly accommodated to the *Horatian* way; and excluding the Works of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, as foreign from that kind of Poem: The Clauſe in the beginning of it (without a Series of Action) diſtinguiſhes Satire properly from Stage-Plays, which are all of one Action, and one continu'd Series of Action. The End or Scope of Satire is to purge the Paſſions; ſo far it is common to the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*: The reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding Clauſe (*conſiſting in a low familiar way of Speech*) which is the proper Character of *Horace*; and from which, the other two, for their Honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant. But how come Lowneſs of Style, and the Familiarity of Words to be ſo much the Propriety of Satire, that without them, a Poet can be no more a Satiriſt, than without Riſibility he can be a Man? Is the fault of *Horace* to be made the Virtue, and Standing Rule of this Poem? Is the *Grande Sophos* of *Perſius*, and the Sublimity of *Juvenal* to be circumſcrib'd, with the meanneſs of Words and vulgarity of Expreſſion? If *Horace* refus'd the pains of Numbers, and the loftineſs of Figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a Precedent? Let him walk a foot with his Pad in his hand, for his own pleaſure; but

let

Variety be of abſolute neceſſity in every one of them, according to the Etymology of the word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one Subject, as it is diverſly treated, in the ſeveral Subordinate Branches of it; all relating to the Chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of Examples in the Subdiviſions of it; and with as many Precepts as there are Members of it; which altogether may compleat that *Olla*, or Hotchpotch, which is properly a Satire.

Under this Unity of Theme, or Subject, is comprehended another Rule for perfecting the Deſign of true Satire. The Poet is bound, and that *ex Officio*, to give his Reader ſome one Precept of Moral Virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular Vice or Folly. Other Virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that Chief Head; and other Vices or Follies may be ſcourg'd, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one Virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus *Juvenal* in every Satire, excepting the firſt, tyes himſelf to one principal Inſtructive Point, or to the ſhuning of Moral Evil. Even in the Sixth, which ſeems only an Arraignment of the whole Sex of Womankind; there is a latent Admonition to avoid Ill Women, by ſhewing how very few, who are Virtuous and Good, are to be found amongſt them. But this, tho' the Wittieſt of all his Satires, has yet the leaſt of Truth or Inſtruction in it. He has run himſelf into his old declamatory way, and almoſt forgotten, that he was now ſetting up for a Moral Poet.

Perſius is never wanting to us in ſome profitable Doctrine, and in expoſing the oppoſite Vices to it. His kind of Philoſophy is one, which is the Stoique; and every Satire is a Comment on one particular *Dogma* of that Sect; unleſs we will except the firſt, which is againſt bad Writers; and yet ev'n there he forgets not the Precepts of the *Porch*. In general, all Virtues are every where to be prais'd and recommended to Practice; and all Vices to be reprehended, and made either Odious or Ridiculous;

or elſe there is a Fundamental Error in the whole Deſign.

I have already declar'd who are the only Perſons that are the Adequate Object of Private Satire, and who they are that may properly be expos'd by Name for Publick Examples of Vices and Follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordſhip no farther with them. Of the beſt and fineſt manner of Satire, I have ſaid enough in the Compariſon betwixt *Juvenal* and *Horace*: 'Tis that ſharp, well-manner'd way, of laughing a Folly out of Countenance, of which your Lordſhip is the beſt Maſter in this Age. I will proceed to the Verſification, which is moſt proper for it, and add ſomewhat to what I have ſaid already on that Subject. The ſort of Verſe which is call'd *Burleſque*, conſiſting of Eight Syllables, or Four Feet, is that which our excellent *Hudibras* has choſen. I ought to have mention'd him before, when I ſpake of *Donn*; but by a ſlip of an Old Man's Memory he was forgotten. The Worth of his Poem is too well known to need my Commendation, and he is above my Cenſure: His Satire is of the *Varronian* kind, tho' unmix'd with Proſe. The Choice of his Numbers is ſuitable enough to his Deſign, as he has manag'd it: But in any other Hand, the ſhortneſs of his Verſe, and the quick returns of Rhyme, had debas'd the Dignity of Stile. And beſides, the double Rhyme, (a neceſſary Companion of Burleſque Writing) is not ſo proper for Manly Satire, for it turns Earneſt too much to Jeſt, and gives us a Boyiſh kind of Pleaſure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain, to the beſt ſort of Readers; we are pleas'd ungratefully, and, if I may ſay ſo, againſt our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unſeaſonable Delight, when we know he cou'd have given us a better, and more ſolid. He might have left that Task to others, who not being able to put in Thought, can only make us grin with the Excreſcence of a Word of two or three Syllables in the Cloſe. 'Tis, indeed, below ſo great Maſter to make uſe of ſuch a little Inſtrument. But his good Sence is perpetually ſhining through all he writes; it affords us not the

of finding Faults: We paſs through the Levity of his Rhyme, and are immediately carri'd into ſome admirable uſeful Thought. After all, he has choſen this kind of Verſe; and has written the beſt in it: And had he taken another, he wou'd always have excell'd. As we ſay of a Court-Favourite, that whatſoever his Office be, he ſtill makes it uppermoſt, and moſt beneficial to himſelf.

The Quickneſs of your Imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know before-hand, that I wou'd prefer the Verſe of Ten Syllables, which we call the *Engliſh* Heroique, to that of Eight. This is truly my Opinion: For this ſort of Number is more roomy: The Thought can turn it ſelf with greater eaſe in a larger compaſs. When the Rhyme comes too thick upon us; it ſtraitens the Expreſſion; we are thinking of the Cloſe, when we ſhou'd be employ'd in adorning the Thought. It makes a Poet giddy with turning in a Space too narrow for his Imagination; he loſes many Beauties without gaining one Advantage. For a Burleſque Rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, 'tis more eaſily purchas'd in Ten Syllables than in Eight: In both occaſions 'tis as in a Tennis-Court, when the Stroaks of greater force are given, when we ſtrike out, and play at length. *Taſſone* and *Boileau* have left us the beſt Examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them *Merlin Coccajus* in his *Baldus*. I will ſpeak only of the two former, becauſe the laſt is written in Latin Verſe. The *Secchia Rapita*, is an *Italian* Poem, a Satire of the *Varronian* kind. 'Tis written in the Stanza of Eight, which is their Meaſure for Heroique Verſe. The Words are ſtately, the Numbers ſmooth, the Turn both of Thoughts and Words is happy. The firſt ſix Lines of the Stanza ſeem Majeſtical and Severe; but the two laſt turn them all into a pleaſant Ridicule. *Boileau*, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the Burleſque Poetry of *Scarron*, with ſome kind of Indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in *France* that was worthy of his Imitation.

But

But he Copy'd the *Italian* ſo well, that his own may paſs for an Original. He writes it in the *French* Heroique Verſe, and calls it an Heroique Poem: His Subject is Trivial, but his Verſe is Noble. I doubt not but he had *Virgil* in his eye, for we find many admirable Imitations of him, and ſome *Parodies*; as particularly this Paſſage in the Fourth of the *Æneids*.

Nec tibi Diva Parens; generis nec Dardanus Auctor,
Perfide; ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus; Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera Tigres.

Which he thus Tranſlates, keeping to the Words, but altering the Sence:

Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du ſang de Gervais Horloger:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitreſſe d'un Coche;
Caucaſe dans ſes flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
Une Tigreſſe affreuſe, en quelque Antre écarté
Te fit, avec ſon laict, ſuccer ſa Cruauté.

And, as *Virgil* in his Fourth *Georgique* of the Bees, perpetually raiſes the Lowneſs of his Subject, by the Loftineſs of his Words; and ennobles it by Compariſons drawn from Empires, and from Monarchs.

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
Magnanimoſque Duces, totiuſque ordine gentis
Mores & ſtudia, & populos, & prælia dicam.

And again:

Sit Genus immortale manet; multoſque per annos
Stat fortuna domûs, & avi numerantur avorum.

We ſee *Boileau* purſuing him in the ſame flights; and ſcarcely yielding to his Maſter. This, I think, my Lord,

to be the moſt Beautiful, and moſt Noble kind of Satire. Here is the Majeſty of the Heroique, finely mix'd with the Venom of the other; and raiſing the Delight which otherwiſe wou'd be flat and vulgar, by the Sublimity of the Expreſſion. I cou'd ſay ſomewhat more of the Delicacy of this and ſome other of his Satires; but it might turn to his Prejudice, if 'twere carry'd back to *France.*

I have given your Lordſhip but this bare hint, in what Verſe, and in what manner, this ſort of Satire may beſt be manag'd. Had I time, I cou'd enlarge on the beautiful Turns of Words and Thoughts; which are as requiſite in this, as in Heroique Poetry it ſelf; of which the Satire is undoubtedly a Species. With theſe Beautiful Turns I confeſs my ſelf to have been unacquainted, till about twenty Years ago, in a Converſation which I had with that Noble Wit of *Scotland*, Sir *George Mackenzy*: He ask'd me why I did not imitate in my Verſes the Turns of Mr. *Waller* and Sir *John Denham*; of which, he repeated many to me: I had often read with pleaſure, and with ſome profit, thoſe two Fathers of our *Engliſh* Poetry; but had not ſeriouſly enough conſider'd thoſe Beauties which give the laſt Perfection to their Works. Some ſprinklings of this kind I had alſo formerly in my Plays; but they were caſual, and not deſign'd. But this hint, thus ſeaſonably given me, firſt made me ſenſible of my own Wants, and brought me afterwards to ſeek for the ſupply of them in other *Engliſh* Authors. I look'd over the Darling of my Youth, the famous *Cowley*; there I found inſtead of them, the Points of Wit, and Quirks of Epigram, even in the *Davideis*, a Heroick Poem, which is of an oppoſite nature to thoſe *Puerilities*; but no elegant Turns, either on the Word, or on the Thought. Then I conſulted a greater Genius (without offence to the *Manes* of that Noble Author) I mean *Milton*; but as he endeavours every where to expreſs *Homer*, whoſe Age had not arriv'd to that fineneſs, I found in him a true Sublimity, lofty Thoughts, which were cloathed with admirable *Greciſms*, and ancient Words, which he had been

dig-

digging from the Mines of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, and which, with all their Ruſticity, had ſomewhat of Venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I look'd. At laſt I had recourſe to his Maſter, *Spencer*, the Author of that immortal Poem call'd the *Fairy Queen*; and there I met with that which I had been looking for ſo long in vain. *Spencer* had ſtudy'd *Virgil* to as much advantage as *Milton* had done *Homer*; and amongſt the reſt of his Excellencies had Copy'd that. Looking farther into the *Italian*, I found *Taſſo* had done the ſame; nay more, that all the Sonnets in that Language, are on the turn of the firſt thought; which Mr. *Walſh*, in his late ingenious Preface to his Poems has obſerv'd. In ſhort, *Virgil* and *Ovid* are the two Principal Fountains of them in Latin Poetry. And the *French* at this day are ſo fond of them, that they judge them to be the firſt Beauties. *Delicate, & bien tourné*, are the higheſt Commendations, which they beſtow, on ſomewhat which they think a Maſter-Piece.

An Example of the turn on Words, amongſt a thouſand others, is that, in the laſt Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*:

Heu quantum ſcelus eſt, in viſcera, viſcera condi!
Congeſtoque avidum pingueſcere corpore corpus;
Alteriuſque Animantem, Animantis vivere leto.

An Example on the turn both of Thoughts and Words, is to be found in *Catullus*; in the Complaint of *Ariadne*, when ſhe was left by *Theſeus*:

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fæmina credat;
Nulla viri ſperet Sermones eſſe fideles:
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſtit apiſci,
Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the Words, is that in *Ovid's Epiſtolæ Heroidum*, of *Sappho* to *Phaon*:

Si niſi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt, nulla futura tua eſt.

Laſtly, A turn which I cannot ſay is abſolutely on Words, for the Thought turns with them, is in the Fourth *Georgique* of *Virgil*; where *Orpheus* is to receive his Wife from Hell, on expreſs Condition not to look on her, till ſhe was come on Earth:

Cùm ſubita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere Manes.

I will not burthen your Lordſhip with more of them; for I write to a Maſter, who underſtands them better than my ſelf. But I may ſafely conclude them to be great Beauties: I might deſcend alſo to the Mechanick Beauties of Heroick Verſe; but we have yet no Engliſh *Proſodia*, not ſo much as a tolerable Dictionary, or a Grammar; ſo that our Language is in a manner Barbarous; and what Government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: But nothing under a Publick Expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the Language, than hope an advancement of it in the preſent Age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my Lord: tho' in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing which my Meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the laſt Petition of *Abraham*; If there be Ten Righteous Lines, in this vaſt Preface, ſpare it for their ſake; and alſo ſpare the next City, becauſe it is but a little one.

I wou'd excuſe the Performance of this Tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, tho' not the greater part being the Work of ſome Gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their Undertaking; let their Excellencies atone for my Imperfections, and thoſe of my Sons. I have perus'd ſome of the Satires, which are done by other

Hands;

Hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh Verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal Tranſlation, but a kind of Paraphraſe; or ſomewhat which is yet more looſe, betwixt a Paraphraſe and Imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any Men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendring the exact Sence of theſe Authors, almoſt Line for Line, had been our Buſineſs, *Barten Holiday* had done it already to our hands: And, by the help of his Learned Notes and Illuſtrations, not only of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, but what yet is more obſcure, his own Verſes might be underſtood.

But he wrote for Fame, and wrote to Scholars: We write only for the Pleaſure and Entertainment, of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies, who tho' they are not Scholars, are not Ignorant: Perſons of Underſtanding and good Senſe; who not having been converſant in the Original, or at leaſt not having made *Latin* Verſe ſo much their Buſineſs, as to be Critiques in it, wou'd be glad to find, if the Wit of our Two great Authors be anſwerable to their Fame and Reputation in the World. We have therefore endeavour'd to give the Publick all the Satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our Author, as our Predeceſſors *Holiday* and *Stapylton*; yet we may challenge to our ſelves this Praiſe, That we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our Readers. We have follow'd our Authors at greater diſtance, tho' not Step by Step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the Heels of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, and hurt them by their too near approach. A Noble Author wou'd not be purſu'd too cloſe by a Tranſlator. We loſe his Spirit, when we think to take his Body. The groſſer Part remains with us, but the Soul is flown away, in ſome Noble Expreſſion, or ſome delicate Turn of Words, or Thought. Thus *Holiday*, who made this way his choice, ſeiz'd the meaning of *Juvenal*; but the Poetry has always ſcap'd him.

They

They who will not grant me, that Pleaſure is one of the Ends of Poetry, but that it is only a means of compaſſing the only end, which is Inſtruction; muſt yet allow, that without the means of Pleaſure, the Inſtruction is but a bare and dry Philoſophy. A crude preparation of Morals, which we may have from *Ariſtotle* and *Epictetus*, with more Profit than from any Poet. Neither *Holiday* nor *Stapylton* have imitated *Juvenal*, in the Poetical Part of him, his Diction and his Elocution. Nor had they been Poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impoſſible for them to have ſucceeded in the Poetique Part.

The *Engliſh* Verſe, which we call Heroique, conſiſts of no more than Ten Syllables; the *Latin* Hexameter ſometimes riſes to Seventeen; as for example, this Verſe in *Virgil*:

Pulverulenta putrem ſonitu quatit ungula Campum.

Here is the difference of no leſs than Seven Syllables in a Line, betwixt the *Engliſh* and the *Latin*. Now the Medium of theſe, is about Fourteen Syllables; becauſe the Dactyle is a more frequent Foot in Hexameters than the Spondee.

But *Holiday*, without conſidering that he writ with the diſadvantage of Four Syllables leſs in every Verſe, endeavours to make one of his Lines to comprehend the Sence of one of *Juvenal*'s. According to the Falſity of the Propoſition, was the Succeſs. He was forc'd to crowd his Verſe with ill-ſounding Monoſyllables, of which our Barbarous Language affords him a wild plenty: And by that means he arriv'd at his pedantick End, which was to make a literal Tranſlation: His Verſes have nothing of Verſe in them, but only the worſt part of it the Rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-choſen, and worſe-ſounding Monoſyllables ſo cloſe together; the very Sence which he endea-

endeavours to explain, is become more obſcure than that of his Author. So that *Holiday* himſelf cannot be underſtood, without as large a Commentary, as that which he makes on his Two Authors. For my own part, I can make a ſhift to find the meaning of *Juvenal* without his Notes: But his Tranſlation is more difficult than his Author. And I find Beauties in the *Latin* to recompence my Pains; but in *Holiday* and *Stapylton*, my Ears, in the firſt place, are mortally offended; and then their Senſe is ſo perplex'd, that I return to the Original, as the more pleaſing task, as well as the more eaſy.

This muſt be ſaid for our Tranſlation, that if we give not the whole Senſe of *Juvenal*, yet we give the moſt conſiderable Part of it: We give it, in General, ſo clearly, that few Notes are ſufficient to make us Intelligible: We make our Authour at leaſt appear in a Poetique Dreſs. We have actually made him more Sounding, and more Elegant, than he was before in *Engliſh*: And have endeavour'd to make him ſpeak that kind of *Engliſh*, which he wou'd have ſpoken had he liv'd in *England*, and had Written to this Age. If ſometimes any of us (and 'tis but ſeldome) make him expreſs the Cuſtoms and Manners of our Native Country, rather than of *Rome*; 'tis, either when there was ſome kind of Analogy, betwixt their Cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſy to Vulgar Underſtandings, we gave him thoſe Manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this Innovation, 'tis enough if I can excuſe it. For to ſpeak ſincerely, the Manners of Nations and Ages, are not to be confounded: We ſhou'd either make them *Engliſh*, or leave then *Roman*. If this can neither be defended, nor excus'd, let it be pardon'd, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledg'd; and ſo much the more eaſily, as being a fault which is never committed without ſome Pleaſure to the Reader.

Thus,

Thus, my Lord, having troubl'd You with a tedious Viſit, the beſt Manners will be ſhewn in the leaſt Ceremony. I will ſlip away while Your Back is turn'd, and while You are otherwiſe employ'd: with great Confuſion, for having entertain'd You ſo long with this Diſcourſe; and for having no other Recompence to make You, than the Worthy Labours of my Fellow-Undertakers in this Work; and the Thankful Acknowledgments, Prayers, and perpetual good Wiſhes of,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged, Moſt Humble, and

Aug. 18. 1692.

Moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dryden

THE

FIRST SATYR

OF

JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Argument of the Firſt Satyr.

THE Poet gives us firſt a kind of humorous Reaſon for his Writing: That being provok'd by hearing ſo many ill Poets rehearſe their Works, he does himſelf Juſtice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But ſince no man will rank himſelf with ill Writers, 'tis eaſie to conclude, that if ſuch Wretches cou'd draw an Audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater eſteem with the Publick. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himſelf to Satyr, than any other kind of Poetry. And here he diſcovers that it is not ſo much his indignation to ill Poets, as to ill Men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a ſummary and general view of the Vices and Follies reigning in his time. So that this firſt Satyr is the natural Ground-work *of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one Subject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all Men in his way: In every following Satyr he has choſen ſome particular Moral which he wou'd inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular Vice or Folly, (An Art with which our Lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our Poet being deſirous to reform his own Age, and not daring to attempt it by an* Overt *act of naming living Perſons, inveighs onely againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to Great Men, that their Memory lies at the mercy of future Poets and Hiſtorians, but alſo with a finer ſtroke*

of

of his Pen, brands ev'n the living, and perſonates them under dead mens Names.

I have avoided as much as I cou'd poſſibly the borrow'd Learning of Marginal Notes and Illuſtrations; and for that Reaſon have Tranſlated this Satyr ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the Proper Names, becauſe I thought they wou'd not much edifie the Reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the Commentators, 'tis becauſe I thought they firſt deſerted my Author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

THE


1

THE

FIRST SATYR.

STill ſhall I hear, and never quit the Score,
Stunn'd with hoarſe [1] *Codrus Theſeid*, o'er and o'er?
Shall this Man's Elegies and t'others Play
Unpuniſh'd Murther a long Summer's Day?
Huge [2] *Telephus*, a formidable Page,
Cries Vengeance, and [3] *Oreſtes*'s bulky rage
Unſatisfy'd with Margins cloſely writ,
Foams o're the Covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No Man can take a more familiar note
Of his own Home, than I of *Vulcan*'s Grott,
Or [4] *Mars his Grove*, or hollow Winds that blow
From *Ætna*'s top, or tortur'd Ghoſts below.

I know by rote the Fam'd Exploits of *Greece*;
The Centaurs fury, and the Golden Fleece;
Throughthe thick Shades th'Eternal Scribler bauls;
And ſhakes the Statues on their Pedeſtals.
The [5] beſt and worſt on the ſame Theme employs
His Muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.

Provok'd by theſe Incorrigible Fools,
I left declaiming in Pedantick Schools;
Where, with Men-boys, I ſtrove to get Renown,
Adviſing [6] *Sylla* to a private Gown.
But, ſince the World with Writing is Poſſeſt,
I'll verſifie in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much Waſte-Paper as the reſt.

But why I lift aloft the Satyr's [7] Rod,
And tread the Path which fam'd *Lucilius* trod,
Attend the Cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When Sapleſs Eunuchs mount the Marriage-bed,
When [8] Manniſh *Mevia* that two handed Whore,
Aſtride on Horſe back hunts the *Tuſcan* Boar,

When

When all our Lords are by his Wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe [9] Razour on my callow-beard was try'd
When I behold the Spawn of conquer'd *Nile*
Criſpinus [10], both in Birth and Manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with Cloak of *Tyrian* dye
Chang'd oft a day for needleſs Luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fan'd,
Ambitions to produce his Lady-hand;
Charg'd [11] with light Summer-rings his Fingers (ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a Gem of weight:
Such fulſom Objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.

To view ſo lewd a Town, and to refrain,
What Hoops of Iron cou'd my Spleen contain!
When [12] pleading *Matho*, born abroad for Air,
With his Fat Paunch fills his new faſhion'd Chair.
And after him the Wretch in Pomp convey'd,
Whoſe Evidence his Lord and Friend betray'd,

And but the wiſh'd Occaſion does attend
From the poor Nobles the laſt Spoils to rend,
Whom ev'n Spies dread as their Superiour Fiend,
And bribe with Preſents, or, when Preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted Wives for bail:
When Night-performance holds the place of Merit,
And Brawn and Back the next of Kin disherit;
For ſuch good Parts are in Preferment's way,
The Rich Old Madam never fails to pay,
Her Legacies by Nature's Standard giv'n,
One gains an Ounce, another gains Eleven:
A dear-bought Bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice Concocted Blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the Brake
At unawares has trod upon a Snake.
Or play'd [13] at *Lions* a declaiming Prize,
For which the Vanquiſh'd *Rhetorician* Dyes.

What

What Indignation boils within my Veins,
When perjur'd Guardians, proud with Impious Gains,
Choak up the Streets, too narrow for their Trains!
Whoſe Wards by Want betray'd, to Crimes are led
Too foul to Name, too fulſom to be read!
When he who pill'd his Province ſcapes the Laws,
And keeps his Money though he loſt his Cauſe:
His Fine begg'd off, contemns his Infamy,
Can raiſe at twelve, and get him Drunk e're three;
Enjoys his Exile, and, Condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, [14] prevailing Province, to complain?

Such Villanies rous'd [15] *Horace* into Wrath;
And 'tis more Noble to purſue his Path,
Than an Old Tale of *Diomeda* to repeat,
Or lab'ring after *Hercules* to ſweat,
Or wandring in the winding Maze of *Creet*.
Or with the winged Smith aloft to fly,
Or flutt'ring Periſh with his fooliſh Boy,

With what Impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The Wife by her procuring Husband ſold?
For tho' the Law makes Null th' Adulterer's Deed
Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may ſucceed.
Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful Noſe.
When he dares hope a Colonel's Command,
Whoſe Courſers kept, ran out his Father's Land;
Who yet a Stripling *Nero's* Chariot drove,
Whirl'd o're the Streets, while his vain Maſter ſtrove
With boaſted Art to pleaſe his [16] Eunuch-Love.
Wou'd it not make a modeſt Author dare
To draw his Table-Book within the Square,
And fill with Notes, when lolling at his eaſe
Mecenas-like [17], the happy Rogue he ſees
Born by Six weary'd Slaves in open View,
Who Cancell'd an old Will, and forg'd a New:
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of Signing
VVith a wet Seal, and a freſh Interlining.

The

The Lady, next, requires a laſhing Line,
VVho ſqueez'd a Toad into her Husband's VVine:
So well the faſhionable Med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis Practis'd ev'n by Country VVives:
Poys'ning without regard of Fame or Fear:
And ſpotted Corps are frequent on the Bier.
VVou'dſt thou to Honours and Preferments climb,
Be bold in Miſchief, dare ſome mighty Crime,
VVhich Dungeons, Death, or Baniſhment deſerves:
For Virtue is but drily Prais'd, and Sterves.
Great Men, to great crimes, owe their Plate emboſt,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Coſt;
And high Commands: A Sneaking Sin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank Old Letcher keep
His Son's Corrupted VVife, [18] and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-Harlot, or that unfledg'd Boy,
Eager to Sin, before he can enjoy?
If Nature cou'd not, Anger would indite
Such woeful ſtuff as I or *S----ll* write.

Count from the time, ſince old [19] *Deucalion's* Boat
Rais'd by the Flood, did on *Parnaſſus* Float;
And ſcarcely Mooring on the Cliff, implor'd
An Oracle how Man might be reſtor'd;
VVhen ſoften'd Stones and Vital Breath enſu'd,
And Virgins Naked were by Lovers View'd;
What ever ſince that Golden Age was done,
VVhat Humane Kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, Paſſions, Pleaſures, Impotence of VVill,
Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.

VVhat age ſo large a Crop of Vices bore,
Or when was Avarice extended more?
VVhen were the Dice with more Profuſion thrown?
The well fill'd Fob, not empty'd now alone,
But Gameſters for whole Patrimonies play;
The Steward brings the Deeds which muſt convey
The loſt Eſtate: VVhat more than Madneſs reigns,
VVhen one ſhort ſitting many Hundreds Drains,

And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-VVages, or a Footman's Livery?

VVhat Age ſo many Summer-Seats did ſee?
Or which, of our Forefathers far'd ſo well
As on ſeven Diſhes at a private Meal?
Clients of Old were Feaſted; now a poor
Divided Dole is dealt at th' outward Door;
VVhich by the Hungry Rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The Paltry Largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd
E're given; and every Face obſerv'd with Care,
That no intruding Gueſt Uſurp a ſhare.
Known, you Receive: The Cryer calls aloud
Our Old-Nobility of *Trojan* Blood,
VVho gape among the Croud for their precarious Food.
The Prætors, and the Tribunes Voice is heard;
The Freedman juſtles and will be preferr'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he Cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your Great Lordſhips, will Maintain my Right.

Tho born a Slave, tho [20] my torn Ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the Birth, 'tis Mony makes the Lord.
The Rents of Five fair Houſes I receive;
VVhat greater Honours can the Purple give?
The [21] Poor *Patrician* is reduc'd to keep
In Melancholy VValks a Grazier's Sheep:
Not [22] *Pallas* nor *Licinius* had my Treaſure;
Then let the Sacred Tribunes wait my leaſure.
Once a Poor Rogue, 'tis true, I trod the Street,
And trudg'd to *Rome* upon my Naked Feet:
Gold is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
No Temples rais'd to Mony's Majeſty,
No Altars fuming to her Pow'r Divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue Shine,
And Faith, and Concord: [23] where the Stork on high
Seems to Salute her Infant Progeny:
Preſaging Piuos Love with her Auſpicious Cry.

But

But ſince our Knights and Senators account
To what their ſordid begging Vails amount,
Judge what a wretched ſhare the Poor attends,
VVhoſe whole Subſiſtence on thoſe Alms depends!
Their Houſhold-Fire, their Rayment, and their Food,
Prevented [24] by thoſe Harpies; when a wood
Of Litters thick beſiege the Donor's Gate,
And begging Lords, and teeming Ladies wait
The promis'd Dole: Nay ſome have learn'd the trick
To beg for abſent perſons; feign them ſick,
Cloſe mew'd in their Sedans, for fear of air:
And for their Wives produce an empty Chair.
This is my ſpouſe: Diſpatch her with her ſhare.
'Tis [25] *Galla*: Let her Ladyſhip but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.

Such fine Employments our whole days divide:
The Salutations of the Morning-tide
Call up the Sun; thoſe ended, to the Hall
We wait the Patron, hear the Lawyers baul,

Then

Then [26] to the Statues; where amidſt the Race
Of Conqu'ring *Rome*, ſome *Arab* ſhews his Face
Inſcrib'd with Titles, and profanes the place.
Fit to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
The Great Man, home conducted, ſhuts his door;
Old Clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs care,
Diſmiſs their hopes of eating, and deſpair.
Though much againſt the grain, forc'd to retire,
Buy Roots for Supper, and provide a Fire.

Mean time his Lordſhip lolls within at eaſe,
Pamp'ring his Paunch with Foreign Rarities:
Both Sea and Land are ranſack'd for the Feaſt,
And his own Gut the ſole invited Gueſt.
Such Plate, ſuch Tables, Diſhes dreſs'd ſo well,
That whole Eſtates are ſwallow'd at a Meal
Ev'n Paraſites are baniſh'd from his Board:
(At once a ſordid and luxurious Lord:)
Prodigious Throat, for which whole Boars are dreſt;
(A Creature form'd to furniſh out a Feaſt.)

But preſent Puniſhment purſues his Maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the Peacock raw
He bears into the Bath; whence want of Breath,
Repletions, Apoplex, inteſtate Death.
His Fate makes Table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a Jeſt, into his Grave is born.

No Age can go beyond us: Future Times
Can add no farther to the preſent Crimes.
Our Sons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow.
Then Satyr ſpread thy Sails; take all the
winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious Field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a Vein,
Bold Truths to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain;
When God-like Freedom is ſo far bereſt
The Noble Mind, that ſcarce the Name is left?

E're Scandalum Magnatum was begot,
No matter if the Great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you take,
If, into Rogues Omnipotent, you rake,
Death is your Doom, impail'd upon a Stake:
Smear'd o're with Wax, and ſet on fire, to light
The Streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

Shall They who drench'd three Uncles in a draught
Of poys'nous Juice, be then in Triumph brought,
Make Lanes among the People where they go,
And, mounted high on downy Chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the Crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis Defamation but to ſay, That's He!

Againſt [27] bold *Turnus* the Great *Trojan* Arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the Poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in Epique Verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his Myrmidons complain:

Hylas

Hylas may drop his Pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when *Lucilius* brandiſhes his Pen,
And flaſhes in the face of Guilty Men,
A cold Sweat ſtands in drops on ev'ry part;
And Rage ſucceeds to Tears, Revenge to Smart:
Muſe be advis'd; 'tis paſt conſid'ring time,
When enter'd once the dangerous Liſts of Rhime:
Since none the Living-Villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the Perſons of the Dead.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Firſt Satyr.

COdrus, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad Poet who wrote the Life and Actions of *Theſeus*.

2 *Telephus*, the Name of a Tragedy.

3 *Oreſtes*, another Tragedy.

4 *Mars his Grove*. Some Commentators take this Grove to be a Place where Poets were us'd to repeat their Works to the People, but more probably, both this and *Vulcan*'s Grott, or Cave, and the reſt of the Places and Names here mention'd, are only meant for the Common Places of *Homer*, in his *Iliads* and *Odyſſes*.

5 *The beſt and worſt*; that is, the beſt and the worſt Poets.

6 *Adviſing Sylla*, &c. This was one of the Themes given in the Schools of Rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; Whether *Sylla* ſhould lay down the Supreme Power of Dictatorſhip, or ſtill keep it.

7 *Lucilius*, the firſt Satyriſt of the *Romans*, who wrote long before *Horace*.

8 *Mevia*, a Name put for any Impudent or Manniſh Woman.

9 *Whoſe Razour*, &c. *Juvenal*'s Barber now grown Wealthy.

10 *Criſpinus*, an *Egyptian* Slave: now by his Riches transform'd into a Nobleman.

11 *Charg'd with light Summer Rings*, &c. The *Romans* were grown ſo Effeminate in *Juvenal*'s time, that they wore light Rings in the Summer, and heavier in the Winter.

12 *Matho*, a Famous Lawyer, mention'd in other Places by *Juvenal* and *Martial*.

13 *At Lyons*; a City in *France*, where Annual Sacrifices and Games were made in Honour of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

14 *Prevailing Province*, &c. Here the Poet complains that the Governours of Provinces being accus'd for their unjuſt Exactions, though they were condemned at their Tryals, yet got off by Bribery.

15 *Horace*, who wrote Satyrs: 'Tis more Noble, ſays our Author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the Labours of *Hercules*, the Sufferings of *Diomedes* and his Followers, or the Flight of *Dedalus* who made the Labyrinth, and the Death of his Son *Icarus*.

16 *His Eunuch-Love*. *Nero* Marry'd *Sporus* an Eunuch; though it may be the Poet meant *Nero*'s Miſtreſs in Mans Apparel.

17 *Mecenas-like*: *Mecenas* is often Tax'd by *Seneca* and others, for his Effeminacy.

18 *And hope to ſleep*: The meaning is, that the very conſideration of ſuch a Crime, will hinder a Virtuous man from taking his Repoſe.

19 *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, when the World was drown'd, eſcap'd to the top of Mount *Parnaſſus*; and were commanded to reſtore Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads: The Stones he threw became Men, and thoſe ſhe threw became Women.

20 *though my torn Ears are bor'd:* The Ears of all Slaves were bor'd as a Mark of their Servitude; which Cuſtom is ſtill uſual in the *Eaſt Indies*, and in other Parts, even for whole Nations; who bore Prodigious holes in their Ears, and wear vaſt Weights at them.

21 *The poor Patrician*; the poor Nobleman.

22 *Pallas*, or *Licinius*. *Pallas*, a Slave freed by *Claudius Cæſar*, and rais'd by his Favour to great Riches. *Licinius* was another Wealthy Freedman, belonging to *Auguſtus*.

23 *Where the Stork on high*, &c. Perhaps the Storks were us'd to build on the top of the Temple dedicated to *Concord*.

24 *Prevented by thoſe Harpies:* He calls the *Roman* Knights, *&c.* Harpies, or Devourers: In thoſe Days the Rich made Doles intended for the Poor: But the Great were either ſo Covetous, or ſo Needy, that they came in their Litters to demand their ſhares of the Largeſs; and thereby prevented, and conſequently ſtarv'd the Poor.

25 *'Tis Galla*, &c. The mean is, that Noblemen would cauſe empty Litters to be carried to the Giver's Door, pretending their Wives were within them: *'Tis Galla*, that is, my Wife: the next words, *Let her Ladyſhip but peep*, are of the Servant who diſtributes the Dole; Let me ſee her, that I may be ſure ſhe is within the Litter. The Husband anſwers, ſhe is aſleep, and to open the Litter would diſturb her Reſt.

26 *Next to the Statues*, &c. The Poet here tells you how the Idle paſs'd their time; in going firſt to the Levees of the Great, then to the Hall, that is, to the Temple of *Apollo*, to hear the Lawyers Plead, then to the Market-place of *Auguſtus*, where the Statues of the Famous *Romans* were ſet in Ranks on Pedeſtals: Amongſt which Statues were ſeen thoſe of Foreigners, ſuch as *Arabs*, &c. who, for no deſert, but only on the Account of their Wealth, or Favour, were plac'd amongſt the Nobleſt.

27 *Againſt bold* Turnus, *&c.* A Poet may ſafely write an Heroick Poem, ſuch as that of *Virgil*, who deſcribes the Duel of *Turnus* and *Æneas*; or of *Homer*, who Writes of *Achilles* and *Hector*; or the death of *Hylas* the *Catamite* of *Hercules*; who ſtooping for Water, dropt his Pitcher, and fell into the Well after it. But 'tis dangerous to write Satire like *Lucilius*.

THE

SECOND SATYR

OF

JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *TATE.*

Argument of the Second Satyr.

THE Poet, in this Satyr, inveighs againſt the Hypocriſie of the Philoſophers, and Prieſts of his Time; the Effeminacy of Military Officers, and Magiſtrates. Which Corruption of Manners in General, and more particularly of Unnatural Vices, he imputes to the Atheiſtical Principle that then prevail'd.

THE


2
MB. f.

THE

SECOND SATYR.

I'M ſick of *Rome*, and wiſh my ſelf convey'd]
Where freezing Seas. obſtruct the Merchants Trade,
When Hypocrites read Lectures, and a Sot,
Becauſe into a Gown and Pulpit got,
Tho' ſurfeit-gorg'd, and reeking from the Stews,
Nothing but Abſtinence for's Theme will chuſe.
The Rakehells too pretend to Learning---Why?
Chryſippus Statue decks their Library.
Who makes his Cloſet fineſt is moſt Read;
The Dolt that with an *Ariſtotle's* Head,
Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
Streight ſets up for a *Stagyrite* himſelf.
Preciſe their Look, but to the Brothel come,
You'll know the Price of Philoſophick Bum.

You'd ſwear, if you their Briſtled Hides ſurvey'd,
That for a Bear's Careſſes they are made;
Yet of their Obſcene Part they take ſuch care,
That (like Baboons) they ſtill keep *Podex* bare;
To ſee't ſo ſleek and trimm'd the Surgeon ſmiles,
And ſcarcely can for laughing launce the Piles.
Since Silence ſeems to carry Wiſdom's Pow'r,
Th' affected Rogues, like Clocks, ſpeak once an
Hour.
Thoſe grizled Locks which Nature did provide,
In plenteous growth, their Aſſes Ears to hide,
The formal Slaves reduce to a degree
Short of their Eye-brows.---Now I honour Thee,
Thee *Peribonius*, thou profeſt He-Whore,
And all thy Crimes impute to Nature's Score.
Thou, as in Harlots Dreſs thou art attir'd,
For ought I know, with Harlots Itch art fir'd,
Thy Form ſeems for the *Pathick* Trade deſign'd,
And generouſly thou doſt own thy Kind.

But what of thoſe lewd Miſcreants muſt become,
Who Preach Morality and Shake the Bum?

Varillus cries, ſhall I fear *Sextus* Doom,
Whoſe Haunches are the common Sink of *Rome?*
Let him cry Blackmoor-Devil, whoſe skin is white
And Bandy-Legs, who treads himſelf upright;
Let him reprove that's Innocent — In vain
The *Gracchi* of Sedition muſt complain.
Twou'd make you ſwear the Planets from their
Spheres,
Shou'd *Verres* peach Thieves, *Milo* Murderers,
Clodius tax Bawds, *Cethegus Catiline*,
Or [1] *Scylla*'s Pupils *Scylla*'s Rules decline.
Yet we have ſeen a Modern Magiſtrate
Reſtore thoſe rigid [2] Laws that did create
In *Mars* and *Venus* dread; himſelf the while,
With impious Drugs and Potions, did beguile
The teeming *Julia's* Womb, and thence did wreſt
Crude [3] Births, that yet th' Inceſtuous Sire confeſt.

How ſhall ſuch Hypocrites Reform the State,
On whom the Brothels can Recriminate?

Of this we have an Inſtance great and new
In a Cock-Zealot of this Preaching Crew,
Whoſe late Harangue the gaping Rabble drew.
His Theme, as Fate wou'd have't, was Fornication,
And as i'th' fury of his Declamation,
He cry'd, Why ſleeps the *Julian* Law, that aw'd
This Voice? —*Laronia*, an induſtrious Bawd,
(As Bawds will run to Lectures) nettled much
To have her Copy-hold ſo nearly toucht,
With a diſdainful Smile, reply'd, Bleſt Times,
That made thee Cenſor of the Age's Crimes!
Rome now muſt needs Reform, and Vice be ſtopt,
Since a Third *Cato* from the Clouds is dropt.
But tell me, Sir, what Perfume ſtrikes the Air
From your moſt Rev'rend Neck o'regrown with
Hair?

For modeſtly we may preſume, I trow,
'Tis not your Nat'ral Grain---The Price I'd know,
And where 'tis ſold; direct me to the Street,
And Shop, for I with no ſuch Eſſence meet.
Let me entreat you, Sir, for your own ſake,
Uſe Caution, and permit the Laws to take
A harmleſs Nap, leſt the 4 *Scantinian* wake.
Our wiſe Forefathers took their Meaſures right,
Nor wreak'd on Fornicators all their ſpight,
But left a *Limbo* for the *Sodomite.*
If you Commiſſion-Courts muſt needs erect
For Manners, put the Teſt to your own Sect.
But you by Number think your ſelves ſecure,
While our thin Squadron muſt the Brunt endure.
With grief I muſt confeſs our Muſter's few,
And much with Civil Broils impair'd, while you
Are to the Dev'l and to each other true.
Your Penal Laws againſt Us are enlarg'd,
On whom no Crimes, like what you act, are charg'd.

Flavia

Flavia may now and then turn up for Bread,
But chaſtly with *Catulla* lies a Bed.
Your *Hiſpo* acts both Sexes parts, before
A Fornicator; and behind, a VVhore:
VVe ne'er invade your VValks; the Clients Cauſe
VVe leave to your confounding and the Laws.
If now and then an *Amazonian* Dame
Dares fight a publick Prize, 'tis ſure leſs ſhame,
Than to behold your unnerv'd Sex ſet in
To Needle-VVork, and like a Damſel Spin.
How *Hiſter*'s Bondman his ſole Heir became,
And his conniving Spouſe ſo rich a Dame,
Is known; that Wife with Wealth muſt needs be ſped,
Who is content to make a Third in Bed.
You Nymphs that would to Coach and Six arrive,
Marry, keep Counſel, and y'are ſure to thrive!
Yet theſe Obnoxious Men, without Remorſe,
Againſt our Tribe will put the Laws in force,
Clip the Dove's Wing, and give the Vulture courſe.

Thus,

Thus ſpoke the Matron—The convicted Crew
From ſo direct a Charge like Lightning flew.
It muſt be ſo —Nor, vain *Metellus*, ſhall
From *Rome*'s Tribunal, thy Harangues prevail
'Gainſt Harlotry, while thou art clad ſo thin,
That through thy Cobweb-Robe we ſee thy Skin
As thou Declaim'ſt—*Faballa* is, you ſay,
A Whore—I own it; ſo's *Carfinia*;
Rank Proſtitutes, therefore without remorſe
Puniſh the Strumpets, give the Law its courſe:
But when y'ave ſentenc'd them, *Metellus*, know
They'd bluſh t'appear ſo looſly Dreſt as you.
You ſay the Dog-Star reigns, whoſe ſultry Fire
Melts you to death ev'n in that light Attire;
Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
(Which has a priv'ledge) than ſo lewdly clad!
How wou'd our Mountain Sires, return'd from Plow
Or Battel, ſuch a Silken Judge allow?
Canſt thou reſtore old Manners, or retrench
Rome's Pride, who com'ſt tranſparent to the Bench?

This

This Mode in which thou ſingly do'ſt appear,
By thy Example ſhall get footing here,
Till it has quite deprav'd the *Roman* Stock
As one infected Sheep confounds the Flock.

Nor will this Crime, *Metellus*, be thy worſt,
No man e're reach'd the heights of Vice at firſt:
For Vice like Virtue by Degrees muſt grow;
Thus, from this wanton Dreſs; *Metellus*, thou
With thoſe [5] polluted Prieſts at laſt ſhall join,
Who female Chaplets round their Temples twine,
And with [6] perverted Rites profane the Goddeſs
Shrine.
Where ſuch vile Practices 'twixt Males are paſt,
As makes our Matrons lewd Nocturnals chaſt.
Cotyttus [7] Orgies ſcarce are more obſcene,
For thus th' Effeminate Prieſts themſelves demean,
With Jet-black Pencils one his Eye-brows dyes,
And adds new Fire to his laſcivious Eyes:

Another

Another in a Glaſs-*Priapus* ſwills,
While twiſted Gold his platted Treſſes fills;
A Female Robe, and to compleat the Farce,
His[8] Servant not by *Jove* but *Juno* ſwears.
One holds a Mirrour, pathick *Otho*'s Shield,
In which he view'd before he march'd to Field,
Nor *Ajax* with more Pride his ſeven-fold Targe
did wield.
Oh Noble Subject for new Annals fit,
In muſty Fame's Records unmention'd yet!
A Looking-Glaſs muſt load th' Imperial Car,
The moſt important Carriage of the War!
Galba to kill he thought a Gen'ral's Part,
But was a Courtier, us'd the niceſt Art
To keep his Skin from Tan: before the Fight
Wou'd paint, and ſet his ſoil'd Complexion right.
A Softneſs which *Semiramis* ne're knew,
When once ſhe had the Field and Foe in view,
Nor *Egypt*'s Queen, when ſhe from *Actium* flew.

No

No chaſt Diſcourſe their Feſtivals afford,
Obſceneneſs is the Language of their Board:
Soft liſping Tones, taught by ſome bald-pate Prieſt,
For skillful Palate, Maſter of the Feaſt.
A Pack of Proſtitutes; unnerv'd, and riſe
For th' operation of a [9] *Phrygian* Knife;
For from ſuch Pathicks 'twere but juſt to take
Thoſe Manly Parts, of which no uſe they make.

Gracchus, 'tis ſaid, gave to his Trumpeter
Four Hundred *Seſterces*—For what?—in Dower.
The Motion's lik'd, the Parties are agreed;
And for Performance ſeal a formal Deed;
Gueſts are beſpoke, a Wedding-Supper made
The wonted Joy is wiſht, that done;—
The He-Bride in his Bridegroom's Arms is laid!
O Peers of *Rome!* need theſe ſtupendious Times
A [10] *Cenſor* or *Aruſpex* for ſuch Crimes?

The Prodigy leſs Monſtrous wou'd appear,
If Women Calves, or Heifers Lambs ſhou'd bear!
In Bridal Robe and Veil the Pathick's dreſt,
Who [11] bore the pundrous Shield at *Mars* his Feaſt.

[12] Father of *Rome*, ſay what deteſted Clime
Taught *Latian* Shephards ſo abhorr'd a Crime?
Say, thundring *Mars*, from whence the Nettle ſprung,
Whoſe Venom firſt thy Noble Offſpring ſtung?
Behold! a Man by Birth and Fortune Great
Weds with a Man; yet from th' Etherial Seat
No ratling of thy Brazen Wheels we hear,
Nor is Earth pierc'd with thy avenging Spear!
Oh! if thy Juriſdiction (*Mars*) falls ſhort
To puniſh Miſchiefs of ſo vaſt import,
Complain to *Jove*, and move the higher Court.
For ſhame redreſs this Scandal, or reſign
Thy Province to ſome Pow'r that's more Divine.

To

To Morrow early in *Quirinus* Vale
I muſt attend —Why? —Thereby hangs a Tale,
A Male-Friend's to be marry'd to a Male.
'Tis true the Wedding's carry'd privately,
The Parties being at preſent ſomewhat ſhy;
But that they own the Match, e're long you'll hear,
And ſee it in the Publick Regiſter.

But one ſore grief does theſe He-Brides perplex;
Though they debaſe, they cannot change their Sex;
Nor yet, by help of all their wicked Art,
Bring Offspring to ſecure their Husband's Heart.
Nature too much i'th' dire Embrace is forc'd,
But ne're joins Inflence with Deſires ſo curs'd.
Inceſtnous Births, and Monſters many may appear
But teeming Males not Earth nor Hell can bear.

Yet *Gracchus*, thou degen'rate Son of Fame,
Thy Pranks are ſtigmatiz'd with greater blame:
Theirs was a private, thine an open Shame.

Who

Who like a Fencer on a Publick Stage,
Haſt made thy ſelf the Scandal of the Age.
Nor can *Rome*'s Nobleſt Blood with thine compare,
While thou mak'ſt Paſtime for the Theatre.

To what dire Cauſe can we aſſign theſe Crimes,
But to that reigning Atheiſm of the Times?
Ghoſts, Stygian Lakes, and Frogs with creaking note;
And *Charon* wafting Souls in leaky Boat,
Are now thought Fables, to fright Fools conceiv'd,
Or Children, and by Children ſcarce believ'd.
Yet give thou Credit: What can we ſuppoſe
The Temperate *Curii*, and the *Scipio's*;
What will *Fabricius* or *Camillus* think,
When they behold, from their *Eliſium*'s brink,
An Atheiſt's Soul to laſt perdition ſink?
How will they from th' aſſaulted Banks rebound,
And wiſh for Sacred Rites to purge th' unhallow'd ground.

In vain, O *Rome!* thou doſt thy Conqueſt boaſt
Beyond the *Orcades* ſhort-nighted Coaſt,
Since free the conquer'd Provinces remain
From Crimes that thy Imperial City ſtain:
Yet Rumour ſpeaks, if we may credit Fame,
Of one *Armenian* Youth, who ſince he came
Has learn'd the impious Trade; and does exceed
The lewdeſt Pathicks of our *Roman* Breed.
Bleſſings of Commerce! he was ſent, 'tis ſaid,
For Breeding hither: And he's fairly bred.
Fly Foreign Youths from our polluted Streets,
And, e're unman'd, regain your Native Seats;
Leſt, while for Traffick here too long you ſtay,
You learn at laſt to trade th' *Italian* way;
And, with curs'd Merchandiſe returning home,
Stock all your Country with the [13] Figs of *Rome.*

The End of the Second Satyr.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Second Satyr.

1 SUppos'd by ſome, to be *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, and *Craſſus*; but by others (more probably) *Auguſtus*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*.

2 The *Lex Julia* againſt Adultery.

3 *Viz.* Deform'd, and ſo reſembling *Domitian.*

4 The Law ſo called, from *Scantinius*, againſt whom it was put in Execution.

5 Suppos'd to be the Colledge of Prieſts, appointed by *Domitian* to Celebrate the *Quinquatria* to *Minerva.*

6 *Perverted Rites.* Becauſe here, Women were Excluded from the Myſteries, as Men were elſewhere from *Ceres*'s Worſhip.

7 *Cotyttus Orgies.* The Goddeſs of Impudence Worſhipp'd at *Athens*, A Strumpet in her Life time, that us'd to Dance Naked with moſt Obſcene Geſtures.

8 An Inſtance of Extraordinary Effeminacy, it being the Cuſtom for only Women to Swear by Goddeſſes; the Men by *Jove*, *Hercules*, &c.

9 Alluding to the Prieſts of the *Phrygian* Goddeſſes, who were caſtrated.

10 *Viz.* The One to Puniſh, the Other to Expiate ſuch Unnatural Crimes.

11 He means one of the *Salii*, or Prieſts of *Mars*, who carry'd his Shield and Implements, and was Brawny enough to Dance under them at his Feſtival. *Cæleſtia Martis Arma ferunt Salii.* Ov. Faſt. 3.

12 *Mars*, Father of *Romulus*, who Founded *Rome.*

13 Emrods, call'd in *Latin*, *Ficus.*

THE THIRD SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Argument of the Third Satyr.

THE Story of this Satyr ſpeaks it ſelf. Umbritius, *the ſuppos'd Friend of* Juvenal, *and himſelf a Poet, is leaving* Rome; *and retiring to* Cumæ. *Our Author accompanies him out of Town. Before they take leave of each other,* Umbritius *tells his Friend the Reaſons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at* Rome. *That none but Flatterers make their Fortunes there: That* Grecians *and other Foreigners, raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid Arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral Inconveniencies which ariſe from a City life; and the many Dangers which attend it. Upbraids the Noblemen with Covetouſneſs, for not Rewarding good Poets; and arraigns the Government for ſtarving them. The great Art of this Satyr is particularly ſhown, in Common Places; and drawing in as many Vices, as cou'd naturally fall into the compaſs of it.*

THE



3 M.Vander Gucht Scul:

THE
THIRD SATYR.

GRiev'd tho' I am an ancient Friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary Seat he choſe:
In quiet [1] *Cumæ* fixing his Repoſe:
Where, far from noiſie *Rome* ſecure he lives,
And one more Citizen to *Sybil* gives.
The Road to [2] *Bajæ*, and that ſoft Receſs
Which all the Gods with all their Bounty bleſs.
Tho' I in [3] *Prochyta* with greater eaſe
Cou'd live, than in a Street of Palaces.
What Scene ſo Deſart, or ſo full of Fright,
As tow'ring Houſes tumbling in the Night,
And *Rome* on fire beheld by its own blazing Light?

But worſe than all the clatt'ring Tiles; and worſe
Than thouſand Padders, is the Poet's Curſe.
Rogues that in 4 Dog-days cannot Rhime forbear;
But without Mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my Friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his Goods in one poor Cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit-Gate,
Where 5 *Numa* modell'd once the *Roman* State,
In Mighty Councils with his 6 Nymphs retir'd:
Tho' now the ſacred Shades and Founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd *Jews*, who their whole Wealth can lay
In a ſmall Basket, on a Wiſp of Hay;
Yet ſuch our Av'rice is, that ev'ry Tree
Pays for his Head; not Sleep it ſelf is free:
Nor Place, nor Perſons, now are Sacred held,
From their own Grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely Vale our Steps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented Friend:
The Marble Caves, and Aquæducts we view
But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!
How

How much more Beauteous had the Fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt-created Green,
Where Cryſtal Streams thro' living Turf had run,
Contented with an Urn of Native Stone!

Then thus *Umbricius*, (with an angry Frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate Town,)
Since Noble Arts in *Rome* have no ſupport,
And ragged Virtue not a Friend at Court,
No Profit riſes from th'ungrateful Stage,
My Poverty encreaſing with my Age,
'Tis time to give my juſt Diſdain a vent,
And, Curſing, leave ſo baſe a Government.
Where [7] *Dedalus* his borrow'd Wings laid by,
To that obſcure Retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few Furrows on my Face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, and old Age is green,
And [8] *Lacheſis* has ſomewhat left to ſpin,
Now, now 'tis time to quit this curſed Place;
And hide from Villains my too honeſt Face:

Here

Here let [9] *Arturius* live, and ſuch as he;
Such Manners will with ſuch a Town agree.
Knaves who in full Aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning Truth to Lyes, and White to Black
Can hire large Houſes, and oppreſs the Poor
By farm'd Exciſe; can cleanſe the Common-ſhoar;
Can rent the Fiſhery; can bear the Dead;
And teach their Eyes diſſembled Tears to ſhed:
All this for Gain; for Gain they ſell their very
Head.
Theſe Fellows (ſee what Fortune's Pow'r can do)
Were once the Minſtrels of a Country Show:
Follow'd the Prizes thro' each paltry Town,
By Trumpet-Cheeks and Bloated Faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken *Holy-days*,
At their own Coſts exhibit Publick Plays;
Where influenc'd by the Rabble's bloody Will,
With [10] Thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid Avarice rakes
In Excrements again, and hires the Jakes.

Why

Why hire they not the Town, not ev'ry thing,
Since ſuch as they have Fortune in a String?
Who, for her Pleaſure, can her Fool advance;
And toſs 'em topmoſt on the Wheel of Chance.
What's *Rome* to me, what Bus'neſs have I there,
I who can neither Lye nor falſly Swear?
Nor praiſe my Patron's undeſerving Rhimes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his Times;
Unskill'd in Schemes by Planets to foreſhow,
Like Canting Raſcals, how the VVars will go:
I neither will, nor can Prognoſticate
To the young gaping Heir, his Father's Fate:
Nor in the Intrails of a Toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd Bawdy Preſents to a Bride:
For want of theſe Town-Virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead Member from the Body rent;
Maim'd and unuſeful to the Government.

Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the Times,
Conſcious of cloſe Intrigues, and dipt in Crimes:
Lab'ring

Lab'ring with Secrets which his Boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to publick light return;
They get Reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt Counſels none will pay.
He who can [11] *Verres*, when he will, accuſe,
The Purſe of *Verres* may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the Gold which [12] *Tagus* hides,
And pays the Sea in Tributary Tides,
Be Bribe ſufficient to corrupt thy Breaſt;
Or violate with Dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great Men with jealous Eyes the Friend behold,
Whoſe Secreſie they purchaſe with their Gold.

I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What Confidents our Wealthy *Romans* choſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: To ſpeak my Mind,
I hate, in *Rome*, a *Grecian* Town to find:
To ſee the Scum of *Greece* tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.

Nor

Nor *Greeks* alone, but *Syrians* here abound,
Obſcene [13] *Orontes* diving under-ground,
Conveys [14] his Wealth to *Tyber*'s hungry Shores,
And fattens *Italy* with foreign Whores:
Hither their crooked Harps and Cuſtoms come;
All find receipt in Hoſpitable *Rome*.
The barbarous Harlots crowd the Publick Place:
Go, Fools, and purchaſe an unclean Embrace;
The painted Mitre court, and the more painted
Face.
Old [15] *Romulus*, and Father *Mars* look down,
Your Herdſman primitive, your homely Clown
Is turn'd a *Beau* in a looſe tawdry Gown.
His once unkem'd, and horrid Locks, behold
Stilling ſweet Oil; his Neck inchain'd with Gold:
Aping the Foreigners in ev'ry Dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Mean time they wiſely leave their Native Land,
From *Sycion*, *Samos*, and from *Alaband*,

And *Amydon*, to *Rome* they ſwarm in Shoals:
So ſweet and eaſie is the Gain from Fools.
Poor Refugies at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as Denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the Great, a flatt'ring ſervile Rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their Patrons out.
Quick-Witted, Brazen-fac'd, with fluent Tongues,
Patient of Labours, and diſſembling Wrongs.
Riddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a Nation in a ſingle Man?
A Cook, a Conjurer, a Rhetorician,
A Painter, Pedant, a Geometrician,
A Dancer on the Ropes, and a Phyſician.
All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows:
And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes.
In ſhort, no *Scythian*, *Moor*, or *Thracian* born,
But [16] in that Town which Arms and Arts adorn.
Shall he be plac'd above me at the Board,
In Purple Cloath'd, and lolling like a Lord?

Shall

Shall he before me ſign, whom t'other Day
A ſmall-craft Veſſel hither did convey;
Where, ſtow'd with Prunes, and rotten Figs, he lay?
How little is the Priviledge become
Of being born a Citizen of *Rome!*
The *Greeks* get all by fulſom Flatteries;
A moſt peculiar Stroke they have at Lyes.
They make a Wit of their inſipid Friend;
His blobber-Lips and beetle-Brows commend:
His long Crane-Neck, and narrow Shoulders Praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing *Hercules.*
A creaking Voice for a clear Trebble goes;
Tho' harſher than a Cock that Treads and Crows.
We can as groſly Praiſe; but, to our Grief,
No Flatt'ry but from *Grecians* gains Belief.
Beſides theſe Qualities, we muſt agree
They Mimick better on the Stage than we:
The Wife, the Whore, the Shepherdeſs they Play,
In ſuch a Free, and ſuch a Graceful way,

That

That we believe a very Woman ſhown;
And fancy ſomething underneath the Gown.
But not [17] *Antiochus*, nor *Stratocles*,
Our Ears and raviſh'd Eyes can only pleaſe:
The Nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All *Greece* is one Comedian: Laugh, and they
Return it louder than an Aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they Grieve; if you Weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent Eccho in their Eye:
They cannot *Mourn* like you; but they can Cry.
Call for a Fire, their VVinter Cloths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In Froſt and Snow, if you complain of Heat,
They rub th'unſweating Brow, and ſwear they ſweat.
VVe live not on the Square with ſuch as theſe:
Such are our Betters who can better pleaſe:
VVho Day and Night are like a Looking-Glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face.
The Panegyrick Hand, and lifted Eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new Piece of Flattery.

Ev'n

Ev'n Naſtineſs, Occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing Lord.
Beſides, there's nothing Sacred, nothing free
From bold Attempts of their rank Letchery.
Thro' the whole Family their Labours run;
The Daughter is debauch'd, the Wife is won;
Nor 'ſcapes the Bridegroom, or the blooming Son.
If none they find for their lewd Purpoſe fit,
They with the Walls and very Floors commit.
They ſearch the Secrets of the Houſe, and ſo
Are worſhipp'd there, and fear'd for what they
know.

And, now we talk of *Grecians*, caſt a view
On what, in Schools, their Men of Morals do;
A rigid [18] Stoick his own Pupil ſlew,
A Friend, againſt a Friend of his own Cloth,
Turn'd Evidence, and murther'd on his Oath.
What room is left for *Romans*, in a Town
Where *Grecians* Rule, and Cloaks controll th' Gown?

Some [19] *Diphilus*, or ſome *Protogenes*,
Look ſharply out, our Senators to ſeize:
Engroſs 'em wholly, by their native Art,
And fear'd no Rivals in their Bubbles Heart:
One Drop of Poiſon in my Patron's Ear,
One ſlight Suggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs Fear,
Infus'd with Cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the Family.
In vain forgotten Services I boaſt;
My long Dependance in an hour is loſt:
Look round the World, what Country will appear,
Where Friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At *Rome* (nor think me partial to the Poor)
All Offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we riſe, and to the Levees run;
My Lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The Prætor bids his Lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his Colleague out-ſtrip him in the Race:
The childleſs Matrons are, long ſince, awake;
And, for Affronts, the tardy Viſits take.

'Tis

'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born *Son*
On the left-hand of a rich Hireling run:
Becauſe the wealthy Rogue can throw away,
For half a Brace of Bouts, a Tribune's Pay:
But you, poor Sinner, tho' you love the Vice,
And, like the Whore, demurr upon the Price:
And, frighted with the wicked Sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the Chair.

Produce a Witneſs of unblemiſh'd Life,
Holy as *Numa*, or as *Numa*'s Wife,
Or [20] him who bid th' unhallow'd Flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling Goddeſs from the Fire:
The Queſtion is not put how far extends
His Piety, but what he yearly ſpends:
Quick, to the Bus'neſs; how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand Acres feed his Sheep,
What are his Rents, what Servants does he keep?

Th' Account is ſoon caſt up; the Judges rate
Our Credit in the Court by our Eſtate.
Swear by our Gods, or thoſe the *Greeks* adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The Poor muſt gain their Bread by Perjury;
An e'en the Gods that other Means deny,
In Conſcience muſt abſolve 'em, when they lye.

Add, that the Rich have ſtill a Gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the Poor:
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Veſt,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jeſt:
The greaſie Gown, ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The Man's in Mourning:
Or if the Shooe be ript, or Patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the Plaſter on his Foot.
Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool;
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.

Pack hence, and from the Cover'd Benches riſe,
(The Maſter of the Ceremonies cries)

This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall Eſtate
Is not the Value of the ſettled Rate:
The Sons of happy Punks, the Pandar's Heir,
Are priviledg'd to ſit in triumph there;
To clap the firſt, and rule the Theater.
Up to the Galleries, for ſhame retreat;
For, by the [21] *Roſcian* Law, the Poor can claim no
Seat.
Who ever brought to his rich Daughter's Bed,
The Man that poll'd but Twelve-pence for his Head?
Who ever nam'd a poor Man for his Heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the Judging Chair?
The Poor were wiſe, who by the Rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred Place of Reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from Scorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they Riſe by Virtue's Aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs Poverty.

At *Rome* 'tis worſe; where Houſe-Rent by the
Year,
And Servant's Bellies coſt ſo devilliſh dear;
And Tavern-Bills run high for hungry Chear.
To drink or eat in Earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply Country-Cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blew Hoods on Holy-days are worn.
Some diſtant Parts of *Italy* are known,
Where [22] none but only dead Men wear a Gown:
On Theaters of Turf, in homely State,
Old Plays they act, old Feaſts they Celebrate:
The ſame rude Song returns upon the Crowd,
And, by Tradition, is for Wit allow'd.
The Mimick yearly gives the ſame Delights;
And in the Mother's Arms the Clowniſh Infant
frights.
Their Habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by Degree)
Are plain, alike; the ſame Simplicity,
Both on the Stage, and in the Pit, you ſee.

In

In his white Cloak the Magiſtrate appears;
The Country Bumkin the ſame Liv'ry wears.
But here, Attir'd beyond our Purſe we go,
For uſeleſs Ornament and flaunting Show:
We take on truſt, in Purple Robes to ſhine;
And Poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common Vice; tho' all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that [23] *Coſſus* may but view
Your Face, and in the Crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your Incenſe like a Gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil Nod?
To pleaſe our Patrons, in this vicious Age,
We make our Entrance by the Fav'rite Page:
Shave his firſt Doun, and when he Polls his Hair,
The Conſecrated Locks to Temples bear:
Pay Tributary Cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our Off'rings, help to raiſe his Vails.
Who fears in Country-Towns a Houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven Wall?

But we Inhabit a weak City, here;
Which Buttreſſes and Props but ſcarcely bear
And 'tis the Village-*Maſon's* daily Calling,
To keep the World's Metropolis from falling.
To cleanſe the Gutters, and the Chinks to cloſe;
And, for one Night, ſecure his Lord's Repoſe.
At *Cumæ* we can ſleep quite round the Year;
Nor Falls, nor Fires, nor Nightly Dangers fear;
While rolling Flames from *Roman* Turrets fly,
And the pale Citizens for Buckets cry.
Thy Neighbour has remov'd his wretched Store
(Few Hands will rid the Lumber of the Poor)
Thy own third Story ſmoaks, while thou, ſupine,
Art drench'd in Fumes of undigeſted Wine.
For if the loweſt Floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and Garrets ſoon will take the Turn.
Where [24] thy tame Pidgeons next the Tiles were (bred,
Which in their Neſts unſafe, are timely fled.

[25] *Codrus* had but one Bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort Wife's ſhort Legs hung dangling out;
His

His Cupboard's Head, ſix Earthen Pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his truſty Tankard plac'd:
And, to ſupport this Noble Plate, there lay
A bending Chiron caſt from honeſt Clay;
His few Greek Books a rotten Cheſt contain'd;
VVhoſe Covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
VVhere Mice and Rats devour'd Poetick Bread;
And with Heroick Verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor *Codrus* nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor *Codrus* all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked through the Streets of wealthy *Rome*;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.

But if the Palace of *Arturius* burn,
The Nobles change their Cloaths, the Matrons mourn;
The City-Prætor will no Pleadings hear;
The very Name of Fire we hate and fear:
And look agaſt, as if the *Gauls* were here.
While yet it burns, th'officious Nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring Supplies:

One ſends him Marble to rebuild, and one
VVith naked Statues of the *Parian* Stone:
The VVork of *Polyclete*, that ſeem to live,
VVhile others Images for Altars give,
One Books and Skreens, and *Pallas* to the Breſt
Another Bags of Gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs *Arturius*, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his Loſſes multiplies his Store:
Suſpected for Accomplice to the Fire,
That burnt his Palace but to build it higher.

But, cou'd you be content to bid adieu
To the dear Play-Houſe, and the Players too,
Sweet Country Seats are purchas'd ev'ry where,
VVith Lands and Gardens, at leſs Price than here,
You hire a Dog-hole by the Year.
A ſmall Convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow VVell that riſes in your Yard,
That ſpreads his eaſie Cryſtal Streams around,
And waters all the pretty Spot of Ground.

There,

There, love the Fork, thy Garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal Frinds [26] a *Pythagorean* Treat;
'Tis ſomewhat to the Lord of ſome ſmall Ground;
In which a Lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.

'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
VVhich Fumes of undigeſted Feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect Heart, in languid Stomachs fry.
VVhat Houſe ſecure from noiſe the Poor can keep,
VVhen ev'n the Rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep,
So dear it coſts to purchaſe Reſt in *Rome*;
And hence the Sources of Diſeaſes come.
The Drover who his Fellow-Drover meets
In narrow Paſſages of winding Streets;
The VVagoners that curſe their ſtanding Teams,
VVou'd wake ev'n drouſie *Druſius* from his Dreams.
And yet the VVealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our Heads, and make their way;

In

In lofty Litters born, and read, and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: The Shutters make it Night.
Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the Publick Place:
The Preaſe before him ſtops the Client's pace.
The Crowd that follows ſtop his panting ſides:
And trip his Heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the Shole:
A Rafter breaks his Head, or Chairman's Pole:
Stockin'd with loads of fat Town-Dirt he goes;
And ſome Rogue-Souldier, with his Hob-nail'd Shooes,
Indents his Legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what Smoke our Doles we celebrate:
A hundred Gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
A hundred hungry Slaves, with their *Dutch* Kitchins wait.
Huge Pans the Wretches on their Heads muſt bear,
Which ſcarce [27] Gygantick *Corbulo* cou'd rear:

Yet

Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the Load;
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling Flames
abroad.
Their Coats, from botching newly brought, are
torn;
Unweildy Timber-trees in Waggons born,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their Carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, ſhou'd their Axel break, its overthrow
Wou'd cruſh, and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons
cou'd know:
Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcaſs wou'd remain:
But a maſh'd heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain.
One vaſt deſtruction; not the Soul alone,
But Bodies, like the Soul, inviſible are flown.
Mean time, unknowing of their Fellows Fate,
The Servants waſh the Platter, ſcour the Plate,

Then blow the Fire, with puffing Cheeks, and lay
The Rubbers, and the Bathing-ſheets diſplay;
And oyl them firſt; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this buſie care they take,
Poor Ghoſt, is wandring by the Stygian Lake:
Affrighted with [28] the Ferryman's grim Face;
New to the Horrours of that uncouth place:
His paſſage begs with unregarded Pray'r:
And wants two Farthings to diſcharge his Fare.

Return we to the Dangers of the Night;
And, firſt, behold our Houſes dreadful height:
From whence come broken Potſherds tumbling down;
And leaky Ware, from Garret Windows thrown:
Well may they break our Heads, that mark the flinty Stone.
'Tis want of Sence to ſup abroad too late;
Unleſs thou firſt haſt ſettled thy Eſtate.

As many Fates attend, thy Steps to meet,
As there are waking Windows in the Street.
Bleſs the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a Piſs-pot only for thy ſhare.

The ſcouring Drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his Bed-time, takes no reſt that Night.
Paſſing the tedious Hours in greater pain
Than [29] ſtern *Achilles*, when his Friend was ſlain:
'Tis ſo ridic'lous, but ſo true withal,
A Bully cannot ſleep without a Braul:
Yet tho' his youthful Blood be fir'd with Wine,
He wants not Wit the Danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the Coach and Six,
And on the Lacquies will no Quarrel fix.
His Train of Flambeaus, and Embroider'd Coat,
May priviledge my Lord to walk ſecure on Foot.
But me, who muſt by Moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a Candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be Fighting, where
He only Cudgels, and I only bear.

He

He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide
For he's the ſtronger, and is Drunk beſide.

Where did you whet your Knife to night, he cries,
And ſhred the Leeks that in your Stomach riſe?
Whoſe windy Beans have ſtuft your Guts, and where
Have your black Thumbs been dipt in Vinegar?
With what Companion-Cobler have you fed,
On old Ox-cheeks, or He-Goats tougher Head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your Anſwer, quick,
Before my Foot ſalutes you with a Kick.
Say, in what naſty Cellar, under ground,
Or what Church-Porch your Rogueſhip may be found?
Anſwer, or anſwer not, 'tis all the ſame:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the Bar, for beating him, you come;
This is a poor Man's Liberty in *Rome*.
You beg his Pardon; happy to retreat
With ſome remaining Teeth, to chew your Meat.

Nor

Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely, when the Candles wink,
When ev'ry Door with Iron Chains is barr'd
And roaring Taverns are no longer heard;
The Ruffian Robbers by no Juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid Cut-throat Soldiers are abroad.
Thoſe venal Souls, who hardned in each Ill,
To ſave Complaints and Proſecution, kill.
Chas'd from their Woods, and Bogs the Padders come,
To this vaſt City, as their Native Home;
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſculk in *Rome.*

The Forge in Fetters only is employ'd;
Our Iron Mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In Shackles; for theſe Villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the Teams, and Plough-ſhares for the Plough.
Oh happy Ages of our Anceſtors,
Beneath [30] the Kings and Tribunitial Pow'rs!

One Jayl did all their Criminals reſtrain;
Which now the Walls of *Rome* can ſcarce contain.

More I cou'd ſay, more cauſes I cou'd ſhow
For my departure; but the Sun is low:
The Waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his Horſes forwards on their way.

Farewel; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own [31] *Aquinum* ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet Country air,
Be mindful of your Friend; and ſend me word,
What Joys your Fountains and cool Shades afford
Then, to aſſiſt your Satyrs, I will come:
And add new Venom when you write of *Rome*.

The End of the Third Satyr.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Third Satyr.

1 *Cumæ*, a ſmall City in *Campania*, near *Puteoli*, or *Puzzolo* as it is call'd. The Habitation of the *Cumæan Sybil*.

2 *Bajæ*; Another little Town in *Campania*, near the Sea: A pleaſant Place.

3 *Prochyta*: A ſmall Barren Iſland belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*.

4 *In Dog-days*. The Poets in *Juvenal's* time, us'd to rehearſe their Poetry in *Auguſt*.

5 *Numa*. The ſecond King of *Rome*; who made their Laws, and inſtituted their Religion.

6 *Nymph*. *Ægeria*, a Nymph, or Goddeſs; with whom *Numa* feign'd to converſe by Night; and to be inſtructed by her, in modelling his Superſtitions.

7 *Where* Dædalus, &c. Meaning at *Cumæ*.

8 *Lacheſis*; one of the three Deſtinies, whoſe Office was to ſpin the Life of every Man: as it was of *Clotho* to hold the Diſtaff, and *Atropos* to cut the Thread.

9 *Arturius*. Any debauch'd wicked Fellow who gains by the times.

10 *With Thumbs bent backward*. In a Prize of Sword-Players, when one of the Fencers had the other at his Mercy, the Vanquiſh'd Party implor'd the Clemency of the Spectators. If they thought he deſerv'd it not, they held up their Thumbs and bent them backwards, in ſign of Death.

11 *Verres*, Prætor in *Sicily*, Contemporary with *Cicero*; by whom accus'd of oppreſſing the Province, he was Condemn'd: His Name is us'd here for any Rich Vicious Man.

12 *Tagus*, a Famous River in *Spain*, which diſcharges it ſelf into the Ocean near *Lisbone* in *Portugal*. It was held of old, to be full of Golden Sands.

13 *Orontes*, the greateſt River of *Syria*: The Poet here puts the River for the Inhabitants of *Syria*.

14 *Tyber*; the River which runs by *Rome*.

15 *Romulus*; Firſt King of *Rome*; Son of *Mars*, as the Poets feign, the firſt *Romans* were Originally Herdſmen.

16 *But in that Town*, &c. He means *Athens*; of which, *Pallas* the Goddeſs of Arms and Arts was Patroneſs.

17 *Antiochus and Stratocles*, two Famous *Grecian* Mimicks, or Actors in the Poet's time.

18 *A Rigid Stoick*, &c. *Publius Ignatius*, a Stoick, falſly accus'd *Bareas Soranus* as *Tacitus* tells us.

19 *Diphilus*, and *Protogenes*, &c. Were *Grecians* living in *Rome*.

20 *Or him who bad*, &c. *Lucius Metellus* the High Prieſt; who when the Temple of *Veſta* was on Fire, ſav'd the *Palladium*.

21 *For by the* Roſcian *Law*, &c. *Roſcius* a Tribune, who order'd the diſtinction of Places in Publick Shows, betwixt the Noblemen of *Rome* and the *Plebeians*.

22 *Where none but only dead Men*, &c. The meaning is, that Men in ſome parts of *Italy* never wore a Gown (the uſual Habit of the *Romans*) till they were bury'd in one.

23 *Coſſus* is here taken for any great Man.

24 *Where the tame Pidgeons*, &c. The *Romaus* us'd to breed their tame Pidgeons in their Garrets.

25 *Codrus*, a Learned Man, very poor: by his Books ſuppos'd to be a Poet. For, in all probability, the Heroick Verſes here mention'd which Rats and Mice devour'd, were *Homer*'s Works.

26 *A Pythagorean Treat*: He means Herbs, Roots, Fruits, and Sallads.

27 *Gygantick Corbulo*. *Corbulo* was a Famous General in *Nero*'s time, who Conquer'd *Armenia*, and was afterwards put to Death by that Tyrant, when he was in *Greece*, in reward of his great Services. His Stature was not only tall, above the ordinary Size; but he was alſo proportionably ſtrong.

28 *The Ferry-Man*'s, &c. *Charon* the Ferry-Man of Hell; whoſe Fare was a Half-penny for every Soul.

29 *Stern* Achilles. The Friend of *Achilles*, was *Patroclus*, who was ſlain by *Hector*.

30 *Beneath the Kings*, &c. *Rome* was Originally Rul'd by Kings; till for the Rape of *Lucretia*, *Tarquin* the proud was expell'd. After which it was Govern'd by two Conſuls, Yearly choſen: but they oppreſſing the People, the Commoners Mutiny'd; and procur'd Tribunes to be Created; who defended their Priviledges, and often oppos'd the Conſular Authority, and the Senate.

31 *Aquinum*, was the Birth-place of *Juvenal*.

THE

THE FOURTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE.

Argument of the Fourth Satyr.

THE Poet in this Satyr firſt brings in Criſpinus, *whom he had a laſh at in his firſt Satyr, and whom he promiſes here not to be forgetful of for the future. He expoſes his monſtrous Prodigality and Luxury in giving the Price of an Eſtate for a Barbel; and from thence takes occaſion to introduce the principal Subject, and true Deſign of this Satyr, which is grounded upon a ridiculous Story of a Turbut preſented to* Domitian, *of ſo vaſt a bigneſs that all the Emperor's Scullery had not a Diſh large enough to hold it. Upon which the Senate in all haſte is ſummon'd, to Conſult in this Exigency, what is fitteſt to be done. The Poet gives us a Particular of the Senators Names, their diſtinct Characters, and Speeches, and Advice; and after much and wiſe Conſultation, an Expedient being found out and agreed upon, he diſmiſſes the Senate, and concludes the Satyr.*

THE


4

THE

FOURTH SATYR.

ONce more *Criſpinus* call'd upon the Stage,
(Nor ſhall once more ſuffice) provokes my
Rage:
* A Monſter, to whom ev'ry Vice lays claim,
Without one Virtue to redeem his Fame.
Feebſe and ſick, yet ſtrong in Luſt alone,
The rank Adult'rer preys on all the Town,
All but the Widows nauſeous Charms go down.
What matter then how ſtately is the Arch
Where his tir'd Mules ſlow with their Burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the Shade
Through which, by ſweating Slaves, he is convey'd?
How many Acres near the City-Walls,
Or new-built Palaces, his own he calls?

No ill Man's happy; leaſt of all is he
Whoſe ſtudy 'tis to corrupt Chaſtity.
The inceſtuous Brute, who the veil'd Veſtal Maid
But lately to his impious Bed betray'd,
Who for her Crime, [1] if Laws their Courſe might
have,
Ought to deſcend alive into the Grave.

But now of ſlighter Faults; and yet the ſame
By others done, the Cenſors Juſtice claim.
For what good Men ignoble count and baſe,
Is Virtue here, and does *Criſpinus* grace:
In this he's ſafe, whate'er we write of him,
The Perſon is more odious than the Crime.
And ſo all Satyr's loſt. The laviſh Slave
Six [2] thouſand Pieces for a Barbel gave;
A Seſterce for each Pound it weigh'd, as they
Give out, that hear great things, but greater ſay.
If by this Bribe well-plac'd, he would enſnare
Some ſapleſs Uſurer that wants and Heir,

Or

Or if this Preſent the ſly Courtier meant,
Should to ſome Punk of Quality be ſent,
That in her eaſie Chair in State does ride,
The Glaſſes all drawn up on ev'ry ſide,
I'd praiſe his Cunning; but expect not this,
For his own Gut he bought the ſtately Fiſh.
Now ev'n [3] *Apicius* Frugal ſeems, and Poor,
Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before.

Gave you, *Criſpinus*, you this mighty Sum?
You, that, for want of other Rags, did come
In your own Country Paper wrapp'd, to *Rome*.
Do Scales and Fins bear Price to this Exceſs?
You might have bought the Fiſherman for leſs.
For leſs ſome Provinces whole Acres ſell,
Nay, [4] in *Apulia*, if you bargain well,
A Mannor wou'd coſt leſs than ſuch a Meal.

What think we then of his [5] luxurious Lord?
What Banquets loaded that Imperial Board?

When

When in one Diſh, that taken from the reſt
His conſtant Table wou'd have hardly miſt,
So many Serſterces were ſwallow'd down,
To ſtuff one Scarlet-coated Court Buffoon,
Whom *Rome* of all her Knights now Chiefeſt greets,
From crying ſtinking Fiſh about her Streets.

Begin, *Calliope*, but not to ſing:
Plain, honeſt Truth we for our Subject bring.
Help then, ye young *Pierian* Maids to tell
A downright Narrative of what befel.
Afford me willingly your ſacred Aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have ſtil'd you Maids.

When he, with whom [6] the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
The groaning World with Iron Scepter ſway'd,
When [7] a bald *Nero* Reign'd, and ſervile *Rome* obey'd.

Where

Where *Venus* Shrine does fair *Ancona* grace,
A Turbut taken of prodigious Space,
Fill'd the extended Net, not leſs than thoſe
That dull *Mæotis* does with Ice encloſe,
Till conquer'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
It opens to the *Pontick* Sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their Growth;
Fat with long eaſe, and a whole Winter's ſloth.
The wiſe Commander of the Boat and Lines,
For [8] our High Prieſt the ſtately Prey deſigns;
For who that Lordly Fiſh durſt ſell or buy,
So many Spies and Court-Informers nigh?
No Shoar but of this Vermin Swarms does bear,
Searchers of Mud and Sea-weed! that would ſwear
The Fiſh had long in *Cæſar*'s Ponds been fed,
And from its Lord undutifully fled;
So, juſtly ought to be again reſtor'd:
Nay, if you credit Sage [9] *Palphurius* word,
Or dare relie on *Armillatus* Skill,
Whatever Fiſh the vulgar Fry excel

Be

Belong to *Cæſar*, whereſoe'er they ſwim,
By their own worth confiſcated to him.

The Boatman then ſhall a wiſe Preſent make,
And give the Fiſh before the Seizers take.

Now ſickly Autumn to dry Froſts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and freſh preſerv'd the Prey
Yet with ſuch haſte the buſie Fiſher flew,
As if a hot South-Wind Corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the Lake, [10] where what remains
Of *Alba*, ſtill her ancient Rites retains,
Still Worſhips *Veſta*, [11] tho' an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd *Trojan* Fire decay.

The wondring Croud that to ſtrange Sights reſort,
And choak'd a while his Paſſage to the Court,
At length gives way; ope flies the Palace-Gate,
The Turbut enters in, without [12] the Fathers wait.

The

The Boatman ſtraight does to *Aſtrides* preſs,
And thus preſents his Fiſh, and his Addreſs:

Accept, Dread Sir, this Tribute from the Main,
Too great for private Kitchins to contain.
To your glad Genius ſacrifice this Day,
Let common Meats reſpectfully give way.
Haſte to unload your Stomachs to receive
This Turbut, that for you did only live.
So long preſerv'd to the Imperial Food,
Glad of the Net, and to be taken proud.

How fulſom this! how groſs! yet this takes well,
And the vain Prince with empty Pride does ſwell.
Nothing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
But with Belief and Joy is entertain'd,
When to his Face the worthleſs Wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile Court-Flatt'ry to a God has rais'd.

But oh hard Fate! the Palace Stores no Diſh
Afford, capacious of the mighty Fiſh.

To

To ſage Debate are ſummon'd all the Peers,
His truſty and much-hated Counſellors,
In whoſe pale Look that ghaſtly Terror ſat,
That haunts the dangerous Friendſhips of the Great.

[13] The loud *Liburnian* that the Senate call'd,
Run, run; he's ſet, he's ſet, no ſooner baul'd,
But with his Robe ſnatch't up in haſte, does come
Pegaſus, [14] Bailiff of affrighted *Rome.*
What more were Præfects then? The Beſt he was,
And faithfulleſt Expounder of the Laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd beſt,
VVhen Juſtice exercis'd her Sword the leaſt.

[15] Old *Criſpus* next, Pleaſant tho' Old appears,
His VVit nor Humour yielding to his years.
His Temper mild, good Nature join'd with Sence,
And Manners charming as his Eloquence.
Who fitter for a uſeful Friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the Earth and Sea,
If as his Thoughts were juſt, his Tongue were free,

If it were ſafe to vent his Gen'rous Mind
To *Rome*'s dire Plague, and Terror of Mankind,
If cruel Pow'r could ſoftning Counſel bear?
But what's ſo tender as a Tyrant's Ear?
With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite ſpake,
At ev'ry Sentence ſet his Life at ſtake,
Tho' the Diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
Than ſultry Summers, or unhealthful Springs.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak Arms to ſtem the ſtronger Tyde.
Nor did all *Rome*, grown Spiritleſs, ſupply
A Man that for bold Truth durſt bravely die.
So ſafe by wiſe complying Silence, he
Ev'n in that Court did fourſcore Summers ſee.

Next him *Acilius*, tho' his Age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the Grand Council came:
With him a Youth, unworthy of the Fate
That did too near his growing Virtues wait,
Urg'd by the Tyrant's Envy, Fear, or Hate.

(But

(But 'tis long ſince Old Age began to be
In Noble Blood no leſs than Prodigy,
Whence 'tis I'd rather be of [16] Giants Birth,
A Pigmy-Brother to thoſe Sons of Earth.)
Unhappy Youth! whom from his deſtin'd End,
No well-diſſembled Madneſs could defend;
When naked in the *Alban* Theater,
In *Libyan* Bears he fixt his Hunting Spear.
VVho ſees not now thro' the Lord's thin diſguiſe,
That long ſeem'd Fools to prove at laſt more wiſe?
That State-Court Trick is now too open laid,
VVho now admires the [17] Part old *Brutus* play'd?
Thoſe honeſt Times might ſwallow this Pretence,
When [18] the King's Beard was deeper than his Sence!

Next *Rubrius* came, [19] tho' not of Noble Race,
VVith equal Marks of Terrour in his Face.
Pale with the gnawing Guilt and inward Shame
Of an old Crime that is not fit to name.

VVorſe

Worſe, yet in Scandal taking more delight,
Than [20] the vile *Pathick* that durſt Satyr write.

Montanus Belly next, advancing ſlow
Before the ſweating Senator did go.

Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly Oils and Eaſtern Gums,
More than would ſerve two Fun'rals for Perfumes.

Then *Pompey*, none more skill'd in the Court-Game
Of cutting Throats, with a ſoft Whiſper, came.

Next *Fuſcus*, he who many a peaceful day
For [21] *Dacian* Vultures was reſerv'd a Prey,
Till having ſtudy'd War enough at home,
He led abroad the unhappy Arms of *Rome*.

Cunning *Vejento* next, and by his ſide
Bloody *Catullus* leaning on his Guide,

Decrepit, yet a furious Lover he,
And deeply ſmit with Charms he could not ſee.
A Monſter, that even this worſt Age out-vies,
Conſpicuous, and above the common ſize.
A blind baſe Flatt'rer, [22] from ſome Bridge or Gate,
Rais'd to murdering Miniſter of State.
Deſerving ſtill to beg upon the Road,
And bleſs each paſſing Waggon and its Load.
None more admir'd the Fiſh; he in its praiſe
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raiſe
But to the left all his fine things did ſay,
Whilſt on his right the unſeen Turbut lay.
So he the fam'd *Cilician* Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with Wonder ſeem'd amaz'd.
So did the Scenes and Stage Machines admire,
And Boys that flew thro' Canvas Clouds in Wyre.

Nor came *Vejento* ſhort; but as inſpir'd
By thee, *Bellona*, by thy Fury fir'd,

Turns

Turns Prophet: See, the mighty Omen, ſee,
He cries, of ſome Illuſtrious Victory!
Some Captive King, thee his new Lord ſhall own,
Or from his *Britiſh* Chariot headlong thrown
The [23] proud *Arviragus* came tumbling down!
The Monſter's foreign. [24] Mark the pointed Spears
That from thy Hand on his pierc'd Back he wears!
Who Nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing 'ſcap'd him, the Prophetick Rage
Shew'd not the Turbut's Country, nor its Age.

At length by *Cæſar* the grand Queſtion's put:
My Lords, your Judgment; Shall the Fiſh be cut?

Far be it, far from us, *Montanus* cries;
Let's not diſhonour thus the Noble Prize!
A Pot of fineſt Earth, thin, deep, and wide
Some [25] skilful quick *Prometheus* muſt provide.
Clay and the forming Earth prepare wirh ſpeed.
[illegible] *Cæſar*, be it from henceforth decreed,

That Potters on the Royal Progreſs wait,
T'aſſiſt in theſe Emergencies of State.

This Council pleas'd; nor cou'd it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the Man that ſpake.
The old Court Riots he remember'd well,
Could Tales of *Nero*'s Midnight Suppers tell,
When Falern VVines the lab'ring Lungs did fire,
And to new Dainties kindled falſe Deſire.
In Arts of Eating none more early Train'd,
None in my time had equal Skill attain'd.
He whither [26] *Circe*'s Rock his Oyſters bore,
Or [27] *Lucrine* Lake, or [28] the *Rutupian* Shoar,
Knew at firſt taſte, nay at firſt ſight cou'd tell
A Crab or Lobſter's Country by its Shell.

They riſe, and ſtraight all with reſpectful Awe,
At the word giv'n, obſequiouſly withdraw,
VVhom full of eager haſte, ſurpriſe, and fear,
Our mighty Prince had ſummon'd to appear;

As if ſome News he'd of the *Catti* tell,
Or that the fierce *Sicambrians* did rebel:
As if Expreſſes from all Parts had come
VVith freſh Alarms threatning the Fate of *Rome*.

VVhat Folly this! but oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire Reign had thus been ſpent in Jeſt!
And all that time ſuch Trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many Nobles he deſtroy'd!
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, *Patrician* Race!
But when he dreadful to the Rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many Lords had ſlain, they ſlew.

The End of the Fourth Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Fourth Satyr.

1 IF *Laws their courſe*, &c. *Ought to deſcend*, &c. *Criſpinus* had deflour'd a Veſtal Virgin, but by his Favour with *Domitian*, ſhe eſcap'd the Puniſhment due to her Offence; which was to be bury'd alive by *Numa*'s Law; as may be ſeen in *Livy*, *l.* 1. and is more particularly deſcrib'd in *Plutarch*'s Life of *Numa*.

2 *Six thouſand Pieces.* Six thouſand of the *Roman Seſtertii*, which makes ſix *Seſtertia*, according to our Account, 46 *l.* 17 s. 6 *d.*

3 *Now even* Apicius. A Man for Gluttony and Prodigality famous ever to a Proverb, who having ſpent moſt of his vaſt Eſtate upon his Gut, for feare of want poiſon'd himſelf, *Senec.*

4 *Nay in Apulia.* Part of *Italy*, near the *Adriatick* Gulf, where Land it ſeems, was very cheap, either for the barrenneſs and cragged heighth of the Mountains, or for the unwholſomneſs of the Air, and the Wind *Atabulus*. *Horac. Lib.* 1. *Sat.* 5. *Montes Apulia notos—quos torret Atabulus & quos Nunquam erepſemus, &c.*

5 *His Luxurious Lord.* The Emperor *Domitian*.

6 *The* Flavian *Race decay'd.* *Domitian* was the laſt and worſt of the *Flavian* Family, which tho' at firſt obſcure, yet had produc'd great and good Men. *Reipublica nequaquam pœnitenda*, ſays *Sueton.* 9. For of this Family were *Veſpaſian* and *Titus*.

7 *A bald Nero.* *Domitian*, who could not ſo much as bear with Patience the mention of baldneſs tho' in Jeſt only, and objected to another, as *Suetonius* in his Life tells us. And who, for his Cruely, is here call'd a ſecond *Nero*.

8 *Our High Prieſt*, The Emperor *Domitian* call'd ſo, either from his Inſtituting the Colledge of the *Alban* Prieſts, of whom he was as it were, Chief; or for taking upon him the Office of *Pontifex Maximus* in the Condemnation of the Veſtal Virgin *Cornetia*; or, more generally, becauſe often the Emperors aſſum'd both the Title and Office of High Prieſt.

9 *Palphurius* and *Armillatus.* Both Men of Conſular Degree: Lawyers, and Spies, and Informers, and ſo Favourites of *Domitian*.

10 *What remains of* Alba, *&c.* *Alba longa* built by *Aſcanius*, about fifteen Miles from *Rome*, was deſtroy'd after by *Tullus Hoſtilius*, the Temples only excepted, (*Liv. l.* 1.) The *Albans* upon this their Miſfortunes neglecting their Worſhip, were by ſundry Prodigies commanded to reſtore their Ancient Rites, the chief of which was the keeping perpetually burning the Veſtal Fire, which was brought thither by *Æneas* and his *Trojans* as a fatal Pledge of the perpetuity of the *Roman* Empire.

11 *Tho an humbler way.* There was a more ſtately Temple erected to *Veſta* at *Rome* by *Numa*, than this of *Alba*, where the ſame Ceremonies were us'd.

12 *The Fathers.* The Senate always ſo call'd. *Patres Conſcripti.*

13 *The lowd Liburnian.* Some ſay that of the People of this Country, which is a part of *Illyricum*, the *Romans* made their Cryers, becauſe of their lowd Voyces. Others take *Liburnus* for the proper Name of one Man——Liburnus *that the Senate call'd.*

14 *Pegaſus, Bailiff.* A Citizen of *Alba*, a very Learned Lawyer, and Præfect or Chief Magiſtrate if *Rome.* He calls him here Bayliff: As if *Rome*, by *Domitian*'s Cruelty, hath ſo far loſt its Liberty and Priviledges, that it now was no better than a Country Village, and fit to be Govern'd by no better than a Bayliff.

15 *Old Criſpus, (Vibius Criſpus.)* This was he that made the known Jeſt upon *Domitian*'s killing Flies. When one day *Domition* being alone in his Cloſet, and being ask'd whether there was any one left within with the Emperor, he anſwer'd No, not ſo much as a Fly. The Names and Characters of moſt of theſe Senators here mention'd may be found in *Suetonius*'s Life of *Domitian*, and in *Tacitus.*

16 *Of Giants Birth.* Of an obſcure and unknown Family.

17 *The part old* Brutus *play'd.* 'Tis a known Story, how *Brutus* finding that his own Brother and ſome of the moſt conſiderable Men of *Rome* had been put to Death by *Tarquinius Superbus*, counterfeited himſelf a Madman or Fool, and ſo avoided the Tyrant's Cruelty, till he had gain'd a fit time to deſtroy him, revenge his Brother's and Countrymens Deaths, and free *Rome.*

18 *When the King's Beard.* In thoſe Antient and more ſimple times, when it was the Cuſtom never to ſhave their Beards: For 400 Years there was no ſuch thing as a Barber heard of in *Rome.*

19 *Tho not of Noble Race, with equal Marks of Terror.* For *Domitian*'s Cruelty reach'd even to the common People, and thoſe of lower Birth, whith (in the end of this Satyr) the Poet tells us, caus'd his Deſtruction.

20 *The vile Pathick. Nero*, who wrote a Satyr upon *Quintianus*, whom he charges with his own Profligate Lewdneſs, and Debauchery. *Tacit. Annal.* 15.

21 *For Dacian Vultures. Cornelius Fuſcus*, a Noble Man of no manner of Experience, or more knowledge in War Affairs than what he had ſtudy'd in his own Country Retirement, was yet by *Domitian* twice ſent with an Army againſt the *Dacians*, in the laſt of which his Army was defeated, and himſelf ſlain.

22 *From Bridge or Gate.* The common ſtands for Beggars.

23 *The Proud* Arviragus. One of the Ancient *Brittiſh* Kings.

24 *Mark the pointed Spears.* He makes the Flatterer call the ſharp Fins riſing on the Fiſhes back, Spears; and to ſignifie and portend that *Domitian* ſhall ſtick the like in ſome Foreign Enemy.

25 *Some skilful quick Prometheus.* Some skilful Potter. Alluding to the old Fable of *Prometheus*, whoſe skill in this Art was ſuch, that he made a Man of Clay.

26 *Circe*'s *Rock*. The *Circean* Promontory, nam'd from *Circe* that liv'd there, on the Shore of *Campania*.

27 The *Lucrine Lake*. Between *Bajæ* and *Puteoli*.

28 *The Rutupian Shore.* *Rutupæ* or *Rutupi*, an Ancient Towns Name on the *Kentiſh* Shoar, ſuppos'd to be our *Richborough*. Theſe were all Famous in thoſe times for Oyſters.

THE

THE FIFTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *BOWLES.*

Argument of the Fifth Satyr.

THE Poet *diſſwades a* Paraſite *from frequenting the Tables of great Men, where he is certain to be Treated with the higheſt Scorn and Contempt: And, at the ſame time, Inveighs againſt the* Luxury *and Inſolence of the* Roman *Nobility.*



5 M·Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE

FIFTH SATYR.

IF harden'd by Affronts, and ſtill the ſame,
Loſt to all Senſe of Honour, and of Shame,
Thou yet canſt love to haunt the Great Man's Board;
And think no Supper good but with a Lord:
If yet thou canſt hold out, and ſuffer more
Than lewd [1] *Sarmentus*, or vile *Galba* bore,
Thy ſolemn Oath ought to be ſet aſide;
But ſure the Belly's eaſily ſupply'd.
Suppoſe, what frugal Nature wou'd ſuffice,
Suppoſe that wanting, Hunger is not nice.
Is no [2] Bridge vacant, no convenient Seat,
Where thou may'ſt cringe, and gnaw thy broken
Meat,
And with a Matt, and Crutch, and ty'd up Leg,
More honeſtly and honourably Beg?

First,

First, if he pleaſe to ſay, Sit down, and ſmile,
Behold the full Reward of all thy Toil!
All thy Old Services are largely paid,
And thou a proud and happy Man art made.
See! of thy boaſted Friendſhip ſee the Fruits!
And theſe too he upbraids, and theſe imputes.
If after too cold Months thy Lord think fit
His poor, neglected Client to admit,
And ſay, Sup with me, thou haſt thy deſire,
Be thankful, mortal, and no more require.
Thus Bleſt, muſt [3] *Trebius* to his *Levees* run,
When the Stars languiſh near the riſing Sun;
Break off ſweet Slumbers, drowſie, and undreſt,
To ſhew his Zeal, and to prevent the reſt;
Run to prevent the fawning humble Train,
While ſlow [4] *Bootes* drives his frozen Wain.
Perhaps the gen'rous Entertainment may
For all the State and dear Attendance pay.
For him is kept a Liquor more Divine,
You Spnnges muſt be drunk with Lees of Wine,

Drunk

Drunk for your Patron's Pleaſure and his Jeſt;
Then raving like a [5] *Corybas* poſſeſt,
Thou and the Freed-men firſt begin to jarr;
From mutual Jeers the Prelude to the War,
Thou and thy Fellow-Paraſites engage,
And Battel with a Troop of Servants wage;
Then Glaſſes and *Saguntine* Pitchers fly,
And broken Pates diſcolour'd Napkins dye.
While happy he, ſtretch'd on his Couch, ſupine
Looks on with ſcorn, and drinks old gen'rous Wine,
Preſt from the Grape, when Warlike *Rome* was free,
But kindly, never ſends one Glaſs to thee.
Perhaps to morrow he may change his Wine,
And drink old ſparkling *Alban*, or *Setine*,
Whoſe Title, and whoſe Age, with Mould o'ergrown,
The good old Cask for ever keeps unknown:
Such [7] bold *Helvidius* drank, and *Thraſca* crown'd
With Garlands, when the flowing Bowl went round
On *Brutus* Birth-day: And to raiſe Delight,
To pleaſe at once the Taſte, and charm the Sight,

He

He in bright Amber drinks, or brighter Gold,
And Cups with ſhining Berils ſet does hold.
Thou art not ſuffer'd or to Touch or Taſte;
And if thou dar'ſt, a Guard on thee is plac'd
To watch the Gems. This may perhaps ſurprize,
But, Sir, you'll pardon, they are Stones of Price.
For *Firro* does, as many do of late,
Gems from his Fingers to his Cups tranſlate,
Which the bold [8] Youth to *Dido*'s Love preferr'd,
Wore on the Scabbard of his ſhining Sword.
Thou may'ſt at diſtance gaze, and ſigh in vain;
A crack'd black Pot's reſerv'd for thee to drain.

If his Blood boil, and th' adventitious Fire
Rais'd by high Meats, and higher Wines, require
To temper and allay the burning Heat,
Waters are brought, which by Decoction get
New coolneſs, ſuch plain Nature does not know,
Not Ice ſo cool, nor *Hyperborean* Snow.

Dido

Did I complain but now, and juſtly too,
That the ſame Wine is not allow'd to you?
Another Water's reach'd you, when you call,
From Hands of *Mooriſh* Footmen, lean and tall;
The grim Attendance he aſſigns t'affright
Rather than wait; Rogues who wou'd ſcare by Night,
If met among the Tombs; the ghaſtly Slaves
Look as if newly ſtarted from their Graves.
Before himſelf the Flower of *Aſia* ſtands,
To watch his Looks, and to receive Commands.
A [9] Boy of ſuch a Price as had undone
Old *Roman* Kings, and drain'd the Treaſure of a Crown.
If thou or any of thy Tribe want Wine,
Look back, and give thy *Ganymedes* th'ſign.
The lovely Boy, and bought at ſuch a rate,
Is much too handſom, and too proud to wait
On the deſpis'd and poor: Will he deſcend
To give a Glaſs to a declining Friend?

No,

No, his good Mien, his Youth, and blooming Face
Tempt him to think, that with a better grace
Himſelf might ſit, and thou ſupyly his place.
Behold there yet remains, which muſt be born,
Proud Servants more inſufferable Scorn.

With what Diſdain another gave thee Bread!
The meaneſt Wretches are with better fed:
Th'impenetrable Cruſt thy Teeth defies,
And petrify'd with Age ſecurely lies:
Hard, mouldy, black, if thou preſume t'invade,
With ſacrilegious Hands, thy Patron's Bread,
There ſtands a Servant ready to chaſtiſe
Your Inſolence, and teach you to be wiſe.
Will you a bold Intruder, ever learn
To know your Basket, and your Bread diſcern?
'Tis juſt, ye God's! and what I well deſerve;
Why did not I more honourably ſtarve?
Did I for this abandon Wife and Bed?
For this, alas! by vain Ambition led,

Thro'

Thro' cold [10] *Eſquiliæ* run ſo oft, and bear
The Storms and Fury of the Vernal Air,
And then with Cloak wet thro' attend, and drop
ping Hair?

See! by the talleſt Servant born on high,
A Sturgeon fills the largeſt Diſh and Eye!
With how much Pomp he's plac'd upon the Board!
With what a Tail and Breaſt ſalutes his Lord!
With what Expence and Art, how richly dreſt!
Garniſh'd with 'Sparagus, himſelf a Feaſt!
Thou art to one ſmall diſmal Diſh confin'd,
A Crab ill dreſt, and of the vileſt kind.

He on his own Fiſh pours the nobleſt Oil,
The product of [12] *Venatrum*'s happy Soil.
That to your marcid dying Herbs aſſign'd,
By the rank ſmell and taſte betrays its Kind,
By *Moors* imported, and for Lamps alone deſign.

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Well rubb'd with this, when [13] *Boccar* comes to (Town,
He makes the Theatres and Baths his own,
All round from him, as from th'infected run
The pois'nous Stink ev'n their own Serpents ſhun.

Behold a Mullet ev'n from *Corfu* brought!
Or near the Rocks of [14] *Taurominium* caught.
Since our own Seas no longer can ſupply,
Exhauſted by our boundleſs Luxury:
The ſecret Deep can no Protection give,
No *Tyrrhene* Fiſh is ſuffer'd now to live
To his juſt growth. The Provinces from far
Furniſh our Kitchins, and revenge our War.
Baits for the Rich, and Childleſs they ſupply;
Aurelia thence muſt ſell, and [15] *Lenas* buy.

The largeſt Lamprey which their Seas afford,
Is made a Sacrifice to *Virro*'s Board.
When *Auſter* to the *Æolian* Caves retires
With dropping Wings, and murmuring there re-
ſpires,

Raſh daring Nets, in hope of ſuch a Prize,
Carybdis, and the treacherous Deep deſpiſe.
An Eel for you remains, in [16] *Tiber* bred,
With fouleſt Mud, and the rank Ordure fed,
Diſcharg'd by Common-Shoars from all the Town;
No ſecret Paſſage was to him unknown;
In ev'ry noiſom Sink the Serpent ſlept,
And thro' dark Vaults oft to *Suburra* crept.

One word to *Virro* now, if he can bear,
And 'tis a Truth, which he's not us'd to hear;
No Man expects, (for who ſo much a Sot,
Who has the Times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What *Seneca*, what *Piſo* us'd to ſend,
To raiſe, or to ſupport a ſinking Friend.
Thoſe Godlike Men, to wanting Virtue kind,
Bounty well-plac'd preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their Titles, all that heighth of Pow'r,
Which turns the Brains of Fools, and Fools alone adore.
When your poor Client is condemn'd t'attend,
'Tis all we ask, receive him like a Friend,

At leaſt, let him be eaſie if you can,
Let him be treated like a Free-born Man.
Deſcend to this, and then we ask no more,
Rich to your ſelf, to all beſide be poor.

Near him is plac'd the Liver of a Gooſe,
That part alone which Luxury wou'd chuſe,
A Boar entire, and worthy of the Sword
Of [17] *Meleager*, ſmoaks upon the Board.
Next Muſhroms, larger when the Clouds deſcend
In fruitful Showres, and deſir'd [18] Thunders rend
The vernal Air. No more plough up the Ground,
O [19] *Lybia*, where ſuch Muſhroms can be found,
Aledius [20] cries, but furniſh us with ſtore
Of Muſhroms, and import thy Corn no more!

Mean while thy Indignation yet to raiſe,
The Carver dancing round each Diſh ſurveys,
With flying Knife; and as his Art directs,
With proper Geſtures ev'ry Fowl diſſects,
A thing of ſo great moment to their Taſte,
That one falſe ſlip had ſurely marr'd the Feaſt.

If thou dare murmur, if thou dare complain
With Freedom, like a *Roman* Gentleman,
Thou'rt ſeiz'd immediately by his Commands,
And dragg'd, like [21] *Cacus*, by *Herculean* Hands
Out from his preſence. When does Haughty he
Deſcend to take a Glaſs once touch'd by thee?
That Wretch were loſt, who ſhou'd preſume to think
He might be free, who durſt ſay, Come, Sir, drink,
Will any Freedom here from you be born
Whoſe Clothes are thread-bare, and whoſe Cloaks (are torn?

Wou'd any God, or Godlike Man below,
Four hundred thouſand Seſterces beſtow!
How mightily wou'd *Trebius* be improv'd,
How much a Friend to *Virro*, how belov'd!
Will *Trebius* eat of this? What Sot attends
My Brother? Who carves to my beſt of Friends?
O Seſterces, this Honour's done to you!
You are his Friends, and you his Brethren too.
Wouldſt thou become his Patron and his Lord;
Wouldſt thou be in thy turn by him ador'd?

No young [23] *Æneas* in thy Hall muſt play,
Nor ſweeter Daughter lead thy Heart aſtray.
O how a Barren Wife does recommend!
How dear, how pleaſant is a Childleſs Friend?
But if thy *Mycale*, thy Teeming Wife
Pour out three Boys, the Comfort of thy Life;
He [24] too will in the pratling Neſt rejoice,
Farthings and Nuts provide, and various Toys,
For the young ſmiling Paraſites, the wanton Boys.

He viler Friends with doubtful Muſhroms treats,
Secure for you, himſelf Champignons eats;
Such *Claudius* lov'd, of the ſame ſort and taſte,
Till [25] *Agrippina* kindly gave the laſt,
To him are order'd, and thoſe happy few
VVhom Fate has raiſ'd above contempt and you,
Moſt fragrant Fruits, ſuch in [26] *Phæacian* Gardens (grew;
Where a perpetual Autumn ever ſmil'd,
And Golden Apples loaded Branches fill'd.
By ſuch ſwift *Atalanta* was betray'd,
The vegetable Gold ſoon ſtopt the flying Maid.

To

To you ſuch ſcabb'd harſh Fruit is giv'n, as raw
Young Souldiers at their Exerciſings gnaw,
Who trembling learn to throw the fatal Dart,
And under Rods of rough Centurions ſmart.

Thou tak'ſt all this as done to ſave Expence;
No! *'tis on purpoſe done to give offence:*
VVhat Comedy, what Farce can more delight,
Than grinning Hunger, and the pleaſing ſight
Of your bilk'd Hopes? No! He's reſolv'd t'extort
Tears from your Eyes: 'Tis barb'rous jeſt and ſport,
Thou *think'ſt thy* ſelf Companion of the Great,
Art free and happy in thy own Conceit.
He thinks thou'rt tempted by th'attractive ſmell
Of his warm Kitchen, and he judges well.
For 27. whoſo naked, in whoſe empty Veins
One ſingle Drop of Noble Blood remains;
VVhat Freeborn Man, who, tho' of Mungrel ſtrain,
Wou'd twice ſupport the Scorn, and proud Diſdain
VVith which thoſe Idols you adore, the Great,
Their wretched Vaſſals and Dependants treat?

O Slaves moſt abject! you ſtill gaping ſit,
Devouring with your Eyes each pleaſing Bit;
Now ſure we Paraſites at laſt ſhall ſhare
That Boar, and now that Wild-fowl, or that Hare;
Thus you expecting gaze, with your Teeth ſet;
With your Bread ready, and your Knives well whet!
Demure and ſilent; but, alas! in vain;
He mocks your Hunger, and derides your Pain.
If you can bear all this, and think him kind,
You well deſerve the Treatment which you find.
At laſt thou wilt beneath the [28] Burthen bow,
And, glad, receive the [29] manumitting Blow
On thy ſhav'd ſlaviſh Head; mean while attend,
Worthy of ſuch a Treat, and ſuch a Friend.

The End of the Fifth Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifth Satyr.

Sarmentus. A Buffoon and Paraſite of *Auguſtus Cæſar*. The ſame perhaps with that *Sarmentus* in *Horace*, *Sat.* 3. *l.* 1.

2 Where common Beggars us'd to place themſelves.

3 It was the Cuſtom in *Rome* for the Clients to attend their Patrons, to ſalute them in the Morning, *Virgil*, *Martial*, &c.

4 That Conſtellation, otherwiſe call'd the *Bear*, which appearing always above the Horizon, is ſaid by the Poets never to deſcend into the Sea. The meaning is, that *Trebius* was forc'd to run early in the Morning, by the light of thoſe Stars.

5 A Prieſt of *Cybele*.

6 From *Setia* a Town of *Campania* renowned for the beſt Wines.

7 *Thraſea* and *Helvidius* his Sons-in-Law, Men of great Virtue, Conſtancy, and Zeal for the Liberty of their Country; they were both oppreſs'd by *Nero*, *Thraſea* put to death, and *Helvidius* baniſh'd: *Tacitus* has related at large the Charge and Accuſation of *Thraſéa*, with what Bravery he received the Order by which he was commanded to die, and being allow'd his choice, opened his Veins with theſe words: *Libemus Jovi Liberatori*, *Annal. Lib.* 16. They are ſaid here to have ſolmenly obſerv'd the Birth-days of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, the Deliverers of their Country; which may perhaps be true, tho' it be not objected among many things of this kind in *Tacitus*.

8 An Alluſion to that of *Virgil* deſcribing *Æneas Stellatus, Iaſpide fulvâ Enſis erat.*

9 The *Romans* mightily affected to be ſerv'd by beautiful Boys, whom they bought at vaſt rates. *Martial*, &c.

10 One of the ſeven Hills on which *Rome* was built.

11 The Authors whom I have the opportunity to conſult, are not agreed what Fiſh is meant by *Squilla*; I have tranſlated it Sturgeon, I confeſs at random, but it may ſerve as well.

12 A Town in *Campania*, famous for the beſt Oil.

13 The Name of a King of *Mauritania*; but here muſt be underſtood as the Name of any Noble *Moor*.

14 A Town of *Sicily*.

15 One of thoſe whom the *Romans* call'd *Hæredipetæ*; who courted and preſented the Rich and Childleſs, in hope to become their Heirs.

16 The Fiſh of *Tyber* were for this Reaſon thought the worſt in *Italy*.

17 The Story of the *Caledonian* Bear, ſlain by *Meleager*, is to be found, *Metamor. Lib.* 8.

18 Rainy and thundring Springs produce abundance of Muſhroms, and were therefore deſired. *Pliny*, *Lib.* 19.

19 *Rome* was ſupply'd with great Quantities of Corn from *Africa*, and of Muſhroms too it ſeems.

20

20 The Name of a Glutton or Paraſite.

21 The Name of a famous Thief, who ſtole the Oxen of *Hercules*, and drew them into his Den backwards; but was ſlain by *Hercules*, and dragg'd out by the Heels. *Æneid.* 8.

22 The *Cenſus Equeſtris*, about 3125 *l.* Engliſh, *Roſcius Otho* made a Law, that whereas before *Roman* Gentleman and Commons ſat promiſcuouſly in the Theatres, there ſhou'd be fourteen Seats or Benches apart, for thoſe who were worth that Sum.

23 An alluſion to that of *Dido*, *Si quis mihi parvulus aula Luderet Æneas.* The meaning is, thou muſt have no Child to defeat his hopes of becoming thy Heir.

24 Ironically.

25 His Wife *Agrippina* gave him a poiſon'd one, of which he died. See that ingenious Satyr of *Seneca*, *Claudii Apocolocyntoſis*.

26 The Gardens of *Alcinous*, King of the *Phæacians*, are renown'd in *Homer* and all Antiquity.

27 In the following Lines, there is in the Original Reference to the Cuſtom of *Roman* Children, wearing for diſtinction of their Quality, the *Bulla aurea*, or *Corſacca*. I have tranſlated them according to the intent and ſence of the Poet, without alluſion to thoſe Cuſtoms; which being unknown to meer *Engliſh* Readers, wou'd have only made the Tranſlation as obſcure as the Original.

28 Of ſo many Indignities.

29 I know the Commentators give another ſence of theſe laſt Lines, but I take them to allude to the manner of the Manumiſſion of Slaves, which was done by giving them a touch or blow on the Head, by their Lord, or the Prætor, with a Wand call'd *Vindicta*; and thus the meaning will be, that *Trebius*, weary'd at laſt, will be glad to be diſcharg'd from the Slavery of attending, where he finds ſuch uſage.

THE SIXTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Argument of the Sixth Satyr.

THIS Satyr, of almoſt double lengh to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair Sex. 'Tis, indeed, a Common-place, from whence all the Moderns have notoriouſly ſtollen their ſharpeſt Railleries. In his other Satyrs, the Poet has only glanc'd on ſome particular Women, and generally ſcourg'd the Men. But this he reſerv'd wholly for the Ladies. How they had offended him I know not: But upon the whole matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all, the Vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the faireſt part of the Creation: Neither do I know what Moral he cou'd reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole Sex, if all had been true which he alledges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to Humane Kind. And to bid us beware of their Artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more Wit than Men: which turns the Satyr upon us, and particularly upon the Poet; who thereby makes a Complement, where he meant a Libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his Wit, he has forfeited his Judgment, by making the one half of his Readers his mortal Enemies: And amongſt the Men, all the happy Lovers, by their own Experience, will diſprove his Accuſations. The whole World muſt allow this to be the Wittieſt of his Satyrs; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much violence, ſo unjuſt a Charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his Opinion:

on: And on that Conſideration chiefly I ventur'd to tranſlate him. Though there wanted not another Reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: At leaſt, Sir C. S. *who cou'd have done more right to the Author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refus'd ſo ungrateful an employment: And every one will grant, that the Work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appear'd without one of the Principal Members belonging to it. Let the Poet therefore bare the blame of his own Invention; and let me ſatisfie the World, that I am not of his Opinion. Whatever his* Roman *Ladies were, the* Engliſh *are free from all his Imputations. They will read with Wonder and Abhorrence, the Vices of an Age, which was the moſt Infamous of any on Record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe Examples related of* Domitian's *time: They will give back to Antiquity thoſe Monſters it produc'd: And believe with reaſon, that the Species of thoſe Women is extinguiſh'd; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely therefore proceed to the Argument of a Satyr, which is no way relating to them: And firſt obſerve, that my Author maks their Luſt the moſt Heroick of their Vices: The reſt are in a manner but digreſſion. He skims them over; but he dwells on this; when he ſeems to have taken his laſt leave of it, on the ſudden he returns to it: 'Tis one Branch of it in* Hippia, *another in* Meſſalina, *but Luſt is the main Body of the Tree. He begins with this Text in the firſt line, and takes it up with Intermiſſions to the end of the Chapter. Every Vice is a Loader; but that's a Ten. The Fillers, or intermediate Parts, are their Revenge; their Con-*

trivances

trivances of ſecret Crimes; their Arts to hide them, their Wit to excuſe them; and their Impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept ſecret. Then the Perſons to whom they are moſt addicted; and on whom they commonly beſtow the laſt Favours. As Stage-Players, Fidlers, Singing-Boys, and Fencers. Thoſe who paſs for Chaſt amongſt them, are not really ſo; but only for their vaſt Dowries, are rather ſuffer'd, than lov'd by their own Husbands. That they are Imperious, Domineering, Scolding Wives: Set up for Learning and Criticiſm in Poetry; but are falſe Judges. Love to ſpeak Greek *(which was then the Faſhionable Tongue, as* French *is now with us.) That they plead Cauſes at the Bar, and play Prizes at the Bear-Garden. That they are Goſſips and News-Mongers: Wrangle with their Neighbours abroad, and beat their Servants at home. That they lie in for new Faces once a Month, are ſluttiſh with their Husbands in private; and Paint and Dreſs in Publick for their Lovers. That they deal with Jews, Diviners, and Fortune-tellers: Learn the Arts of Miſcarrying, and Barrenneſs. Buy Children, and produce them for their own. Murther their Husbands Sons, if they ſtand in their way to his Eſtate: and make their Adulterers his Heirs. From hence the Poet proceeds to ſhew the Occaſions of all theſe Vices, their Original, and how they were introduc'd in* Rome, *by Peace, Wealth, and Luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our malicious Author; Bad Women are the general ſtanding Rule; and the Good, but ſome few Exceptions to it.*



THE

SIXTH SATYR.

IN [1] *Saturn*'s Reign, at Nature's early Birth,
There was that thing call'd Chaſtity on Earth;
When in a narrow Cave, their common Shade,
The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were laid:
When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beaſts were
ſpread
By Mountain-Huſwives, for their homely Bed,
And moſſie Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's
Head.
Unlike the Niceneſs of our modern Dames,
Affected Nymphs with new-affected Names:
The *Cynthia's* and the *Lesbia's* of our Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death diſſolve in Tears.

Thoſe

Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd Matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to Infants of Gygantick Mold;
Rough as their ſavage Lords who rang'd the Wood,
And [2] fat with Acorns belch'd their windy Food.
For when the World was buckſom, freſh, and young,
Her Sons were undebauch'd, and therefore ſtrong;
And whether Born in kindly Beds of Earth,
Or ſtrugling from the Teeming Oaks to Birth,
Or from what other Atoms they begun,
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun.
Some thin Remains of Chaſtity appear'd
Ev'n [3] under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard:
Before the ſervile *Greeks* had learnt to ſwear
By Heads of Kings; while yet the Bounteous Year
Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,
E're Thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd:
At length [4] uneaſie Juſtice upwards flew,
And both the Siſters to the Stars withdrew;
From that old *Æra* Whoring did begin,
So venerably Ancient is the Sin.

Adulterers next invade the Nuptial State,
And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a foreign Weight;
All other Ills did Iron Times adorn;
But Whores and Silver in one Age were born.
Yet thou, they ſay, for Marriage do'ſt provide:
Is this an Age to Buckle with a Bride?
They ſay thy Hair the Curling Art is taught,
The Wedding-Ring perhaps already bought:
A ſober Man like thee to change his Life!
What Fury wou'd poſſeſs thee with a Wife?
Art thou of ev'ry other Death bereft,
No Knife, no Ratsbane, no kind Halter left?
(For ev'ry Nooſe compar'd to hers is cheap)
Is there no City-Bridge from whence to leap?
VVould'ſt thou become her Drudge who doſt enjoy,
A better ſort of Bed-fellow, thy Boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly Brawls,
Nor with a begg'd Reward thy Pleaſure palls;
Nor with inſatiate Heavings calls for more,
When all thy Spirits were drain'd out before.

But ſtill *Urſidius* courts the Marriage-Bait,
Longs for a Son to ſettle his Eſtate,
And takes no Gifts, tho' ev'ry gaping Heir
VVould gladly greaſe the rich old Batchelor.
VVhat Revolution can appear ſo ſtrange,
As ſuch a Leacher, ſuch a Life to change?
A rank, notorious VVhoremaſter, to chooſe
To thruſt his Neck into the Marriage Nooſe!
He who ſo often in a dreadful fright
Had in a Coffer 'ſcap'd the jealous Cuckold's ſight,
That he to VVedlock, dotingly betray'd,
Should hope, in this lewd Town, to find a Maid!
The Man's grown mad: To eaſe his frantick Pain,
Run for the Surgeon; breathe the middle Vein:
But let a Heifer with gilt Horns be led
To *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage-Bed,
And let him ev'ry Deity adore,
If his new Bride prove not an arrant VVhore,
In Head and Tail, and ev'ry other Pore.

On

At [5] *Ceres* feaſt, reſtrain'd from their Delight,
Few Matrons there, but curſe the tedious Night:
Few whom their Fathers dare ſalute, ſuch Luſt
Their Kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a Guſt.
VVith Ivy now adorn thy Doors, and VVed;
Such is thy Bride, and ſuch thy genial Bed.
Thinkſt thou one Man is for one VVomant meant?
She, ſooner, with one Eye wou'd be content.

And yet, 'tis nois'd, a Maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall Village, tho' Fame ſays not where;
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no Man ſhe found;
'Twas deſart, all, about her Father's Ground:
And yet ſome luſtful God might there make bold?
Are [6] *Jove* and *Mars* grown impotent and old?
Many a fair Nymph has in a Cave been ſpread,
And much good Love, without a Feather Bed.
VVhither wou'dſt thou to chuſe a VVife reſort,
The Park, the Mall, the Play-houſe, or the Court?

VVhich way ſoever thy Adventures fall

Secure alike of Chaſtity in all.

One ſees a Dancing-Maſter cap'ring high,
And raves, and Piſſes, with pure Extaſie:
Another does, with all his Motions, move,
And gapes, and grins, as in the Feat of Love:
A third is charm'd with the new Opera Notes,
Admires the Song, but on the Singer dotes:
The Country Lady in the Box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks in Paſſion, both at Eyes and Ears.

The reſt, (when now the long Vacation's come,
The noiſie Hall and Theatres grown dumb)
Their Mem'ries to refreſh, and chear their Hearts,
In borrow'd Breeches act the Players Parts.
The Poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
VVill pinch, to make the Singing-Boy a Treat.
The Rich to Buy him, will refuſe no Price;
And ſtretch his Quail-pipe till they crack his Voice.

Trage-

Tragedians, acting Love, for Luſt are ſought:
(Tho' but the Parrots of a Poet's Thought.
The Pleading Lawyer, tho' for Counſel us'd,
In Chamber-Practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a Wiſe, and father Heirs;
(The product of concurring Theatres.)
Perhaps a Fencer did thy Brows adorn,
And a young Sword-man to thy Lands is born.

Thus *Hippia* loath'd her old Patrician Lord,
And left him for a Brother of the Sword:
To wondring 7 *Pharos* with her Love ſhe fled,
To ſhew one Monſter more than *Africk* bred:
Forgetting Houſe and Husband, left behind,
Ev'n Children too; ſhe ſails before the VVind;
Falſe to 'em all, but conſtant to her kind.
But, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She cou'd the Play-houſe and the Players leave.
Born of rich Parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on Downe, and in a Damask Bed;

Yet, daring now the Dangers of the Deep,
On a hard Mattreſs is content to ſleep.
E're this, 'tis true, ſhe did her Fame expoſe:
But that, great Ladies with great eaſe can loſe.
The tender Nymph cou'd the rude Ocean bear:
So much her Luſt was ſtronger than her Fear.
But had ſome honeſt Cauſe her Paſſage preſt,
The ſmalleſt Hardſhip had diſturb'd her Breſt:
Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold;
But Womankind, in Ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own Lord to Sea,
What Doubts and Scruples wou'd ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her Stomack ſick, and her Head giddy grows;
The Tar and Pitch are nauſeous to her Noſe.
But in Love's Voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never Sea-ſick with a Friend.
Amidſt the Crew, ſhe walks upon the boord;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every Cord:
And, if ſhe ſpew, 'tis thinking of her Lord.

Now

Now ask, for whom her Friends and Fame ſhe loſt?
What Youth, what Beauty, cou'd th'Adult'rer boaſt?
What was the Face, for which ſhe cou'd ſuſtain
To be call'd Miſtreſs to ſo baſe a Man?
The Gallant, of his Days had known the beſt:
Deep Scars were ſeen indented on his Breaſt;
And all his batter'd Limbs requir'd their needful
reſt.
A Promontory Wen, with grieſly Grace,
Stood high, upon the Handle of his Face:
His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin:
His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his Fencing did her Fancy move;
'Tis Arms and Blood and Cruelty they love.
But ſhou'd he quit his Trade, and ſheath his Sword,
Her Lover wou'd begin to be her Lord.

This was a private Crime; but you ſhall hear
What Fruits the Sacred Brows of Monarchs bear:

The [8] good old Sluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide up roſe th'Imperial Whore:
She who preferr'd the Pleaſures of the Night
To Pomps, that are but impotent Delight,
Strode from the Palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine Embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like *Juno* in a Cloud,
Of all her Train but one poor Wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret Service ſhe cou'd truſt;
The Rival and Companion of her Luſt.
To the known Brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty Room gives double pay;
That Room in which the rankeſt Harlot lay.
Prepar'd for Fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving Breaſts, and with deſiring Eyes:
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length when friendly Darkneſs is expir'd,
And ev'ry Strumpet from her Cell retir'd.

She

She lags behind, and lingring at the Gate,
With a repining Sigh ſubmits to Fate:
All Filth without, and all a Fire within,
Tir'd with the Toil, unſated with the Sin.
Old *Cæſar*'s Bed the modeſt Motron ſeeks;
The ſteam of Lamps ſtill hanging on her Cheeks
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the Product of the Night.

Now ſhould I ſing what Poiſons they provide;
With all their Trumpery of Charms beſide:
And all their Arts of Death, it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt Sin the Sex can own.
Cæſinia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of ev'ry Vice, by her own Lord Renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand
Pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His Tongue is ty'd in golden Fetters faſt:

He

He ſighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry Hour;
Who wou'd not do as much for ſuch a Dower?
She writes Love-Letters to the Youth in Grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the Cuckold's Face;
And might do more: Her Portion makes it good:
Wealth 9 has the priviledge of Widowhood.

These Truths with his Example you diſprove,
Who with his Wife is monſtrouſly in Love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his Wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three Wrinkles in her Face,
Let her Eyes leſſen, and her Skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy Steward ſay,
Pack up with all your Trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at Bed and Board,
Your Betters muſt be had to pleaſe my Lord.

Mean time ſhe's abſolute upon the Throne;
And knowing time is precious, loſes none:

She

She muſt have Flocks of Sheep, with Wool more fine
Than Silk, and Vineyards of the Nobleſt Wine:
Whole Droves of Pages for her Train ſhe craves;
And ſweeps the Priſons for attending Slaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her Eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When Winter ſhuts the Seas, and fleecy Snows
Make Houſes white, ſhe to the Merchant goes;
Rich Cryſtals of the Rock ſhe takes up there
Huge *Agat* Vaſes, and old *China* Ware:
Then[10] *Berenice*'s Ring her Finger proves,
More precious made by her inceſtuous Loves:
And infamouſly dear: A Brother's Bribe,
Ev'n God's Anointed, and of *Judah*'s Tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the ſacred Shrine,
And think it only Sin to feed on Swine.

But is none worthy to be made a Wife
In all this Town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, Fair, and Fruitful, of Unblemiſh'd Life;

Chaſte

Chaſte as the *Sabines*, whoſe prevailing Charms
Diſmiſs'd their Husbands, and their Brothers Arms:
Grant her, beſides, of Noble Blood that ran
In ancient Veins, e're Heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a Poet's Word,
A Black Swan is not half ſo rare a Bird.
A Wife, ſo hung with Virtues, ſuch a Freight,
What mortal Shoulders cou'd ſupport the Weight!
Some Country-Girl, ſcarce to a Curt'ſey bred,
Wou'd I much rather than [11] *Cornelia* wed:
If Supercilious, Haughty, Proud, and Vain,
She brought her Father's Triumphs in her Train:
Away with all your *Carthaginian* State,
Let vanquiſh'd *Hannibal* without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big, to paſs my narrow Gate.
Oh [12] *Pæan*, cries *Amphion*, bend thy Bow
Againſt my Wife, and let my Children go:
But ſullen *Pæan* ſhoots at Sons and Mothers too.
His *Niobe* and all his Boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous Offſpring boaſt,

As

As fair and fruitful as the Sow that carry'd
The [13] thirty Pigs at one large Litter farrow'd.
What Beauty or what Chaſtity can bear
So great a Price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is more.
Upbraided with the Virtues ſhe diſplays,
Sev'n hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praiſe:
Some Faults, tho' ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,
As thoſe that think they due Perfection want,
Who have not learnt to Liſp the [14] *Grecian* Cant?
In *Greece*, their whole Accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their Faſhion, Breeding, Language, muſt be *Greek*:
But raw, in all that does to *Rome* belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their Mother-Tongue.
In *Greek* they flatter, all their Fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their Secrets; nay, they ſcold in *Greek*:
Ev'n in the Feat of Love, they uſe that Tongue.
Such Affectations may become the Young;

But

But thou, Old Hag of Threeſcore Years and Three,
Is ſhewing of thy Parts in *Greek* for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή! All thoſe tender words
The momentary trembling Bliſs affords,
The kind ſoft Murmurs of the private Sheets,
Are Bawdy, while thou ſpeak'ſt in publick Streets.
Thoſe words have Fingers; and their force is ſuch,
They raiſe the Dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all Provocatives from thee are vain;
No blandiſhment the ſlacken'd Nerve can ſtrain.

If then thy Lawful Spouſe thou canſt not love,
VVhat reaſon ſhou'd thy Mind to Marriage move?
VVhy all the Charges of the Nuptial Feaſt,
VVine and Deſerts, and Sweet-meats to digeſt;
Th'endowing Gold that buys the dear Delight,
Giv'n for thy firſt and only happy Night?
If thou art thus uxoriouſly inclin'd,
To bear thy Bondage with a willing Mind,

Pre-

Prepare thy Neck, and put in the Yoke:
But for no Mercy from thy VVoman *look*.
For tho', perhaps, ſhe loves with equal Fires,
To abſolute Dominion ſhe aſpires;
Joys in the Spoils, and triumps o'er thy Purſe;
The better Husband makes the VVife the worſe.
Nothing is thine to give, or ſell, or buy,
All Offices of ancient Friendſhip die;
Nor haſt thou leave to make a Legacy.
By [15] *thy* imperious VVife thou art bereft
A Priviledge, to Pimps and Panders left;
Thy Teſtament's her VVill; where ſhe prefers
Her Ruffians, Drudges, and Adulterers,
Adopting all thy Rivals for thy Heirs.

Go [16] drag that Slave to Death: [17] Your Reaſon, why
Shou'd the poor Innocent be doom'd to die?
VVhat Proofs? For, when Man's Life is in debate,
The Judge can ne'er too long deliberate.

Call'ſt

Call'ſt [18] thou that Slave a Man? the VVife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the Crime, the Villain dies.
I have the Soveraign Pow'r to ſave or kill;
And give no other Reaſon but my VVill.

Thus the She-Tyrant Reigns, till pleas'd with change,
Her wild Affections to new Empires range:
Another Subject Husband ſhe deſires;
Divorc'd from him, ſhe to the firſt retires,
VVhile the laſt VVedding-Feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
And Garlands hang yet green upon the Door:
So ſtill the Reck'ning riſes; and appears
In total Sum, Eight Husbands in Five Years.
The Title for a Tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it wou'd too commonly be writ.

Her Mother living, hope no quiet Day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to Flea
Her Husband bare, and then divides the Prey.

She

She takes Love-Letters, with a crafty Smile,
And, in her Daughter's Anſwer, mends the Stile.
In vain the Husband ſets his watchful Spies;
She cheats their Cunning, or ſhe bribes their Eyes.
The Doctor's call'd; the Daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full Health is ſick.
The Panting Stallion, at the Cloſet-door,
Hears the Conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Can'ſt thou, in Reaſon, hope, a Bawd ſo known,
Shou'd teach her other Manners than her own?
Her Int'reſt is in all th' Advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the Daughter's Rents the Mother lives.

No Cauſe is try'd at the litigious Bar,
But Women Plaintiffs or Defendants are.
They form the Proceſs, all the Briefs they write;
The Topicks furniſh, and the Pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs Lawyer how to bite.

They turn Virago's too; the Wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked Limbs with Oil:

Againſt the Poſt their wicker Shields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the Sword, and at the Plaſtron puſh.
Of ev'ry Exerciſe the Manniſh Crew
Fulfils the Parts, and oft excels us too:
Prepar'd not only in feign'd Fights t'engage,
But rout the Gladiators on the Stage.
What ſence of ſhame in ſuch a Breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly?
Yet to be wholly Man ſhe wou'd diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold Pleaſure at the Game,
For frothy Praiſes, and an empty Name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy Wife's Magazine by Auction ſold!
The Belt, the creſted Plume, the ſeveral Suits
Of Armour, and the *Spaniſh* Leather Boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the Heat
Of figur'd Silks, and under Sarcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting *Amazonian* Whore,
She ſtands in Guard with her right Foot before:

Her

Her Coats tuck'd up; and all her Motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries, Hah! at ev'ry thruſt:
But laugh to ſee her tir'd with many a Bout,
Call for the Pot, and like a Man Piſs out.
The Ghoſts of ancient *Romans*, ſhou'd they riſe,
Wou'd grin to ſee their Daughters play a Prize.

Beſides, what endleſs Brawls by Wives are bred:
The Curtain-Lecture makes a mournful Bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the Sheets,
Her Cry begins, and the whole Day repeats.
Conſcious of Crimes her ſelf, ſhe teizes firſt;
Thy Servants are accus'd; thy Whore is curſt;
She acts the Jealous, and at Will ſhe cries:
For Womens Tears are but the ſweat of Eyes.
Poor Cuckold-Fool, thou think'ſt that Love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her Lips the falling Tear:
But ſearch her Cabinet, and thou ſhal find
Each Tiller there with Love-Epiſtles lin'd.

Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe Embrace,
This you wou'd think ſo manifeſt a caſe,
No Rhetorick cou'd defend, no Impudence out-face:
And yet ev'n then ſhe cries the Marriage Vow,
A mental Reſervation muſt allow;
And there's a ſilent Bargain ſtill imply'd,
The Parties ſhou'd be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Tho' Men your ſelves, and Women us you call,
Yet *Homo* is a common Name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught;
Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.

You ask from whence proceed theſe monſtrous Crimes;
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former times,
Our Matrons were: No Luxury found room
In low-rooft Houſes, and bare Walls of Lome;
Their Hands with Labour hardned while 'twas light,
And frugal Sleep ſupply'd the quiet Night.

While pinch'd with want, their Hunger held 'em
ſtraight:
When [19] *Hannibal* was hov'ring at the Gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our eaſe,
We ſuffer all th'invet'rate Ills of Peace;
And waſtful Riot, whoſe deſtructive Charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd World, of our victorious
Arms.
No Crime, no luſtful Poſtures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our Guardian-God, is gone:
Pride, Lazineſs, and all luxurious Arts,
Pour like a Deluge in, from foreign Parts:
Since Gold obſcene, and Silver found the way,
Strange Faſhions with ſtrange Bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple Manners to betray.

What care our drunken Dames to whom they
ſpread?
Wine, no diſtinction makes of Tail or Head.
Who lewdly dancing at a Midnight-Ball,
For hot Eringoes, and fat Oyſters call:

Full Brimmers to their fuddled Noſes thruſt;
Brimmers the laſt Provocatives of Luſt.
When Vapours to their ſwimming Brains advance,
And double Tapers on the Tables dance.

Now think what bawdy Dialogues they have,
What *Tullia* talks to her confiding Slave,
At Modeſty's old Statue; when by night,
They make a ſtand, and from their Litters light;
The good Man early to the Levee goes,
And treads the naſty Paddle of his Spouſe.

The Secrets of the [20] Goddeſs nam'd the Good,
Are ev'n by Boys and Barbers underſtood:
Where the rank Matrons, dancing to the Pipe,
Gig with their Bums, and are for Action ripe;
With Muſick rais'd, they ſpread abroad their Hair;
And toſs their Heads like an enamour'd Mare:
Laufella lays her Garland by, and proves
The Mimick Leachery of Manly loves,

Rank'd

Rank'd with the Lady the cheap Sinner lies;
For here not Blood, but Virtue gives the Prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal Strife;
'Tis downright Luſt, and acted to the Life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vig'rous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, wou'd make old [21] *Neſtor* young.
Impatient of delay, a gen'ral Sound,
An univerſal Groan of Luſt goes round;
For then, and only then, the Sex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of Action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty Lovers in.
The Whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the Slaves,
And Watermen, a Race of ſtrong-back'd Knaves.

I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred Rights were free
From thoſe Pollutions of Obſcenity:
But 'tis well known [22] what Singer, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious Action enterpriz'd;
Into the Fair with Women mixt, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed Inſtrument;

Agrateful Preſent to thoſe holy Choirs,
Where the Mouſe guilty of his Sex retires;
And ev'n Male-Pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no Profaneneſs on that Age prevail'd.
No Scoffers at Religious Rites were found;
Tho' now, at ev'ry Altar they abound.

I hear your cautious Counſel, you wou'd ſay,
Keep cloſe your Women, under Lock and Key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe Keepers? Women, nurſt
In Craft, begin with thoſe, and Bribe 'em firſt.
The Sex is turn'd all Whore; they love the Game;
And Miſtreſſes, and Maids, are both the ſame.

The poor *Ogulnia*, on the Poet's Day,
Will borrow Clothes, and Chair, to ſee the Play:
She, who before, had mortgag'd her Eſtate;
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of Plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But Women have no ſhame of Poverty.
They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore
The more exhauſted, wou'd encreaſe the more:

Some Men, inſtructed by the Lab'ring Ant,
Provide againſt the Extremities of Want;
But Womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the Dregs their ſinking Fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear;
And think no Pleaſure can be bought too dear.

There are who in ſoft Eunuchs place their Bliſs,
To ſhun the ſcrubbing of a bearded Kiſs:
And 'ſcape Abortion; but their ſolid Joy
Is [23] when the Page, already paſt a Boy,
Is Capon'd late; and to the Guelder ſhown,
With his two Pounders, to Perfection grown.
When all the Navel-ſtring cou'd give, appears;
All but the Beard; and that's the Barber's loſs, not theirs.
Seen from afar, and famous for his Ware,
He ſtruts into the Bath, among the Fair:
Th'admiring Crew to their Devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their [24] New *Priapus* call.

Kerv'd

Kerv'd for my Lady's uſe, with her he lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wiſe,
Rather than truſt him with thy Fav'rite Boy;
He proffers Death, in proffering to enjoy.

If Songs they love, the Singer's Voice they force
Beyond his Compaſs, 'till his Quail-Pipe's hoarſe;
His Lute and Lyre, with their embrace is worn;
With Knots they trim it, and with Gems adorn:
Run over all the Strings, and kiſs the Caſe;
And make Love to it, in the Maſter's place.

A certain Lady once, of high Degree,
To *Janus* Vow'd, and *Veſta*'s Deity,
That [25] *Pollio* might, in Singing, win the Prize;
Pollio the Dear, the Darling of her Eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what cou'd ſhe more have (done
For a ſick Husband, or an only Son?
With her Face veil'd, and heaving up her Hands,
The ſhameleſs Suppliant at th'Altar ſtands;

The

The Forms of Pray'r ſhe ſolemnly purſues;
And, pale with Fear, the offer'd Intrails views.
Anſwer, ye Pow'rs: For, if you heard her Vow,
Your Godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.

This is not all; for [26] Actors, they implore:
An Impudence not known to Heav'n before.
Th' [27] *Aruſpex*, tir'd with this Religious Rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the Gout.
But ſuffer not thy Wife abroad to roam:
If ſhe loves Singing, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in Streets, with *Amazonian* pace;
For that's to Cuckold thee before thy Face.

Their endleſs Itch of News comes next in play;
They vent their own; and hear what others ſay.
Know what in *Thrace*, or what in *France* is done;
Th' Intrigues betwixt the Stepdam, and the Son.
Tell who loves who, what Favours ſome partake;
And who is Jilted for another's ſake.

What

What pregnant Widow, in what Month was made;
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.

She, firſt, beholds the raging Comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what Lands deſtroys.
Still for the neweſt News ſhe lies in wait;
And takes Reports, juſt ent'ring at the Gate.
Wrecks, Floods, and Fires; whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads; and is the *Fame* of ev'ry Street.

This is a Grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very Judgment, and her Neighbours Curſe:
For, if their Barking Dog diſturb her eaſe,
No Pray'r can bend her, no Excuſe appeaſe.
Th'unmanner'd Malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the Maſter, who the Curr maintain'd,
Muſt feel the Scourge: By Night ſhe leaves her Bed;
By Night her Bathing Equipage is led.
That marching Armies a leſs noiſe create;
She moves in Tumult, and ſhe ſweats in State.

Mean

Mean while, her Gueſts their Appetites muſt keep;
Some gape for Hunger, and ſome gaſp for Sleep.
At length ſhe comes, all fluſh'd; but e're ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging Preparation-Cup;
And then to clear her Stomach, ſpews it up.
The Deluge-Vomit all the Floor o'erflows,
And the ſour Savour nauſeates ev'ry Noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a Lake;
Her wretched Husband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:
But mutters many a Curſe againſt his Wife;
And damns himſelf for chuſing ſuch a Life.

But of all Plagues, the greateſt is untold;
The Book-learn'd Wife in *Greek* and *Latin* bold.
The Critick-Dame, who at her Table ſits;
Homer and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their Wits;
And pities *Dido*'s Agonizing Fits.
She has ſo far th' Aſcendant of the Board,
The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:

The

The Man of Law is Non-pluſt, in his Sute;
Nay, ev'ry other Female Tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd ſwear,
And [28] *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.
Tabors [29] and Trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
Ev'n Wit's a Burthen, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no Continence of Tongue,
Should walk in Breeches, and ſhou'd wear a Beard;
And mix among the Philoſophick Herd.
O what a midnight Curſe has he, whoſe ſide
Is peſter'd with a [30] Mood and Figure-Bride!
Let mine, ye Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my Fate)
No Logick learn, nor Hiſtory tranſlate:
But rather be a quiet, humble Fool:
I hate a Wife to whom I go to School.
Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, diſtinctly knows
Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows;
Corrects her Country-Neighbour; and, a Bed,
For breaking [31] *Priſcian*'s, breaks her Husband's Head.

The

The gawdy Goſſip, when ſhe's ſet agog,
In Jewels dreſt, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of Pride,
Thinks all ſhe ſays or does, is juſtify'd.
When poor, ſhe's ſcarce a tolerable Evil;
But rich, and fine, a Wife's a very Devil.

She duely, once a Month, renews her Face;
Mean time, it lies in Dawb, and hid in Greaſe;
Thoſe are the Husband's Nights; ſhe craves her due,
He takes fat Kiſſes, and is ſtuck in Glue.
But to the Lov'd Adult'rer when ſhe ſteers,
Freſh from the Bath, in Brightneſs ſhe appears:
For him the rich *Arabia* ſweats her Gum;
And precious Oils from diſtant *Indies* come:
How Haggardly ſoe'er ſhe looks at home.
Th' Eclipſe then vaniſhes; and all her Face
Is open'd, and reſtor'd to ev'ry Grace.
The Cruſt remov'd, her Cheeks as ſmooth as Silk,
Are poliſh'd with a Waſh of Aſſes Milk;

And

And ſhou'd ſhe to the fartheſt *North* be ſent,
A Train [32] of theſe attend her Baniſhment.
But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a Face, it ſeem'd a Sore.

'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do; and how they paſs their time away.
For, if o'er-night the Husband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his Back,
Next day, be ſure, the Servants go to wrack.
The Chamber-Maid and Dreſſer, are call'd Whores;
The Page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole Houſe ſuffers for the Maſter's Crime;
And he himſelf is warn'd, to wake another time.

She hires Tormentors by the Year; ſhe treats
Her Viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her Face, ſurveys her Gown,
Caſts up the Day's Account, and ſtill beats on:

Tir'd

Roar'd out, at length, with an outrageous Tone,
She bid's 'em, in the Devil's Name, be gone.
Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting Dame,
Sicilian [33] Tyrants may renounce their Name.

For, if ſhe haſtes abroad, to take the Air,
Or goes to *Iſis* Church (the Bawdy Houſe of Pray'r)
She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task;
Her Head, alone, will twenty Dreſſers ask.
Pſecas, the Chief, with Breaſt and Shoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders ev'ry ſacred Hair;
If any Stragler from his Rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the Mortal Sin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: But, in the Glaſs,
The Dame's offended at her own ill Face.
That Maid is baniſh'd; and another Girl
More dext'rous, manages the Comb and Curl:
The reſt are ſummon'd, on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old Woman gives Advice.

The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for Age, or Wiſdom, is Renown'd:
Such Counſel, ſuch delib'rate Care they take,
As if her Life and Honour lay at ſtake.
With Curls on Curls, they build her Head before,
And mount it with a formidable Tow'r.
A Gyanteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the Pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waſted, ſuch a Dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on Tip-toes for a Kiſs:
Mean while, her Husband's whole Eſtate is ſpent;
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his Rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a Wife,
But like a Bawling Neighbour, full of Strife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her Hate, to all his Servants and his Friends.

Bellona's Prieſts, an Eunuch at their Head,
About the Streets a mad Proceſſion lead;

The [35] Venerable Guelding, large, and high,
O'er-looks the Herd of his inferiour Fry.
His awkward Clergy-men about him prance;
And beat the Timbrels to their Myſtick Dance.
Guiltleſs of Teſticles, they Tear their Throats,
And ſqueak, in Treble, their unmanly Notes.
Mean while, his Cheeks, the Mitred Prophet ſwells;
And dire Preſages of the Year foretels.
Unleſs with Eggs (his Prieſtly Hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert th'Autumnal Blaſt.
And [36] add beſide a murrey-colour'd Veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the Peſt:
And, thrown into the Flood, their Crimes may bear,
To purge th'unlucky Omens of the Year.
Th'aſtoniſht Matrons pay, before the reſt;
That Sex is ſtill obnoxious to the Prieſt.

Thro' ye they beat, and plunge into a Stream,
If ſo the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.

Weak in their Limbs, but in Devotion ſtrong,
On their bare Hands and Feet they crawl along;
A whole Fields length, the laughter of *the throng.*
Shou'd *Io* (*Io*'s Prieſt I mean) command
A Pilgrimage to *Meroe*'s burning Sand,
Thro' Deſarts they wou'd ſeek the ſecret Spring;
And Holy Water for Luſtration bring.
How can they pay their Prieſts too much Reſpect,
Who trade with Heav'n, and Earthly Gains neglect!
With him, Domeſtick Gods diſcourſe by Night:
By Day, attended by his Choir in white,
The Bold-pate Tribe runs madding thro' the Street,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they Cheat.
The Ghoſtly Sire forgives the Wife's Delights,
Who ſins, thro' Frailty, on forbidden Nights;
And tempts her Husband in the Holy Time,
When Carnal Pleaſure is a Mortal Crime.
The Sweating Image ſhakes his Head, but he
With mumbled Pray'rs atones the Deity.

The Pious Prieſthood the fat Gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the Godhead muſt forgive.

No ſooner theſe remove, but full of Fear,
A Gypſie Jeweſs whiſpers in your Ear,
And begs an Alms: An High-Prieſt's Daughter ſhe,
Verſ'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity,
And Propheſies beneath a ſhady Tree.
Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed,
She ſtrouls, and Telling Fortunes gains her Bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall Moneys, are her Fees;
Yet ſhe Interprets all your Dreams for theſe.
Foretels th'Eſtate, when the Rich Uncle dies,
And ſees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.
Such Toys, a Pidgeon's Intrails can diſcloſe;
Which yet th'*Armenian Augur* far out-goes:
In Dogs, a Victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd Infants, for Inſpection, takes:
For Gain, his Impious Practice he purſues;
For Gain will his Accomplices accuſe.

More Credit, yet, is to [37] *Chaldeans* giv'n;
What they foretel, is deem'd the Voice of Heav'n.
Their Anſwers, as from *Hammon*'s Altar, come;
Since now the *Delphian* Oracles are dumb.
And Mankind, ignorant of future Fate,
Believes what fond Aſtrologers relate.

Of theſe, the moſt in vogue is he, who ſent
Beyond Seas, is return'd from Baniſhment.
His Art who to [38] aſpiring *Otho* ſold;
And ſure Succeſſion to the Crown foretold.
For his Eſteem, is in his Exile plac'd;
The more Believ'd, the more he was Diſgrac'd.
No Aſtrologick Wizzard Honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in Chains.
He gets Renown, who, to the Halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.

From him your Wife enquires the Planets Will,
When the Black *Jaundies* ſhall her Mother kill:

Her Siſter's and her Uncle's End, wou'd know:
But, firſt, conſults his Art, when you ſhall go.
And what's the greateſt Gift that Heav'n can give,
If, after her, the Adult'rer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If [39] *Mars* and *Saturn* ſhall the World infeſt;
Or *Jove* and *Venus* with their Friendly Rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the Woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who, in theſe Studies, does her ſelf delight.
By whom a greaſie Almanack is born,
VVith often handling, like chaſt Amber, worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the Twelve Houſes, and their Lords, is free.
She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her Husband go.
If but a Mile ſhe travel out of Town,
The Planetary Hour muſt firſt be known;
And lucky moment; if her Eye but akes
Or itches, its Decumbiture ſhe takes.

No Nouriſhment receives in her Diſeaſe,
But what the Stars, and 40 *Ptolomy* ſhall pleaſe.

The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To Chiromancers cheaper Art repair,
Who clap the pretty Palm, to make the Lines more fair.
But the Rich Matron, who has more to give,
Her Anſwers from the 41 *Brachman* will receive:
Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his Compaſs, meaſures Seas and Lands.

The pooreſt of the Sex, have ſtill an Itch
To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich.
The Dairy-Maid enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty Taylor, and the Cook forſake.

Yet theſe, tho' Poor, the Pain of Child-bed bear;
And, without Nurſes, their own Infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich Mantle, ſpread
For the Babe, born in the great Lady's Bed.

Such is the Pow'r of Herbs; ſuch Arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their Fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever Slops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly Draught:
Help her to make Manſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for Savin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her Nine Months be run,
Thou may'ſt be Father to an [42] *Æthiop*'s Son;
A Boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By Law is to inherit all thy Lands:
One of that hue, that ſhou'd he croſs the way,
His [43] Omen wou'd diſcolour all the day.

I paſs the Foundling by, a Race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom Matrons make their own;
And into Noble Families advance
A Nameleſs Iſſue, the blind work of Chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her Care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the Naked Boy:
Her Garment ſpreads, and laps him in the Fold,
And covers, with her Wings, from nightly Cold:

Gives him her Bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the Farce, and laughs at her own Play:
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes Proviſion for him, as her own.

The craving Wife, the force of Magick tries,
And Philters for th'unable Husband buys:
The Potion works not on the part deſign'd,
But turns his Brain, and ſtupifies his Mind.
The ſotted Moon-Calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own Bus'neſs by another done:
A long Oblivion, a benumming Froſt,
Conſtrains his Head; and Yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler Juice wou'd make him foam and rave,
Like that [44] *Cæſonia* to her *Caius* gave:
Who, plucking from the Forehead of the Fole
His Mother's Love, infus'd it in the Bowl:
The boiling Blood ran hiſſing in his Veins,
Till the mad Vapour mounted to his Brains.
The [45] Thund'rer was not half ſo much on Fire,
When *Juno*'s Girdle kindled his Deſire.

What

What Woman will not uſe the Pois'ning Trade,
When *Cæſar*'s Wife the Precedent has made?
Let [46] *Agrippina*'s Muſhrom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlav'ring, old, unuſeful Sot;
That only clos'd the driv'ling Dotard's Eyes,
And ſent his Godhead downward to the Skies.
But this fierce Potion calls for Fire and Sword;
Nor ſpares the Commons, when it ſtrikes the Lord:
So many Miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle Pois'ner coſt Mankind.

If Stepdames ſeek their Sons-in-Law to kill,
'Tis venial Treſpaſs; let them have their Will:
But let the Child, entruſted to the Care
Of his own Mother, of her Bread beware:
Beware the Food ſhe reaches with her Hand;
The Morſel is intended for thy Land.
Thy Tutor be thy Taſter, e're thou eat;
There's Poiſon in thy Drink, and in thy Meat.

You

You think this feign'd; the Satyr in a Rage
Struts in the Buskins of the Tragick Stage.
Forgets his Bus'neſs is to Laugh and Bite;
And will of Deaths and dire Revenges write.
Wou'd it were all a Fable, that you read;
But [47] *Drymon*'s Wife pleads guilty to the Deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the Fact was caught,
Two Sons diſpatching at one deadly Draught.
What, Two! Two Sons, thou Viper, in one Day!
Yes, Sev'n, ſhe cries, if Sev'n were in my way.
Medea's [48] Legend is no more a Lye;
Our Age adds Credit to Antiquity.
Great Ills, we grant, in former Times did Reign;
And Murthers then were done; but not for Gain.
Leſs Admiration to great Crimes is *due*,
Which they thro' Wrath, or thro' Revenge purſue.
For, weak of Reaſon, impotent of Will,
The Sex is hurry'd headlong into Ill:
And, like a Cliff from its Foundation torn,
By raging Earthquakes, into Seas is born.

But

But thoſe are Fiends, who Crimes from Thought begin;
And, cool in Miſchief, meditate the Sin.
They read th'Example of a Pious Wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her Husband's Life;
Yet, if the Laws did that Exchange afford,
You'd ſave their Lap-Dog ſooner than their Lord.

VVhere-e'er you walk, the [49] *Belides* you meet;
And [50] *Clytemneſtra's* grow in ev'ry Street:
But here's the difference; *Agamemnon's* VVife
VVas a groſs Butcher, with a bloody Knife:
But Murther, now, is to perfection grown:
And ſubtle Poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome Antidote prevents their Arts,
And lines with Balſam all the Noble Parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the Dagger does the Deed.

The End of the Sixth Satyr.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Sixth Satyr.

1 IN the Golden Age; when *Saturn* Reign'd.

2 *Fat with Acorns.* Acorns were the Bread of Mankind, before Corn was found.

3 *Under Jove.* When *Jove* had driven his Father into Baniſhment, the Silver Age began, according to the Poets.

4 *Uneaſie Juſtice,* &c. The Poet make Juſtice and Chaſtity Siſters; and ſays, that they fled to Heaven together, and left Earth for ever.

5 *Ceres Feaſt.* When the *Roman* Women were forbidden to bed with their Husbands.

6 *Jove* and *Mars.* Of whom more fornicating Stories are told, than any of the other Gods.

7 *Wondring Pharos.* She fled to *Egypt*; which wonder'd at the Enormity of her Crime.

8 He tells the Famous Story of *Meſſalina,* Wife to the Emperor *Claudius.*

9 *Wealth has the Priviledge,* &c. His meaning is, that a Wife who brings a large Dowry may do what ſhe pleaſes, and has all the Priviledges of a Widow.

10 *Berenice*'s *Ring.* A Ring of great Price, which *Herod Agrippa* gave to his Siſter *Berenice.* He was King of the *Jews,* but Tributary to the *Romans.*

11 *Cornelia.* Mother to the *Gracchi,* of the Family of the *Cornelii*; from whence *Scipio* the *African* was deſcended, who Triumph'd over *Hannibal.*

12 *O Pæan,* &c. He alludes to the known Fable of *Niobe* in *Ovid. Amphion* was her Husband: *Pæan* is *Apollo,* who with his Arrows kill'd her Children, becauſe ſhe boaſted that ſhe was more fruitful than *Latona, Apollo*'s Mother.

13 *The Thirty Pigs,* &c. He alludes to the white Sow in *Virgil,* who farrow'd thirty Pigs.

14 *The Grecian Cant.* Women then learnt *Greek,* as ours ſpeak *French.*

15 All the *Romans,* even the moſt inferiour, and moſt infamous ſort of them, had the Power of making Wills.

16 *Go drag that Slave,* &c. Theſe are the words of the Wife.

17 *Your Reaſon why,* &c. The Anſwer of the Husband.

18 *Call'ſt thou that Slave a Man?* The Wife again.

19 *Hannibal.* A famous *Carthaginian* Captain, who was upon the point of Conquering the *Romans.*

20 *The good Goddeſs.* At whoſe Feaſts no Men were to be preſent.

21 *Neſtor.* Who lived three hundred Years.

22 *What Singer,* &c. He alludes to the Story of *P. Clodius,* who, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Singing Woman, went into the Houſe of *Cæ-*

ſar,

ſar, where the Feaſt of the good Goddeſs was celebrated, to find an opportunity with *Cæſar*'s Wife *Pompeia*.

23 He taxes Women with their loving Eunuchs, who can get no Children; but adds, that they only love ſuch Eunuchs as are guelded when they are already at the Age of Manhood.

24 *Priapus.* The God of Luſt.

25 *Pollio.* A famous Singing Boy.

26 That ſuch an Actor whom they love might obtain the Prize.

27 *Th' Aruſpex.* He who inſpects the Intrails of the Sacrifice, and from thence foretels the Succeſs.

28 *Vulcan.* The God of Smiths.

29 *Tabors and Trumpets*, &c. The Ancients thought that with ſuch Sounds, they cou'd bring the Moon out of her Eclipſe.

30 *A Mood and Figure-Bride.* A Woman who has learn'd Logick.

31 A Woman-Grammarian, who corrects her Husband for ſpeaking falſe Latin, which is call'd breaking *Priſcian*'s Head.

32 *A Train of theſe.* That is, of She-Aſſes.

33 *Sicilian Tyrants.* Are grown to a Proverb in Latin for their Cruelty.

34 This dreſſing up the Head ſo high, which we call a Tow'r, was an ancient way amongſt the *Romans.*

35 *Bellona*'s Prieſts were a ſort of Fortune-tellers, and the High-Prieſt an Eunuch.

36 *And add beſide*, &c. A Garment was given to the Prieſt, which he threw into the River; and that, they thought, bore all the Sins of the People, which were drown'd with it.

37 *Chaldæans* are thought to have been the firſt Aſtrologers.

38 *Otho* ſucceeded *Galba* in the Empire; which was foretold him by an Aſtrologer.

39 *Mars* and *Saturn* are the two Unfortunate Planets; *Jupiter* and *Venus*, the two Fortunate,

40 *Ptolomy.* A Famous Aſtrologer, an *Egyptian.*

41 The *Brachmans* are *Indian* Philoſophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after *Pythagoras*, the Tranſlation of Souls from one body to another.

42 *To an Æthiop's Son.* His meaning is, help her to any kind of Slops, which may cauſe her to miſcarry; for fear ſhe may be brought to Bed of a Black-moor, which thou, being her Husband, art bound to Father; and that Baſtard may by Law, Inherit thy Eſtate.

43 *His Omen*, &c. The *Romans* thought it ominous to ſee a Black-moor in the Morning, if he were the firſt Man they met.

44 *Cæſonia*, Wife to *Caius Caligula*, the great Tyrant: 'Tis ſaid ſhe gave him a Love-Potion, which flying up into his Head, diſtracted him; and was the occaſion of his committing ſo many Acts of Cruelty.

45 *The Thunderer*, &c. The Story is in *Homer*; where *Juno* borrow'd the Girdle of *Venus*, call'd *Ceſtos*; to make *Jupiter* in love with her

her, while the *Grecians* and *Trojans* were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

46 *Agrippina* was the Mother of the Tyrant *Nero*, who Poyſon'd her Husband *Claudius*, that *Nero* might Succeed, who was her Son, and not *Britannicus*, who was the Son of *Claudius*, by a former Wife.

47 The Widow of *Drymon* Poyſon'd her Sons, that ſhe might Succeed to their Eſtate: This was done either in the Poet's time, or juſt before it.

48 *Medea*, out of Revenge to *Jaſon* who had forſaken her, kill'd the Children which ſhe had by him.

49 *The Belides*. Who were fifty Siſters, Marry'd to fifty young Men, their Couſin-Germans; and kill'd them all on their Wedding-Night, excepting *Hypermneſtra*, who ſav'd her Husband *Linus*.

Clytemneſtra. The Wife of *Agamemnon*, who, in favour to her Adulterer *Egyſthus*, was conſenting to his Murther,

THE

THE

SEVENTH SATYR

OF

JUVENAL

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *CHARLES DRYDEN*.

Argument of the Seventh Satyr.

The Hope and Encouragement of all the Learn'd, is only repoſ'd in Cæſar; *whether in* Domitian, Nerva, *or* Trajan, *is left doubtful by the Poet. The Nobility, which in Reaſon ought to Patronize Poetry, and Reward it, are now grown ſordidly Covetous; and think it enough for them barely to praiſe Writers, or to write ill Verſes themſelves. This gives occaſion to our Author, to lament likewiſe the hard Fortune and Neceſſities of other Arts, and their Profeſſors; particularly Hiſtorians, Laywers, Rhetoricians, and Grammarians.*

THE



7

M. Vander Gucht s.

THE SEVENTH SATYR.

ON *Cæſar* all our Studies muſt depend;
For *Cæſar* is alone the *Muſes* Friend:
When now the Celebrated Wits, for need
Hire Bagnio's, to the Cryer's Trade ſucceed,
Or get their own, by Baking other's Bread;
Or by the Porter's Lodge, with Beggars, wait
For greaſie Fragments at the Great Man's Gate.
'Tis better, ſo; if thy Poetick Fob
Refuſe to pay an Ordinary's Club;
And much more Honeſt, to be hir'd, and ſtand
With Auctionary Hammer in thy Hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the ſold Houſhold Stuff, or Picture's Price;

Expoſing Play-Books, full of Fuſtian Lines,
Or the dull Libraries of dead Divines.

Ev'n this is better, tho' 'tis hardly got,
Than be a perjur'd Witneſs of a Plot,
To ſwear he ſaw three Inches thro' a Door,
As *Aſiatick* Evidences ſwore;
Who hither coming, out at Heels and Knees,
For this had Penſions, Titles, and Degrees.

Henceforward let no Poet fear to ſtarve,
Cæſar will give, if we can but deſerve.
Tune all your Lyres, the Monarch's Praiſe invites,
The lab'ring Muſe, and vaſt Reward excites.
But if from other hands than his, you think
To find ſupply, 'tis loſs of Pen and Ink:
Let Flames on your unlucky Papers prey,
Or Moths thro' written Pages eat their way:
Your Wars, your Loves, your Praiſes be forgot,
And make of all an univerſal Blot.

The

The Muſes Ground is barren Deſart all,
If no Support from *Cæſar*'s Bounty fall;
The reſt is empty Praiſe, an Ivy Crown,
Or the lean [1] Statue of a ſtarv'd Renown.

For now the cunning Patron never pays,
But thinks he gives enough, in giving Praiſe;
Extols the Poem, and the Poets Vein,
As Boys admire the Peacock's gaudy Train:
Mean while thy Manhood, fit for Toils and Wars,
Patient of Seas, and Storms, and Houſhold Cares,
Ebbs out apace, and all thy Strength impairs.
Old Age, with ſilent pace, comes creeping on,
Nauſeates the Praiſe, which in her Youth ſhe won,
And hates the Muſe by which ſhe was undone.

The Tricks of thy baſe Patron now behold,
To ſpare his Purſe, and ſave his Darling Gold;
In his own Coin the ſtarving Wit he Treats;
Himſelf makes Verſes, which himſelf repeats;

And yields to *Homer* on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand Years before.
But if to Fame alone thou doſt pretend,
The Miſer will his empty Palace lend;
Set wide his Doors, adorn'd with plated Braſs,
Where droves, as at a City-gate may paſs;
A ſpacious Hall afford thee to rehearſe,
And ſend his Clients to applaud thy Verſe;
But not one Farthing to defray the Coſts
Of Carpenters, the [2] *Pulpit*, and the Poſts.

House-room that coſts him nothing, he beſtows;
Yet ſtill we ſcribble on, tho' ſtill we loſe;
We drudge, and cultivate with care, a Ground
Where no return of Gain was ever found:
The Charms of Poetry our Souls bewitch;
The Curſe of Writing is an endleſs Itch.

But he whoſe Noble Genius is allow'd;
Who with ſtretch'd Pinions ſoars above the Crowd;
Who

Who mighty Thought can cloath with Manly Dreſs,
He, who I fancy, but can ne'er expreſs;
Such, ſuch a Wit, tho' rarely to be found,
Muſt be ſecure from Want, if not abound.
Nice is his *Make*, impatient of the War,
Avoiding Bus'neſs, and abhorring Care;
He muſt have Groves, and lonely Fountains chuſe,
And eaſie Solitudes to bait his Muſe;
Unvex'd with thought of Wants, which may betide,
Or for to Morrow's Dinner to provide.
Horace ne'er wrote but with a Roſie Cheek,
[illegible]lly pamper'd, and his Sides were ſleek.
[illegible]it ſhould have no Care, or this alone,
To make his riſing Numbers juſtly run.
Phœbus and *Bacchus*, thoſe two Jolly Gods,
Bear no ſtarv'd Poets to their bleſt Abodes.
'Tis not for Hungry Wit, with Wants controll'd,
The Face of *Jove* in Council to behold:
Or fierce 4 *Alecto*, when her Brand ſhe toſs'd,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Hoſt:

If *Virgil*'s Suit [5] *Mecænas* had not ſped,
And ſent [6] *Alexis* to the Poet's Bed,
The creſted Snakes had dropt upon the Ground,
And the loud Trumpet languiſh'd in the Sound.

Yet we expect that [7] *Lappa*'s Muſe ſhou'd pleaſe,
As much as did immortal [8] *Sophocles*;
VVhen he his Diſhes and his Clothes has ſent
To Pawn, for payment of a Quarter's Rent:
His Patron [9] *Numitor* will nothing lend,
Pleads want of Money to his wretched Friend,
Yet can large Preſents to his Harlot ſend;
Can purchaſe a tame Lion, and can treat
The Kingly Slave with ſev'ral ſorts of Meat:
It ſeems he thinks th'Expence is more, to Feaſt
The famiſh'd Poet, than the hungry Beaſt.

Lucan [10], content with Praiſe, may lie at eaſe
In coſtly Grotts, and marble Palaces:
But to poor [11] *Baſſus* what avails a Name;
To ſtarve on Compliments, and empty Fame?

All

All *Rome* is pleas'd, when [12] *Statius* will rehearſe;
And longing Crowds expect the promis'd Verſe:
His lofty Numbers with ſo great a guſt
They hear, and ſwallow with ſuch eager Luſt:
But, while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cauſe,
And broke the Benches with their loud Applauſe;
His Muſe had ſtarv'd, had not a Piece unread,
And by a [13] Player bought, ſupply'd her Bread.

He cou'd diſpoſe of Honours, and Commands,
The Pow'r of *Rome* was in an Actor's Hands;
The peaceful Gown, and Military Sword:
The bounteous Play'r out-gave the pinching Lord.
[illegible] would thou, Poet, riſe before the Sun,
And to his Honour's lazy *Levée* run?
Stick to the Stage, and leave thy ſordid Peer;
And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with hardſhip there.
The former Age did one *Mecænas* ſee,
One giving Lord of happy Memory.
Then, then, 'twas worth a VVriter's pains, to pine
Look pale, and all [14] *December* taſte no VVine.

Such

Such is the Poets Lot: VVhat luckier Fate
Does on the VVorks of grave Hiſtorians wait?
More time they ſpend, in greater Toils engage;
Their Volumes ſwell beyond the thouſandth Page:
For thus the Laws of Hiſtory Command;
And much good Paper ſuffers in their hand.
VVhat Harveſt riſes from this labour'd Ground?
VVhere they get Pence, a [15] Clerk can get a Pound.
A lazy Tribe, juſt of the Poet's pitch,
VVho think themſelves above the growing rich.

Next ſhew me the well-lung'd [6] *Civilian's* G[ain]
VVho bears in Triumph an Artill'ry Train
Of Chancery Libels; opens firſt the Cauſe,
Then with a Pick-lock Tongue perverts the Laws;
Talks loud enough in Conſcience for his Fee,
Takes care his Client all his Zeal may ſee;
Twitch'd by the Sleeve, he mouths it more and more,
Till with white Froth his Gown is ſlaver'd o'er.

Ask what he gains by all this lying Prate,
A Captain's Plunder trebles his Eſtate.
The Magiſtrate aſſumes his awful Seat;
Stand forth, [17] pale *Ajax*, and thy Speech repeat:
Aſſert thy Client's Freedom; bawl, and tear
So loud, thy Country-Judge at leaſt may hear,
If not diſcern; and when thy Lungs are ſore,
Hang up the [18] Victor's Garland at thy Door:
Ask for what Price thy Venial Tongue was ſold:
A ruſty Gammon of ſome ſev'n Years old:
Tough, wither'd [19] *Treuffles*; ropy VVine, a Diſh
Of ſhotten Herrings, or ſtale ſtinking Fiſh.
Four times talking, if one piece thou take,
It muſt be cantled, and the Judge go ſnack.
'Tis true, [20] *Emilius* takes a five-fold Fee,
Tho' ſome plead better, with more Law than he:
But then he keeps his Coach, Six *Flanders* Mares
Draw him in State, whenever he appears:
He ſhews his Statue too, where plac'd on high,
The Ginnet, underneath him, ſeems to fly;

VVhile

VVhile with a lifted Spear, in Armour bright,
His aiming Figure meditates a Fight.
VVith Arts like theſe, rich *Matho* when he ſpeaks
Attracts all Fees, and little Lawyers breaks.

Tongillus, very poor, has yet an Itch
Of gaining VVealth, by feigning to be rich;
Bathes often, and in State, and proudly vain,
Sweeps thro' the Streets with a long dirty Train:
From thence, with Lackeys running by his ſide,
High on the backs of brawny Slaves will ride,
In a long Litter, thro' the Market-place;
And with a Nod the diſtant Rabble grace:
Clad in a Gown, that glows with *Tyrian* dye,
Surveys rich Movables with curious Eye,
Beats down the Price, and threatens ſtill to buy.
Nor can I wonder at ſuch Tricks as theſe,
The Purple Garments raiſe the Lawyer's Fees:
And ſell him dearer to the Fool that buys;
High Pomp and State are uſeful Properties.

The

The Luxury of *Rome* will know no end;
For ſtill the leſs we have, the more we ſpend.

Truſt Eloquence to ſhew our Parts and Breeding!
Not [21] *Tully* now cou'd get Ten Groats by Pleading;
Unleſs the Diamond glitter'd on his Hand;
VVealth's all the Rhet'rick Clients underſtand:
VVithout large Equipage, and loud Expence,
The Prince of Orators would ſcarce ſpeak Senſe.
Paulus [22], who with Magnificence did Plead,
Grew Rich, while Tatter'd *Gallus* begg'd his Bread.
Who to poor *Baſilus* his Cauſe would truſt,
[illegible] ne'er ſo full of Pity, ne'er ſo juſt?
[illegible] Clients, unregarded, claim their due:
[illegible] Eloquence in Rags was never true.
Go, VVretch, thy Pleadings into [23] *Africk* ſend;
Or *France*, where Merit never needs a Friend.

But oh, what ſtock of Patience wants the Fool,
Who waſtes his Time and Breath in teaching School!

To

To hear the Speeches of Declaiming Boys,
Depoſing Tyrants with eternal Noiſe!
Sitting or ſtanding, ſtill confin'd to roar
In the ſame Verſe, the ſame Rules o'er and o'er:
What kind the Speech, what Colours, how to purge
Objections, ſtate the Caſe, and Reaſons urge.
All would learn theſe; but at the Quarter-day,
Few Parents will the Pedant's Labour pay.
Pay, Sir! for what? The Scholar knows no more
At Six Months end, than what he *knew* before:
Taught, or untaught, the Dunce is ſtill the ſame,
Yet ſtill the wretched Maſter bears the blame.
Once ev'ry Week poor *Hannibal* is maul'd;
The Theme is giv'n, and ſtreight the Council's ca
Whether he ſhould to *Rome* directly go,
To reap the Fruit of the dire [24] Overthrow;
Or into Quarters put his harraſs'd Men
Till Spring returns, and take the Field agen.
The murder'd Maſter cries, Would Parents hear
But half that Stuff which I am bound to bear,
For that Revenge I'll quit the whole Arrear.

The ſame Complaints moſt other Pedants make;
Plead real Cauſes, and the feign'd forſake:
[25] *Medea*'s Poiſon, *Jaſon*'s Perjury,
And [26] *Philomela*'s Rape, are all laid by;
The accuſing [27] *Stepdame*, and the Son accus'd:
But if my Friendly Counſel might be us'd,
Let not the Learn'd this courſe or t'other try,
But, leaving both, profeſs plain Poverty;
And ſhew his [28] Tally for the Dole of Bread,
With which the Pariſh-Poor are daily fed:
E'n that exceeds the price of all thy Pains.

Now look into the Muſick-Maſter's Gains,
Where Noble Youth at vaſt Expence is Taught;
But Eloquence not valu'd at a Groat.
On ſumptuous Baths the Rich their Wealth beſtow,
On ſome expenſive airy Portico;
Where ſafe from Showres they may be born in ſtate,
And free from Tempeſts, for fair Weather wait:

Or

'Or rather, not expect the clearing Sun,
Thro' thick and thin their Equipage muſt run:
Or ſtaying, 'tis not for the Servants ſake,
But that their Mules no prejudice may take.
At the Walks end, behold, how rais'd on high,
A Banquet-Houſe ſalutes the Southern Sky;
Where from afar the Winter-Sun diſplays
The milder Influence of his weaken'd Rays.

The Cook, and Sewer each his Talent tries;
In various Figures Scenes of Diſhes riſe:
Beſides, a Maſter-Cook, with greaſie Fiſt,
Dives in luxurious Sauces to the Wriſt.

Amidſt this waſtful Riot, there accrues
But poor Ten Shillings for [29] *Quintilian*'s Dues:
For, to breed up the Son to common Sence
Is evermore the Parents leaſt Expence.
From whence then comes *Quintilian*'s vaſt Eſtate?
Becauſe he was the Darling Son of Fate;
And Luck, in ſcorn of Merit, made him Great.

Urge

Urge not th'Example of one ſingle Man,
As rare as a white Crow, or ſable Swan,
Quintilian's Fate was to be counted Wiſe,
Rich, Noble, Fair, and in the State to riſe:
Good Fortune grac'd his Action, and his Tongue;
His Colds became him, and when hoarſe he ſung.
O, there's ſtrange difference, what Planets ſhed
Their Influence on th' new-born Infant's Head!
'Tis Fate that flings the Dice; and as ſhe flings,
Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings.
What made [30] *Vintidius* riſe, and [31] *Tullus* Great,
But their kind Stars, and hidden Pow'r of Fate?

Few Pedagogues but curſe the barren Chair;
Like [32] *Him* who hang'd himſelf for meer Deſpair
And Poverty; [33] *or Him*, whom *Caius* ſent
For liberty of Speech to Baniſhment.
Ev'n *Socrates* in Rags at *Athens* Taught,
And wanted to [34] defray the deadly Draught.

In Peace, ye Shades of our Great Grandſires reſt,
No heavy Earth your ſacred Bones moleſt:
Eternal Spring, and riſing Flow'rs adorn
The Relicks of each Venerable Urn,
Who pious Rev'rence to their Tutors paid,
As Parents Honour'd, and as Gods Obey'd.
Achilles [35], grown in ſtature, fear'd the Rod,
And ſtood Corrected at the *Centaur*'s Nod;
His tender Years in Learning did employ,
And promis'd all the Hero in the Boy.
The Scene's much alter'd in the Modern School,
The Boys of *Rufus* call their Maſter Fool;
A juſt [36] Revenge on him, who durſt defame
The Merit of immortal *Tully*'s Name.

But ask, what Fruit [37] *Palemon*'s Pains have earn'd,
Or who has paid the price of what he Learn'd;
Tho' Grammar-Profits leſs than Rhetorick are,
Yet ev'n in thoſe his Uſher claims a ſhare;

Be

Beſides, the Servants Wages muſt be paid :
Thus of a little, ſtill a leſs is made :
As Merchants Gains come ſhort of half the Mart,
For he who drives their Bargains, dribs a part.
The Covetous Father now includes the Night,
And Cov'nants, thou ſhalt teach by Candle-light ;
When puffing Smiths, and ev'ry painful Trade
Of Handycrafts in peaceful Beds are laid :
Then thou art bound to ſmell on either hand
As many ſtinking Lamps, as School-Boys ſtand ;
Where *Horace* could not read in his own ſully'd Book :
And [38] *Virgil's* ſacred Page is all beſmear'd with Smoke.

But when thou dun'ſt their Parents, ſeldom they
Without a Suit before the [39] *Tribune*, pay,
And yet hard Laws upon the Maſter lay.
Be ſure he knows exactly Grammar-Rules,
And all the beſt Hiſtorians read in Schools ;

All Authors, ev'ry Poet to an hair;
That, ask'd the Queſtion, he may ſcarce deſpair,
To tell who Nurſt 40 *Anchiſes*; or to Name
Anchemolus's 41 *Stepmother*, and whence ſhe came:
How long 42 *Aceſtes* liv'd, what ſtores of Wine
He gave to the departing *Trojan* Line.
Bid him beſides, his daily Pains employ,
To form the tender Manners of the Boy;
And work him, like a Waxen Babe, with Art
To perfect Symmetry in ev'ry part:
To be his better Parent, to beware
No young Obſcenities his Strength impair,
No mutual Filth; to mark his Hands and Eyes,
Diſtorted with unnatural Extaſies:
This be thy Task; and yet for all thy Pains,
At the Year's end expect no greater Gains,
Than what 43 a Fencer, at a Prize, obtains.

The End of the Seventh Satyr.

Expl.

Explanatory Notes on the Seventh Satyr.

A Statue Erected in Honour of a Poet.

2 (*Pulpit.*) In which the Poets Rehears'd.

3 (*Horace.*) A Famous Poet, who was in great Favour with the Emperour *Auguſtus Cæſar*, by the means of his Patron *Mecænas*.

4 One of the three Furies.

5 (*Mecenas.*) A Favourite to *Auguſtus*, and a great Patron of Poets.

6 *Mecenas* his Boy; with whom *Virgil* was in Love.

7 *Rubrænus Lappa.* A poor Tragick Poet.

8 (*Sophocles.*) An excellent Poet of *Athens*, who wrote Greek Tragedies.

9 (*Numitor.*) A Rich Nobleman of *Rome*.

10 (*Lucan.*) A great Poet, who was put to Death by *Nero*, partly out of Envy to his Poetry, partly, for being in a Plot with his Uncle *Seneca* and *Piſo*.

11 *Salejus Baſſus.* A poor Poet.

12 *Statius.* Surnam'd *Papineus*, a Famous Poet in the time of *Cæſar Domitian*.

13 *Paris*, a Famous Actor; and Favourite to *Domitian*; the Patron of *Statius*.

14 The *Romans* Celebrated their great Holydays, call'd *Saturnalia*, in *December*; when every one Drank freely; and the Slaves were in a manner, Maſters.

15 Or rather a publick Notary.

16 In thoſe times the Lawyers got little.

17 Alluding to that of *Ovid*; *conſedere Duces*, &c.

18 When an Orator had won a Cauſe; a Garland was hung up, before his Door.

19 *Treuffles*, in *Engliſh* call'd Ground-Cheſt-nuts, or Pignuts: but perhaps the Authour means Onyons, or Scallions.

20 *Emilius* A Rich Lawyer.

21 *Marcus Tullius Cicero.* The greateſt Orator that ever *Rome* Bred.

22 *Paulus.* Was a Rich Lawyer, *Baſilus* and *Gallus* were very poor.

23 *France* and *Affrica* were then, Famous for great Lawyers, and fat Fees.

24 The Victory obtain'd by *Hannibal* at *Cannæ*; after which, if he had immediately attempted *Rome*, in all probability, he had carried it.

25 (*Medea.*) A notable Sorcereſs, Daughter of *Æetes* King of *Colchos*, and Wife to *Jaſon*, who left her afterwards, and Married another.

26 (*Philomela.*) Daughter of *Pandion* King of *Athens*, was Raviſh'd by *Tereus* King of *Thrace*, who cut of her Tongue that ſhe might not diſcloſe the Secret.

27 *(Stepdame) Phædra* Wife of *Theſeus*, who fell in Love with her Son in Law *Hippolytus*, and becauſe ſhe could not obtain her ends of him, Accus'd him to his Father that he would have forc'd her.

28 In any Dole, made by the Emperour or one of the City Magiſtrates, the poor Citizens had each a Talley given them; which they ſhew'd firſt, and then receiv'd their proportion.

29 *Quintilian.* A Famous Man both in Rhetorick and Oratory, who Taught Scool in the times of *Galba*, *Domitian*, and *Trajan*, and receiv'd his Salary out of the Emperour's Treaſury.

30 *Ventidius Baſſus* was Lieutenant to *Marc Antony*; and the firſt who beat the *Parthians* in three Battels.

31 *(Tullus)* Here is meant *Tullus Servius*, one of the *Roman* Kings.

32 *(Him,) Thraſymachus*, a Rhetorician of *Carthage*, who Hang'd himſelf by Reaſon of his Poverty.

33 *(Or Him.) Secundus Carinas*; who was Baniſh'd from *Rome*, by the Emperor *Caligula*, for declaiming againſt Tyrants.

34 When *Socrates* was Condemn'd to Dye by Poyſon, he wanted Money to pay for the juice of Hemlock which he was to Drink; and deſir'd one of his Friends, to lay it down for him, and ſatisfie the Fees of the Executioner.

35 *(Achilles.)* The Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, who had *Chiron* the *Centaur* for his Tutor.

36 *Rufus* call'd *Tully* an Allobroge; as if his Latine were Barbarous, and not truly Roman.

37 *(Palemon.)* A poor Grammarian, but of great eſteem.

38 *(Virgil)* Surnam'd *Maro*; the Favourite Poet of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

39 *(Tribune)* Here is meant *Tribunus Ærarius*, who took cognizance only of Cauſes of leſs moment, not the *Tribunus Plebis*, as *Britannicus* imagin'd.

40 *Anchiſes.* Was Father of *Æneas* the *Trojan*, who was the Founder of *Rome*.

41 *Anchemolus.* The Son of *Rhœtus*, a King in *Italy*, Raviſh'd his Stepmother *Caſperia*.

42 *(Aceſtes.)* A King of *Sicily*; who kindly Entertain'd *Æneas* in his Voyage.

43 The People were us'd at their Sword-plays, to gather Money for the Conquerour.

THE

THE EIGHTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *J.* *STEPNY*,

Of *Trinity*-College in *Cambridge*.

Argument of the Eighth Satyr.

IN this Satyr, the Poet proves that Nobility does not conſiſt in Statues and Pedigrees, but in Honourable and Good *Actions: He laſhes* Rubellius Plancus, *for being Inſolent, by reaſon of his High Birth; and lays down an Inſtance that we ought to make the like Judgment of Men, as we do of Horſes, who are valu'd rather according to their Perſonal Qualities, than by the Race of whence they come. He adviſes his Noble Friend* Ponticus *(to whom he Dedicates the Satyr) to lead a vertuous Life, diſſwading him from Debauchery, Luxury, Oppreſſion, Cruelty, and other Vices, by his ſevere Cenſures on* Lateranus, Damaſippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; *and in oppoſition to theſe, diſplays the Worth of Perſons meanly Born, ſuch as* Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, *and the* Decii.

THE


S·SVLPITIVS.GALBA.V·CORVINVS
M.TVLLI VS.CICE RO
MARIVS PRISCVS A P.
C.MARIVS
M.Vander Gucht Scul:

THE

EIGHTH SATYR.

WHat's the Advantage, or the real Good,
In tracing from the Source our ancient (Blood?
To have our Anceſtors in Paint or Stone,
Preſerv'd as Reliques, or, like Monſters, ſhewn?
The Brave *Æmilii*, as in Triumph plac'd,
The Virtuous *Curii*, half by Time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mould'ring Noſe, that bears
Injurious Scars, the ſad Effects of Years;
And *Galba* grinning without Noſe or Ears?

Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit;
Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,

While

While their Ill Lives that Family belye,
And grieve the Braſs which ſtands diſhonour'd by.

'Tis meer Burleſque, that to our Gen'rals Praiſe,
Their Progeny immortal Statues raiſe,
Yet (far from that old Gallantry) delight
To game before their Images all Night,
And ſteal to Bed at the approach of Day,
The Hour when theſe their Enſigns did diſplay.

Why ſhou'd ſoft [1] *Fabius* impudently bear
Names gain'd by Conqueſts in the *Gallic* War?
Why lays he claim to *Hercules* his Strain,
Yet dares be Baſe, Effeminate, and Vain?
The glorious Altar to that Hero built,
Adds but a greater Luſtre to his Guilt,
Whoſe tender Limbs, and poliſh'd Skin, diſgrace
The griſly Beauty of his Manly Race;
And who by practiſing the diſmal Skill
Of Pois'ning, and ſuch treacherous ways to kill,

Makes

Makes his unhappy Kindred-Marble ſweat,
When his degen'rate Head by theirs is ſet.

Long Galleries of Anceſtors, and all
Thoſe Follies which ill-grace a Country-Hall,
Challenge no Wonder or Eſteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true Nobility.
Live therefore well: To Men and Gods appear,
Such as good [2] *Paulus*, *Coſſus*, *Druſus* were;
And in thy Conſular triumphal Show,
Let *Theſe* before thy Father's Statues go;
Place 'em before the [3] *Enſigns of the State*,
As chuſing rather to be Good than Great.
Convince the World that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your Birth, you're ſure to be
A Peer of the Firſt Magnitude to me:
Rome for your ſake ſhall puſh her Conqueſts on,
And bring [4] New Titles home from Nations won,
To Dignifie ſo Eminent a Son:

With

With your bleſt Name ſhall ev'ry Region ſound,
Loud as mad *Egypt*, when her Prieſts have found
A new [5] *Oſyris*, for the Ox they drown'd.

But who will call thoſe *Noble*, who deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race;
Whoſe only Title to our Father's Fame
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name?
A Dwarf as well may for a Gyant paſs;
A *Negro* for a Swan; a Crook-back'd Laſs
Be call'd *Europa*; and a Cur may bear
The Name of Tyger, Lion, or what-e're
Denotes the Nobleſt or the Fierceſt Beaſt:
Be therefore careful, leſt the World in jeaſt
Shou'd thee juſt ſo with the Mock-titles greet,
Of *Camerinus*, or of Conquer'd *Crete*.

To whom is this Advice and Cenſure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you;

Who

Who think your Perſon ſecond to Divine,
Becauſe deſcended from the *Druſian* Line;
Tho yet you no Illuſtrious Act have done
To make the World diſtinguiſh *Julia*'s Son
From the vile Offſpring of a Trull, who ſits
By the Town-Wall, and for her Living knits.
You are poor Rogues (you cry) *the baſer Scum*
And inconſiderable Dregs of Rome;
Who know not from what Corner of the Earth
The obſcure Wretch, who got you, ſtole his Birth:
Mine, I derive from Cecrops [6] —— May your Grace
Live, and enjoy the Splendour of your Race——.
Yet of theſe *baſe Plebeians* we have known
Some, who, by charming Eloquence, have grown
Great Senators, and Honours to that Gown:
Some at the Bar with Subtilty defend
The Cauſe of an unlearned Noble Friend;
Or on the Bench the knotty Laws untye:
Others their ſtronger Youth to Arms apply,

Go to *Euphrates*, or thoſe Forces join,
Which Garriſon the Conqueſts near the *Rhine*.
While you, *Rubellius*, on your Birth relye;
Tho you reſemble your Great Family
No more, than thoſe rough Statues on the Road
(VVhich we call *Mercuries*) are like that God:
Your *Blockhead* tho excels in this alone,
You are a *Living Statue*, that of *Stone*.

Great Son of *Troy*, who ever prais'd a Beaſt
For being of a Race above the reſt,
But rather meant his Courage, and his Force?
To give an Inſtance——We commend an Horſe
(Without regard of Paſture, or of Breed)
For his undaunted Mettle and his ſpeed;
VVho 7 wins moſt Plates with greateſt eaſe, and firſt
Prints with his Hoofs his Conqueſt on the Duſt.
But if fleet *Dragon*'s Progeny at laſt
Proves jaded, and in frequent Matches caſt,

No favour for the *Stallion* we retain,
And no reſpect for the Degenerate ſtrain;
The worthleſs Brute is from *New-Market* brought,
And at an under-rate in *Smith-Field* bought,
To turn a Mill, or drag a Loaded Life
Beneath two Panniers, and a Baker's VVife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
Firſt, Sir, ſome Honour of your own accquire;
Add to that Stock which juſtly we beſtow
On thoſe [8] *Bleſt Shades* to whom you all things owe

This may ſuffice the *Haughty Youth* to ſhame,
VVhoſe ſwelling Veins (if we may Credit Fame)
'Burſt almoſt with the Vanity and Pride,
That their Rich Flood to *Nero*'s is ally'd:
The Rumour's likely; for "VVe ſeldom find
"Much ſence with an Exalted Fortune join'd.

But *Ponticus*, I wou'd not you ſhou'd raiſe
Your Credit by Hereditary praiſe;

Let

Let your *own* Acts Immortalize your Name;
"'Tis Poor relying on another's Fame;
For, take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superſtructure muſt in Ruins fall;
As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd
From the Embraces of the Elm ſhe lov'd.

Be a good Souldier, or upright Truſtee,
An Arbitrator from Corruption free,
And if a VVitneſs in a doubtful Cauſe,
VVhere a brib'd Judg means to elude the Laws;
Tho' [9] *Phalaris his Brazen Bull* were there,
And *he* wou'd dictate what he'd have you ſwear,
Be not ſo Profligate, but rather chuſe
To guard your Honour, and your Life to loſe,
Rather than let your Virtue be betray'd;
Virtue, the Noble Cauſe for which you're made.

"Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath;
"Such do not truly Live who merit Death;

Tho

Tho they their wanton Senſes nicely pleaſe
VVith all the Charms of Luxury and Eaſe;
Tho mingled Flow'rs adorn their careleſs Brow,
And round 'em coſtly Sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their Funeral State were laid,
And to the World, as they're to Virtue, Dead.

When [10] *You* the Province you expect, obtain,
From Paſſion and from *Avarice* refrain;
Let our Aſſociates Poverty provoke
Thy generous Heart not to encreaſe their Yoke,
Since Riches cannot reſcue from the Grave,
Which claims alike the Monarch and the Slave.

To what the Laws enjoin, ſubmiſſion pay;
And what the Senate ſhall Command, Obey;
Think what Rewards upon the Good attend,
And how thoſe fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and *Capito* may Warnings be,
Who felt the Thunder of the States Decree,

For robbing the *Cilicians*, tho they
(Like leſſer Pikes) only ſubſiſt on Prey:
But what avails the Rigour of their Doom?
Which cannot future violence o'recome,
Nor give the Miſerable Province eaſe,
Since what one Plund'rer left, the next will ſeize.

Cherippus[11] then, in time your ſelf bethink,
And what your Rags will yield by Auction, ſink;
Ne're put your ſelf to Charges to complain
Of Wrongs which heretofore you did ſuſtain,
Make not a Voyage to detect the Theft,
''Tis mad to Laviſh what their Rapine left.

When *Rome* at firſt our Rich Allies ſubdu'd,
From gentle Taxes Noble Spoils accru'd;
Each wealthy Province, but in part Oppreſt,
Thought the Loſs trivial, and enjoy'd the reſt.
All Treaſuries did then with Heaps abound;
In every Wardrobe coſtly Silks were found;

The leaſt Apartment of the meaneſt Houſe
Cou'd all the wealthy pride of Art produce;
Pictures which from [12] *Parrhaſius* did receive
Motion and warmth; and Statues taught to live;
Some [12] *Polyclete*'s, ſome *Myron*'s Work declar'd,
In others [12] *Phidia*'s Maſterpiece appear'd;
And crowding Plate did on the Cupboard ſtand,
Emboſs'd by curious [12] *Mentor*'s artful hand.
Prizes like theſe Oppreſſours might invite,
Theſe *Dolabella*'s Rapine did excite,
Theſe [13] *Anthony* for his own Theft thought fit,
Verres for theſe did Sacriledge commit;
And when their Reigns were ended, ſhips full fraught
The hidden Fruits of their Exaction brought,
Which made in Peace, a Treaſure Richer far,
Than what is Plunder'd in the Rage of War.

This was of Old; But our Confederates now
Having nothing left but Oxen for the Plough,

Or ſome few Mares reſerv'd alone for Breed;
Yet leſt this provident Deſign ſucceed,
They drive the Father of the Herd away;
Making both *Stallion*, and his Paſture, Prey.
Their Rapine is ſo abject and prophane,
They nor from Trifles, nor from Gods refrain;
But the poor *Lares* from the Niches ſeize,
If they be little Images that pleaſe.
Such are the Spoils which now provoke their Theft,
And are the greateſt, Nay they're all that's left.

Thus may [14] you [15] *Corinth*, or weak *Rhodes* op-(preſs,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redreſs:
(For how can Fops thy Tyranny controul
" Smooth Limbs are ſymptoms of a ſervile Soul)
But Treſpaſs not too far on ſturdy *Spain*,
Sclavonia, *France*; thy Gripes from *thoſe* reſtrain,
Who with their [16] ſweat *Rome*'s Luxury maintain
And ſcend us Plenty, while our wanton day
Is laviſh'd at the *Circus*, or the Play.

For,

For, ſhou'd you to Extortion be inclin'd,
Your Cruel Guilt will little Booty find,
Since gleaning [17] *Marius* has already ſeiz'd
All that from Sun-burnt *Africk* can be ſquees'd.

But above all, " Be careful to with-hold
" Your Tallons from the Wretched and the Bold;
"Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Deſpair;
" For, 'tho your Violence ſhou'd leave 'em bare
" Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
" And will Revenge the Wrongs which they ſuſtain
" The Plundred ſtill have Arms.——

Think not the Precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain Notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's Leaf what I relate,
As fixt and ſure, as the Decrees of Fate.

Let none but Men of Honour you attend;
Chuſe him that has moſt Virtue for your Friend,

And give *no* way to any Darling Youth
To ſell your Favour, and pervert the Truth.
Reclaim your Wife from ſtroling up and down,
To all Aſſizes, and through every Town.
With Claws like Harpies, eager for the Prey,
(For which your Juſtice, and your Fame will pay.)
Keep your ſelf free from Scandals ſuch as theſe;
Then Trace your Birth from [18] *Picus*, if you pleaſe:
If he's too Modern, and your Pride aſpire
To ſeek the Author of your Being higher,
Chuſe any *Titan* who the Gods withſtood,
To be the Founder of your Antient blood,
Prometheus, and that Race before the flood,
Or any other Story you can find
From Heralds, or in Poets, to your mind.

But ſhou'd you prove Ambitious, Luſtful, Vain;
Or cou'd you ſee with Pleaſure and Diſdain
Rods broke on our Aſſociates bleeding Backs,
And Heads-Men lab'ring till they blunt their Ax:
Your

Your Father's Glory will your Sin proclaim,
And to a clearer Light expoſe your ſhame;
"For, ſtill more publick ſcandal Vice extends,
"As he is Great and Noble who offends.

How dare [19] *you* then your high Extraction plead?
Yet bluſh not when you go to forge a Deed,
In the ſame Temple which your Grandſire built,
Making his Statue privy to the Guilt.
Or in a Bawdy Maſquerade are led
Muffled by Night to ſome polluted Bed.

Fat *Lateranus* does his Revels keep
Where his Fore-Fathers peaceful Aſhes ſleep;
Driving himſelf a Chariot down the Hill,
And (tho a Conſul) links himſelf the Wheel:
To do him Juſtice, 'tis indeed by Night,
Yet the Moon ſees, and ev'ry ſmaller light
Pries as a Witneſs of the ſhameful ſight:
Nay when his Year of Honour's ended, ſoon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at Noon;

Nor bluſh ſhou'd he ſome Grave Acquaintance meet,
But, (proud of being known) will Jerk and Greet:
And when his Fellow-Beaſts are weary grown,
He'll play the Groom, give Oats, and rub 'em down.
If after [20] *Numa*'s Ceremonial way
He at *Jove*'s Altar wou'd a Victim ſlay,
To no clean Goddeſs he directs his Pray'rs,
But by [21] *Hippona* moſt Devoutly Swears,
Or ſome rank Deity whoſe filthy face
We ſuitably o're ſtinking Stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
To ſteer his courſe directly for the Inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night)
A greaſie *Syrian*, e're he can alight,
Preſents him Eſſence, while his courteous Hoſt
(Well knowing nothing by good breeding's loſt)
Tags every Sentence with ſome fawning word,
Such as *My King*, *My Prince*, at leaſt *My Lord*;

And a tight Maid, e're he for Wine can ask,
Gueſſes his Meaning, and unoils the Flask.

Some (Friends to Vice) induſtriouſly defend
Theſe innocent Diverſions, and pretend
That I the Tricks of Youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that, when young, we did the ſame.
I grant we did; yet when that age was paſt,
The frolick Humour did no longer laſt;
We did not cheriſh and indulge the Crime:
What's foul in acting, ſhou'd be left in time.
Tis true, ſome faults, of courſe, with Childhood end,
We therefore wink at Wags when they offend
And ſpare the Boy, in hopes the Man may mend.

But *Lateranus* (now his vig'rous age
Shou'd prompt him for his Country to engage,
The Circuit of our Empire to extend,
(And all our Lives, in *Cæſar's*, to defend)

Ma-

Mature in Riots, places his Delight
All day in plying Bumpers, and at night
Reels to the Bawds, over whoſe Doors are ſet
Pictures and Bills, with *Here are Whores to let.*
Shou'd any deſperate unexpected Fate
Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
Cæſar, ſend quickly to ſecure the [22] Port;
But where's the General? Where does he reſort?
Send to the Sutler's; There you're ſure to find
The Bully match'd with Raſcals of his Kind,
Quacks, Coffin-makers; Fugitives and Sailers;
Rooks, Common-Souldiers, Hangmen, Thieves and
    Tailers;
With *Cybele*'s Prieſts, who, weary'd with Proceſſions,
Drink there, and ſleep with Knaves of all Profeſſions,
A Friendly Gang! each equal to the beſt;
And all, who can, have liberty to jeſt:
One Flaggon walks the round, (that none ſhou'd think
They either change, or ſtint him of his drink)

And leſt Exceptions may for Place be found,
Their Stools are all alike, their Table round.

What think you, *Ponticus*, your ſelf might do,
Shou'd any Slave, ſo lewd, belong to you?
No doubt, you'd ſend the Rogue in Fetters bound,
To work in Bridewell, or to Plough your Ground:
But, *Nobles*, you who Trace your Birth from *Troy*,
Think, you the great Prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by Virtue of that Race;
As if what we eſteem in Coblers baſe;
Wou'd the high Family of *Brutus* grace.

Shameful are theſe Examples, yet we find
(To *Rome*'s Diſgrace) far worſe than theſe behind:
Poor *Damaſippus*, whom we once have known
Flutt'ring with Coach and Six about the Town,
Is forc'd to make the Stage his laſt retreat,
And Pawns his Voice, the All he has, for Meat:

For

For now he muſt (ſince his Eſtate is loſt)
Or repreſent, or be himſelf, a Ghoſt:
And *Lentulus Acts Hanging* with ſuch Art,
Were I a Judge, he ſhou'd not *Feign* the part.
Nor wou'd I their Vile inſolence acquit,
Who can with Patience, nay Diverſion, ſit,
Applauding my Lord's Buffoonry for VVit.
And clapping Farces, acted by the Court,
VVhile the Peers Cuff, to make the Rabble ſport:
Or Hirelings, at a Prize, their Fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they Dye;
Since none can have the favourable Thought
That to Obey a Tyrant's VVill they Fought,
But that their Lives they willingly expoſe,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their ſhows.

Yet ſay the Stage and Liſts were both in ſight,
And you muſt either chuſe to Act, or Fight;
Death never ſure bears ſuch a ghaſtly ſhape,
That a rank Coward baſely wou'd eſcape

By

By playing a foul Harlot's jealous Tool,
Or a feign'd *Andrew* to a real Fool.
Yet a Peer-Actor is no monſtrous thing,
Since *Rome* has own'd a [23] *Fidler* for a *King*:
After ſuch Pranks, the VVorld it ſelf at beſt
May be imagin'd nothing but a Jeſt.

Go [24] to the Liſts where Feats of Arms are (ſhown,
There you'll find *Gracchus*,(from Patrician,)grown
A Fencer, and the Scandal of the Town.
Nor will he the *Mirmillo's* VVeapons bear,
The *Modeſt Helmet* he Diſdains to wear;
As *Retiarius* he Attacks his Foe;
Firſt waves his *Trident* ready for the throw,
Next caſts his *Net*, but neither levell'd right,
He ſtares about, expos'd to publick ſight,
Then places all his ſafety in his flight.
Room for the Noble Gladiator! See
His Coat and Hatband ſhew his Quality;

Thus

Thus when at laſt the brave *Mirmillo* knew
'Twas *Gracchus* was the VVretch he did purſue,
To Conquer ſuch a Coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many Glorious VVounds had bore.

Had [25] we the freedom to expreſs our Mind,
There's not a VVretch ſo much to Vice inclin'd,
But will own [26] *Seneca* did far excell
His *Pupil*, by whoſe Tyranny he fell:
To expiate whoſe Complicated Guilt,
VVith ſome Proportion to the Blood he ſpilt,
Rome [27] ſhou'd more Serpents, Apes, and Sacks provide
Then one, for the Compendious Parricide.
'Tis true [28] *Oreſtes* a like Crime did Act;
Yet weigh the Cauſe, there's difference in the Fact:
He [29] ſlew his *Mother* at the God's Command,
They bid him ſtrike, and did direct his Hand
To puniſh falſehood, and appeaſe the Ghoſt,
Of his poor *Father* treacherouſly loſt,

Juſt

Juſt in the Minute when the flowing Bowl
VVith a full Tide inlarg'd his Chearful Soul.
Yet kill'd he not his [31] *Siſter*, or his [30] *Wife*,
Nor [32] aim'd at any near Relation's Life:
Oreſtes [33], in the Heat of all his Rage,
Ne're play'd, or Sung upon a publick Stage;
Never [34] on Verſe did his wild Thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid Scene of burning *Troy*,
Like *Nero*, who to raiſe his Fancy higher,
And finiſh the great VVork, ſet *Rome* on Fire.
Such [35] Crimes make Treaſon juſt, and might com-(pel
Virginius, *Vindex*, *Galba*, to Rebel:
For what cou'd *Nero*'s ſelf have acted worſe,
To aggravate the VVretched Nation's Curſe.

Theſe are the bleſt Endowments, Studies, Arts,
VVhich Exerciſe our mighty Emperour's Parts;
Such Frollicks with his Roving Genius ſuit,
On [36] Forreign Theaters to proſtitute

His

His Voice and Honour, for the poor Renown,
Of putting all the *Grecian* Actors down,
And winning at a VVake their Parſley-Crown.
Let [33] this Triumphal Chaplet find ſome place
Among the other Trophies of thy Race;
By thee *Domitii*'s Statues ſhall be laid
The Habit and the Mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold *Thyeſtes* part,
(VVhile your wild Nature little wanted Art)
And on the Marble Pillar ſhall be hung
The Lute to which the *Royal Madman* Sung.

VVho, [36] *Catiline*, can boaſt a Nobler Line,
Than thy lewd Friend *Cethegus* his, and thine?
Yet you took Arms, and did by Night conſpire
To ſet our Houſes, and our Gods on Fire:
(An Enterpriſe which might indeed become
Our Enemies, the *Gauls*, not Sons of *Rome*,
To recompence whoſe Barbarous intent
Pitch'd [37] *Shirts* wou'd be too mild a Puniſhment;

But

But [38] *Tully*, our wiſe Conſul, watch'd the blow,
With care diſcover'd, and diſarm'd the Foe:
Tully, the humble Muſhroom, ſcarcely known;
The lowly Native of a Country Town,
(Who till of late cou'd never reach the height
Of being Honour'd as a *Roman* Knight)
Throughout the trembling City plac'd a Guard,
Dealing an equal ſhare to every Ward,
And by the peaceful Robe got more renown
Within our Walls, than Young *Octavius* won
By [39] Victories at *Actium* or the *Plain*
Of *Theſſaly* [40] diſcolour'd by the Slain:
Him therefore *Rome* in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius [41] (another Conſul we admire)
In the ſame Village Born, firſt Plow'd for Hire;
His next Advance was to the Souldiers Trade,
Where, If he did not nimbly ply the Spade,

His Surly Officer ne'er fail'd to Crack
His Knotty Cudgel on his tougher back.
Yet he alone ſecur'd the tott'ring State,
Withſtood the *Cimbrians*, and redeem'd our Fate:
So when the Eagles to their Quarry flew
(Who never ſuch a Goodly Banquet knew)
Only a ſecond Laurel did adorn
His Collegue *Catulus*, tho' Nobly Born;
He ſhar'd the Pride of the Triumphal Bay,
But *Marius* won the Glory of the Day.

From [42] a mean Stock the Pious *Decii* came;
Small their Eſtates, and Vulgar was their Name;
Yet ſuch their Virtue, that their Loſs alone
For *Rome* and all our Legions did Attone;
Their Countries Doom, they by their own, retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the Hoſt they ſav'd.
The [43] *laſt good King* whom willing *Rome* obey'd,
Was the poor Offspring of a *Captive Maid*;

Yet

Yet he thoſe Robes of Empire juſtly bore
Which *Romulus* our Sacred Founder wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well Poſſeſt the Throne,
Not for his Father's Merits but his own,
And Reign'd, himſelf a Family alone.

When 44 *Tarquin*, his proud Succeſſor, was quell'd,
And with him Luſt and Tyranny expell'd;
The Conſuls 45 *Sons* (who for their Countries good,
And to Inhaunce the Honour of their Blood,
Shou'd have aſſerted what their 46 *Father* won;
And, to confirm that Liberty, have done
Actions which 47 *Cocles* might have wiſh'd his own;
What might to 48 *Mutius* wonderful appear;
And what bold 49 *Clelia* might with Envy hear)
Open'd the Gates, endeavouring to reſtore
Their Baniſh'd King, and Arbitrary Power.
VVhilſt a poor 58 *Slave*, with ſcarce a Name, betray'd
The horrid Ills theſe well-born Rogues had laid;

VVho therefore for their Treaſon juſtly bore
The Rods and Ax, ne'er us'd in *Rome* before.

If you have ſtrength *Achilles* Arms to bear,
And Courage to ſuſtain a Ten Years VVar;
Tho' foul * *Therſites* got thee, thou ſhalt be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from ſome *Hero* came,
In nothing like your Father, but his Name.

Boaſt then your Blood, and your long Lineage ſtretch
As high as *Rome*, and its great Founders reach;
You'll find, in theſe Hereditary Tales,
Your Anceſtors the ſcum of broken Jayls:
And [51] *Romulus*, your Honours Antient ſource,
But a Poor Shepherds [52] Boy, or *ſomething worſe*.

The End of the Eighth Satyr.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Tranſlator of Juvenal's *8th Satyr induſtriouſly avoided inpoſing upon the Reader, and perplexing the Printer with tedious Common-place Notes; but finding towards the latter End many Examples of Noble-Men who diſgraced their Anceſtors by Vicious Practices, and of Men Meanly Born who innobled their Families by Virtuous and Brave Actions, he thought ſome Hiſtorical Relations were neceſſary towards rendring thoſe Inſtances more Intilligible; which is all he pretends to by his Remarks. He wou'd gladly have left out the heavy paſſage of the* Mirmillo *and* Retiarius, *which he Honeſtly Confeſſes he either does not rightly underſtand, or cannot ſufficiently explain. If he has not confin'd himſelf to the ſtrict Rules of Tranſlation, but has frequently taken the liberty of Imitating, Paraphraſing, or Reconciling the* Roman *Cuſtoms to our Modern Uſage; He hopes this freedom is Pardonable, ſince he has not us'd it, but when he found the Original flat, obſcure, or defective; and where the Humour and Connexion of the Author might naturally allow of ſuch a Change.*

Explanatory Notes on the Eighth Satyr.

1 THE Family of the *Fabii* were deſcended of *Hercules* (in Honour of whom the *Romans* built a Temple in the *Foro Boario.*) *Fabius Maximus* in remembrance of his Services in the Wars, againſt the People of *Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiny*, and other Provinces of *France* (formerly known by the Name of *Allobroges*) was Surnamed *Allobrogicus*; which Title his Son wou'd have aſſumed, whom our Author here Cenſures, as a Man of an Effeminate Perſon, a profligate Life, and of Dangerous Practices.

2 Brave and Virtuous *Romans.*

3 The Rods and Ax, which were carry'd in Proceſſions, as Badges of the Conſular Dignity.

4 Such as *Getulicus, Africanus, Numantinus, Creticus.*

5 *Oſyris*, for teaching the *Ægyptians* Husbandry, had a Temple built at *Memphis*; where he was Worſhipt in the ſhape of an Ox, which the Prieſts uſed to Drown at a certain Age; and gave out, their God was withdrawn, and abſented himſelf for a few Days; during which time 'twas their Cuſtom to go Mourning and ſearching up and down, till they found another Ox to ſupply his place, and then they broke out with theſe Exclamations, *We have found him, let's rejoyce.*

6 The firſt King of *Athens.*

7 I have taken the Liberty to give this Simile a *Modern* Air, becauſe it happens to agree exactly with the Humour of our Author.

8 (Meaning your Anceſtors.) *Rubellius Plancus.*

9 *Phalaris* was a Tyrant of *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*; to flatter whoſe Cruelty, *Perillus* invented a Brazen Bull, wherein People might be Roaſted alive, and their Cries were not unlike the bellowings of an Ox: But the Tyrant had the Juſtice to reward the Artizen as he deſerv'd, by making him firſt try the Experiment.

Pag. 152. *Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath*, &c. This and the 7 following Verſes are a ſort of Paraphraſe upon 2 lines of the Original, which I was forced to enlarge, becauſe the ſence of the Author is too cloſe and obſcure.

10 (Speaking to *Ponticus*)

11 (Any poor Man who is Oppreſs'd.)

12 Famous Painters, Statuaries, and other Artizens.

13 Proconſuls of *Aſia* and *Sicily.*

14 Returning to *Ponticus.*

15 The inhabitants of theſe places where Effeminate, and eaſie to be enſlav'd.

16 The People of *Africk*, who ſupply'd *Rome* with Corn.

17 *Marius Priſcus.*

18 The firſt King of the *Latins.*

19 The Poet in this place ſpeaks neither to *Rubellius* nor *Ponticus*, but in general to any Perjur'd, or Debauch'd Nobleman.

20 *Numa Pompilius* (the Second King of *Rome*) the better to Civilize the ſavage Humour of the People, firſt introduc'd among them the fear and Worſhip of the Gods, and inſtituted the Rites and Ceremonies of Prieſts, Oaths, and Sacrifices.

21 *Hippona* was the Goddeſs of Jockies and Horſes.

22 *Oſtia*, the Mouth of the River *Tyber.*

23 Meaning *Nero*, whom he Cenſures ſeverely in the Pages following, *Fig.* 2.

24 This Period is perplext, and I fear will not be underſtood in our Language, being only a Deſcription of the *Roman* Gladiators, who were of two ſorts, and had different Names according to the Arms and Habit they appear'd with, one fought with a Cymiter in his right Hand, a Target on his left Arm, and an Helmet on his Hand; he was call'd *Mirmillo*, or *Secutor.* The other wore a ſhort Coat without Sleeves,

call'd

call'd *Tunica*; a Hat on his Head; he carried in his right Hand a Javelin fork'd like a *Trident*, call'd *Fuſcina*; and on his left Arm a *Nett*, in which he endeavour'd to catch his Adverſary, and from thence was call'd *Retiarius.* The meaning of the Poet, is, to reprehend *Gracchus* (whom he had before rebuked in the 2d Satyr) for 3 Vices at once; For his Baſeneſs, for as much as being a Nobleman he will condeſcend to fight upon the publick Theater: For his impudence, in not chuſing an Habit which might have kept him Diſguis'd, and hindred him from being known: And for his Cowardiſe, in running away.

25 For the clearer underſtanding or what follows, it may be Neceſſary to give a ſhort Abridgment of *Nero*'s Cruelties, Follies and End: Which may be fonnd at large in his Life, written by *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, and in the Continuation which Mr. *Saville* has added to his Tranſlation of the laſt of theſe Authors, by way of Supplement to what is wanting betwixt the Annals and the Hiſtory. But I ſhall only relate what I find mention'd in this Satyr, and ſhall begin with his Parricides.

26 Upon ſuſpicion that *Seneca* his Tutor, had ſome Knowledge of the Conſpiracy which *Piſo* was carrying on againſt his Perſon, *Nero* laid hold on this Opportunity to Rid himſelf of the uneaſie Cenſurer of his Vices, yet allow'd him the liberty of chuſing the Manner of his Death. *Seneca* was apprehenſve of Pain, and therefore deſired to have his Veins opened, which he judg'd might be the moſt eaſie and pleaſant Method of Dying: But finding it too tedious, he prevail'd with his Friend and Phyſician, *Annæus Statius*, to give him a Draught of Poyſon; which too operating very ſlowly, by Reaſon his Veins were exhauſted, and his Limbs chill'd, the Standers by, to make quicker diſpatch, ſmother'd him with the ſteem of an hot Bath. *Juvenal* not unjuſtly places this Murder of *Seneca* among *Nero*'s Parricides, ſince a Tutor ought to be eſteem'd as a Civil Parent.

27 This bold Thought and Expreſſion of *Juvenal* is grounded on the *Roman* Laws, wherby Parricides were Condemn'd to be ſow'd up in a Bag (call'd *Culeus*) with a Cock, a Monkey, a Serpent, and a Dog, and thrown together into the Sea, or any Neighbouring River. This Puniſhment of drowning in a Sack, is ſtill us'd in ſeveral Parts of *Germany*, but without Company of thoſe Creatures abovemention'd.

28 The Story of *Oreſtes* (betwixt whom and *Nero*, *Juvenal* wou'd draw a Parallel) is this; his Mother *Clytemneſtra* finding her Husband *Agamemnon* was return'd alive from the Siege of *Troy*, and fearing he might Revenge her Amours with *Egyſtheus*, with whom ſhe had lived in Adultery during her Husband's abſence, ſhe thought the ſafeſt way might be, to Aſſaſſinate *Agamemnon*, by the help of *Egyſtheus*, at his firſt Reception, and before he cou'd ſuſpect ſuch an attempt. The manner how they diſpatch'd him, is reported differently. Some Authors relate that as he was changing his Linnen, he was ſtifled in a Shirt ſow'd together at the Neck. But *Homer* in the 4th and 11th

Books of his *Odyſſea*, where he deſcribes this Murder, is of *Ju[venal]'s* Opinion, that he was kill'd at a Banquet, when he little expect[ed] ſuch Treatment. *Egyſtheus* after this Murder Married *Clytemneſtra*, and Uſurp'd the Kingdom of *Mycena* 7 Years: During which time *Oreſtes* grew up to Man's Eſtate, and by the inſtigation of his Siſter *Electra*, and the Aſſiſtance of ſome Neighbouring Princes, march'd from *Athens*, Deſtroy'd and Murther'd the Uſurper; and at laſt, under pretence of being Mad, ſtab'd his Mother. *Homer* (as well as our Author) juſtifies this Revenge, as being undertaken by the Advice of the Gods: And *Paterculus* infers, they muſt needs have approved the Action, ſince *Oreſtes* (after it) lived long, and Reigned Happily.

29 *Nero* cou'd not ſuffer his Mother *Agrippina*, becauſe of her encroaching on his Government; for which Reaſon he made frequent Attempts upon her Life, but without ſucceſs, till at laſt *Anicetus* his Bondman undertook to ſtab her, which ſhe perceiving, and gueſſing by whoſe Orders he came, clapt her hand upon her Belly, and bid him (with great preſence of Mind) ſtrike there, ſuppoſing it deſerv'd that Puniſhment for bearing ſuch a Monſter.

30 He ordered his firſt Wife *Octavia* to be publickly Executed, upon a falſe Accuſation of Adultery, and kill'd his ſecond Wife *Poppæa*, when ſhe was big with Child, by a kick on the Belly.

31 *Britannicus* (his Brother by Adoption) was Poiſon'd by his Orders, out of jealouſie leſt he ſhou'd ſupplant him. And *Antonia* (*Claudius*'s Daughter) was Executed under pretence of a Conſpiracy, but in truth becauſe ſhe refuſed to Marry *Nero* after the Death of *Poppæa*.

32 He caus'd *Rufinus Criſpinus*, Son to *Poppæa*, to be Drown'd, as he was Fiſhing; and *Aulus Plancus*, a Relation of his Mothers, to be kill'd becauſe ſhe was fond of him.

I need mention no more of theſe unnatural Murders, but go on to his other Extravagancies.

33 He was Induſtrious to be eſteem'd the beſt Muſitian of his Age; and at his Death regretting nothing more ſenſibly, than that the World ſhou'd loſe ſo great a Maſter. To maintain this Reputation, he frequently condeſcended to Act and Sing upon the Theater among the ordinary Comedians, and took a journey to *Greece* on purpoſe to try his skill againſt the moſt Famous Artiſts of that Country; from whom he bore away the Garland (which was the uſual Recompence of the firſt performer) return'd to *Rome* in Triumph, as if he had Conquer'd a Province; and order'd both the Garland and Inſtrument to be hung up among the Banners and Honours of his Family.

34 He had likewiſe a great Vanity towards being thought a good Poet, and made Verſes on the Deſtruction of *Troy*, call'd *Troica*; and 'tis reported he burnt *Rome* to be more lively and natural in his Deſcription: Tho 'tis more probably he deſtroy'd the Old-Faſhion'd Buildings, out of diſlike to the narrowneſs and crookedneſs of the Streets, and to have the Honour of rebuilding the City better, and calling it by his own Name.

35

35 Theſe monſtrous Frolicks and Cruelties cou'd not but make his People weary of his Gouenment. *Virginius Rufus*, who was his Lieutenant General in *Gaule*, by the Aſſiſtance of *Junius Vindex* (a Nobleman of that Country) ſoon perſwaded the Armies under his Command to fall from their Allegiance; and ſollicited *Sergius Galba*, who war Lieutenant General in *Spain*, to do the like, by offering him the Empire in favour of Mankind; which he at laſt accepted, upon intimation that *Nero* had iſſued out ſecret Orders to diſpatch him; and March'd with all the Forces he cou'd gather, towards *Rome*. *Nero* not being in a Condition to oppoſe ſuch Troops, fell into Diſpair, which tnrn'd to an uncertainty what Meaſures to take, whether to Poyſon himſelf, or beg Pardon of the People, or indeavour to make his Eſcape. The laſt of theſe Methods ſeem'd moſt Adviſeable; he therefore put himſelf into Diſguiſe, and crept with four Attendants only iuto a poor Cottage; where perceiving he was purſued, as a Sacrifice to the Publick Vengeance, and apprehending the Rabble wou'd Treat him Barbarouſly, if he fell into their Hands; with much adoe he reſolv'd to Stab himſelf.

36 *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy is a Story too well known to be inſiſted on: He was of a Noble Family, but by his Extravagancies had reduced himſelf to great want, which engaged him in bad Practices. The *Roman* Armies were then purſuing Conqueſts in remote Provinces, which *Catiline* judg'd the moſt ſeaſonable opportunity for undertaking ſome diſperate Deſign: He therefore entred into a Conſpiracy with *Cethegus*, *Lentulus* and other Senators, and Perſons conſiderable by their Births and Employments, to make themſelves abſolute Maſters of their Country, by ſeizing the Senate, plundering the Treaſury, and burning the City.

37 Incendiaries by the *Roman* Law where wrapt in a Pitch'd Coat (which they call'd *Tunica Moleſta*) and Burnt alive: As we ſee by *Tacitus Ann.* §. 44. Where *Nero* after having ſet *Rome* on Fire, lays the blame and Puniſhment on the Chriſtians, by ordering them, with a Cruel Jeſt, to be Light up, and ſerve as Torches when it was dark

38 One *Fulvia* (whem *Livy* calls a Common Whore, tho' *Plutarch* makes her paſs for a Lady of Quality) came to have ſome knowledge of this Enterprize, and diſcover'd it to *Cicero*, (a Perſon whome *Paterculus* elegantly calls *Virum novitatis Nobiliſſimæ*; ſince he was a Man of Mean Parentage, Born at *Arpinum*, an inconſiderable Town among the *Volſcians*, but by his Eloquence rais'd himſelf to the chief Dignities of State, and happened to be Conſul at that time) who aſſembled the Senate, and by a ſevere Oration accuſed and convicted *Catiline*: However he, with a few of his Party, found means to make his eſcape towards *Tuſcany*, and put himſelf at the Head of ſome Troops which *Manlius* had got together in thoſe Parts, threatning publickly that he wou'd put out the Fire of the City by the Ruins of it. In the mean time *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and ſevearl other Complices were ſeiz'd and

ſtrang-

ſtrangled in Priſon by order of the Senate, at *Cato*'s perſwaſion: And *Caius Antonius Nepos*, who was joint-Conſul with *Tully*, March'd with what Forces he cou'd raiſe againſt *Catiline*, who in a ſharp Battle was kill'd upon the Spot with moſt of his Followers, and (as *Paterculus* obſerves) *Quem ſpiritum ſupplicio debuerat, prælio reddidit.*

39 A Promontory of *Epirus*, near the Iſland *Leucas*, where *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were Ruin'd by a Famous Sea-Fight.

40 The Fields near *Philippi*, in *Theſſaly*, where *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were defeated.

41 *Caius Marius*, was likewiſe Born at *Arpinum*, and of ſuch poor Parents, that he was firſt a Plowman, then a Common Souldier, yet at laſt by his Merit arrived to the higheſt Employments. One while he was Conſul (for that Honour was 7 times conferr'd on him) the *Cimbrians* attempted to make an Incurſion into *Italy*; But he kill'd 140000 of them, and made 60000 Priſoners; For which Victory, a Triumph was ordain'd him by the Senate; but to decline the Envy which might be rais'd by his Good Fortune, he ſollicited that *Q. Luctatius Catulus*, his Collegue, who was of a Noble Family, might be permitted to Triumph with him, tho' he had no ſhare in the Action.

42 Among the *Romans* there was a Superſtition, that if their General wou'd conſent to be *Devoted*, or Sacrificed to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the Earth, and the Infernal Gods, all the Misfortunes which otherwiſe might have hapned to his Party, wou'd by his Death be transfer'd on their Enemies. This Opinion was confirm'd by ſeveral ſucceſsful Inſtances, particularly two, in the Perſons of the *Decii*, Father and Son here mention'd. The firſt being Conſul with *Manlius* in the Wars againſt the *Latins*, and perceiving the Left Wing, which he Commanded, give back, he call'd out to *Valerius* the High-Prieſt to perform on him the Ceremony of Conſecration, (which we find diſcrib'd by *Livy* in his 8th Book) and immediately ſpurr'd his Horſe into the thickeſt of his Enemies Forces, where he was kill'd, and the *Roman* Army gain'd the Battel. His Son Died in the ſame manner in the War againſt the *Gauls*, and the *Romans* likewiſe obtain'd the Victory.

43 *Servius Tullus* was Son to *Oriculana*, whom *Juvenal* calls a Serving-Maid, but *Livy* ſuppoſes her to have been Wife to a Prince of *Corniculum*, who was kill'd at the taking of the Town, and his Wife was carri'd away Captive by *Tarquinius Priſcus*, and preſented as a Slave to his Wife *Tanaquil*, in whoſe Service ſhe was deliver'd of this *Tullus*. The Family had a great Reſpect for the Child, becauſe of a Lambent Fire they obſerv'd to play about his Head while he ſlept, which was interpreted as an Omen of his future Greatneſs; therefore care was taken of his Education, and at laſt he was Contracted to the King's Daughter: Whereupon *Ancus Martius* his 2 Sons (who were the true Heirs of the Crown) fearing his Marriage might hinder their Succeſſion, hired two Shepherds to Aſſaſſinate *Tarquinius*, which they undertook, but cou'd not Execute ſo dextrouſly as was expected; for the

the King lived ſome days after the blow was given, during which time *Tanaquil* caus'd the Gates of the Pallace to be kept ſhut, and amuſed the People (who were eager on a new Election) with aſſurances that the Wound was not Mortal, That the King was in a fair way of Recovery, and till he cou'd appear abroad, required them to pay Obedience to *Servius Tullius*: Who by this means firſt got poſſeſſion of the Government in the King's Name, and after his Death Uſurp'd it 44 Years in his own. At laſt he was forced out of the Senate by *Lucius Tarquinius*, thrown down Stairs, and Murder'd by his Orders: *Livy* adds this Commendation, That with him *Juſta ac legitima regna occiderunt*; which agrees with *Juvenal*'s calling him *The laſt good King*; For, (44) *Tarquin*, who Reign'd 25 Years after him, was hated for his Pride and Cruelty, and for the Barbarous Rape which his Son *Sextus* committed on *Lucretia*, Wife to *Collatinus*; who by the help of (46) *L. Junius Brutus* reveng'd this injury, by driving *Tarquin* and his whole Race out of *Rome*, which from that time began to be Govern'd by Conſuls; and the better to ſecure their Liberty, *Brutus* Adminiſtred an Oath by which the *Romans* oblig'd themſelves never to ſuffer any more Kings, and made a Decree (which prov'd fatal to his Family) whereby it was declared a Capital Crime in any Perſon who ſhou'd endeavour by any meanes to bring back the *Tarquins*. However they gave not over their Pretenſions, but ſend Embaſſadours under pretence of ſolliciting that their Eſtates at leaſt might be reſtored them, but underhand to inſinuate themſelves among the looſe Young Noblemen (who grew weary of a Common-Wealth, becauſe the Rigour of their new Laws did not tolerate that licentious way of living which they enjoy'd under the Government of their Kings) and to concert with them the beſt Methods towards their Reſtoration. This Deſign was firſt propoſed to the *Aquilii* and *Vitellii*: The laſt of theſe were Brothers to *Brutus* his Wife, and by that Alliance eaſily engag'd (45) *Titus* and *Tiberius* (two Sons he had by her) in the Conſpiracy, the ſum of which was, That the Gates of the City ſhou'd be left open for the *Tarquins* to enter in the Night-time; and that the Ambaſſadors might be aſſured of their ſincerity, each Member of the Cabal deliver'd them, the Night before they were to return, Letters under their own hands for the *Tarquins*, with Promiſes to this effect.

50 *Vindicius*, a Slave who waited at Table, by chance overheard part of their Diſcourſe; and comparing theſe Circumſtances with ſome others he had obſerv'd in their former Conferences, he went ſtreight to the Conſul's, and told what he had diſcover'd. Orders were immediately iſſued out for ſearching the Embaſſadors, the Letters abovemention'd were intercepted, the Criminals ſeiz'd, and the proof being exident againſt them, they ſuffered the Puniſhment (which was newly introduced) of being tyed Naked to a Stake, where they were firſt Whipt by the Lictors, then Beheaded: And *Brutus*, by Virtue of his Office, was unhappily obliged to ſee this Rigorous Sentence Executed on his own Children.

To

To purſue the Story; the *Tarquins* finding their Plot had miſcarried, and fearing nothing cou'd be done by treachery, ſtruck up an Alliance with *Proſenna* King of *Thuſcany*, who pretending to reſtore them by open force, march'd with a numerous Army, and beſieg'd *Roma*: But was ſoon ſurpriz'd with three ſuch Inſtances of the *Romae* Bravery, in the Perſons of *Cocles*, *Mutius*, and *Clelia*, that he withdrew his Army, and courted their Friendſhip.

47 *Horatius Cocles* being Poſted to guard a Bridge, which he perceived the Enemy wou'd ſoon be Maſter of, he ſtood reſolutely and oppoſed part of their Army, while the Party he Commanded, repaſs'd the Bridge, and broke it down after them; and then threw hemſelf, Armed as he was, into the *Tyber*, and eſcaped to the City.

48 *Mutius Scævola* went into the Enemies Camp with a Reſolution to kill their King *Porſenna*, but inſteed of ſtriking him, ſtabb'd one of his Guards; and being brought before the King, and finding his Errour, in indignation he burn'd off his Right hand as a Penalty for his miſtake

49 *Clelia*, a *Roman* Virgin, who was given to *Porſenna* as an Hoſtage, made her eſcape from the Guards, and ſwam over the *Tyber*.

50 *Romulus* finding the City, call'd by his Name, not ſufficiently Peopled, eſtabliſh'd an *Aſylum*, or Sanctuary, where all Out-laws, Vagabonds, and Criminals of what Nature ſorver, who cou'd make their eſcape thither, might live in all freedom and ſecurity.

51 The Author either meanes the *Baſtard* of *Mars*, and *Rhea Sylvia*, a Veſtal Virgin, of whoſe Rape we have a Relation in the beginning of *Ovid*'s 3d Book *de Faſtis*, or a *Parricide*, for killing his Brother *Remus*.

* The ugly Buffoon of the *Grecian* Army.

THE

THE NINTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

STEPHEN HARVEY, Eſq;

Argument of the Ninth Satyr.

Juvenal *here (in Dialogue with* Nevolus) *expoſes the deteſtable Vice then practis'd in* Rome, *and the Covetouſneſs of a Rich Old Citizen, which ſo prevail'd over his Pleaſure, that he would not gratifie the Drudge who had ſo often Oblig'd him in the lewd Enjoyment of his Deſire.*

THE



9 M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

THE

NINTH SATYR.

JUV.

TELL me why, ſaunt'ring thus from Place to
Place,
I meet thee (*Nevolus*) with a Clouded Face?
What Humane Ills can urge to this degree;
Not Vanquiſht [1] *Marſyas* had a Brow like thee,
Nor *Ravola* ſo ſneak'd and hung his Head,
Catch'd with that lewd Bawd *Rhodope* in Bed:
Our Grand Beau [2] *Pollio* ſeem'd not half ſo ſad
When not a Drachma cou'd in *Rome* be had.
When treble uſe he proffer'd for a Friend
And tempting Bribes did to the Scriv'ners ſend
Yet none he found ſo much a Fool to lend.
Hard Fate! untroll'd is now the Charming Dye
The Play-Houſe and the Parks unviſited muſt lie:

The Beauteous Nymph in vain he does adore,
And his gilt Chariot Wheels muſt Rowl *no more.*
But why theſe frightful *Wrinckles in* thy Prime
That ſhew old Age ſo long before the time;
At loweſt Ebb of Fortune when you lay
(Contented then) how Merry was the Day.
But oh the Curſe of wiſhing to be *Great:*
Dazled with Hope we cannot ſee *the* Cheat;
Where wild Ambition *in* the Heart we find,
Farewel Content and Quiet of the Mind.
For Glittering Clouds we leave the ſolid Shoar,
And wonted Happineſs returns no more;
Till ſuch aſpiring Thoughts had fill'd thy Breaſt,
No Man ſo pleaſant, ſuch a chearful Gueſt;
So Brisk, ſo Gay, of that engaging Air,
No Mirth was Crown'd 'till *Nevolus* was there:
The Scene's now chang'd, that frolick Genius fled,
And Gloomy Thought ſeems enter'd in its ſtead;
Thy Cloaths worn out, not Hands nor Linnen clean
And thy bare Skin through the large Rents is ſeen;

Thy Locks uncomb'd like a rough Wood appear,
And every Part ſeems ſuited to thy Care.
Where now that labour'd Niceneſs in thy Dreſs,
And all thoſe Arts that did the Spark expreſs?
A look ſo Pale no *Quartane* ever gave,
Thy dwindled Legs ſeem crawling to a Grave:
When we are touch'd with ſome important Ill,
How vainly ſilence would our Grief conceal!
Sorrow nor Joy can be diſguis'd by Art,
Our Foreheads blab the Secrets of our Heart;
By which (alas) 'tis evident and plain
Thy Hopes are daſh'd, and thy Endeavours vain;
And yet 'tis ſtrange! But lately thou wert known
For the moſt envied *Stallion* of the Town.
What conſcious[3] Shrine, what Cell by thee unſought,
Where Love's dark Pleaſures might be ſold and
 bought?
From Human View you hid theſe Deeds of Luſt,
But Gods in Braſs and Marble you cou'd truſt.

Ceres[4] her ſelf not ſcap'd, for where can be
From Bawds and Proſtitutes an Altar free?
Nor didſt thou only for the Females burn,
The Husband and the Wife ſucceeded in their Turn.

NEV.

This Life I own to ſome has Proſp'rous been;
But I have no ſuch Golden Minutes ſeen:
Right have you hit the Cauſe of my Diſtreſs,
None has Earn'd more, and been Rewarded leſs:
All I can gain is but a Threedbare Coat,
And that with utmoſt Pains and Drudging got;
Some Single Money too, but that (alas)
Broken and Counterfeit will hardly paſs.
Whilſt others, pamper'd in their ſhameleſs Pride,
Are ſerv'd in Plate, and in their Chariots Ride;
Tell me what Mortal can his Grief contain,
That has, like me, ſuch Reaſon to complain?
On Fate alone Man's Happineſs depends,
To parts conceal'd Fate's prying Pow'r extends:

And

And if our Stars of their Kind Influence fail,
The Gifts of Nature, what will they avail?
The Gifts of Nature! Curſe upon the Thought,
By that alone I am to Ruin brought.
Old *Virro* did the Fatal Secret hear
(But Curſe on Fame that bore it to his Ear)
What ſoft Addreſs his wooing did begin?
What Oaths what Promiſes to draw me in?
Scarce cou'd they fail to make a Virgin Sin.
Who wou'd not then ſwear *Nevolus* had ſped,
And Golden Show'rs were dropping on his Head?
But oh this Wretch, this Prodigy behold!
A Slave at once to Leachery and Gold!
For in the Act of his lewd Brutal joy,
Sirrah! My Rogue (he cries) mine own dear Boy!
My Lad, My Life! already ask for more?
I paid laſt Bout, and you muſt quit the Score:
" Poor five [5] *Seſtertia* have been all my Gains,
" And what is that for ſuch deteſted Pains?

Was it an Eaſe and Pleaſure, cou'd'ſt thou ſay
(Where Nature's Laws forbids) to force my way
To the digeſted Meals of yeſterday?
The Slave more toil'd and harraſs'd will be found,
VVho Digs his Maſter's Buttocks, than his Ground.
But ſure old *Virri* thinks himſelf a Boy,
VVhom *Jove* once more might languiſh to enjoy:
Sees not his wither'd Face and grizly Hair,
But would be thought Smooth, Charming, Soft,
and Fair:
VVith Female Pride wou'd have his Love be ſought,
And every Smile with a Rich Preſent bought.
Say, Goat, for whom this Maſs of VVealth you
heap?
For whom thy hoorded Bags in ſilence ſleep?
Apulian Farms for the Rich Soil admir'd?
And thy large Fields where Falcons may be tyr'd?
Thy Fruitful Vinyeards on *Campanian* Hills?
(Thô none drinks leſs, yet none more Veſſels fills)

From

From ſuch a Store 'tis barbarous to grudge
A ſmall relief to your Exhauſted Drudge:
Weigh well the matter, wer't not fitter much
The Poor Inhabitants of yonder Thatch
Call'd me their Lord (who to Extreams am driven)
Than to ſome worthleſs Sycophant be given?
(Yet what ſmooth Sycophant by thee can gain?
When Luſt it ſelf ſtrikes thy Flint-Heart in vain?)
A Beggar! Fie! 'tis Impudence, (he cry'd)
And ſuch mean ſhifting Anſwers ſtill reply'd;
But Rent unpaid, ſays Begg till *Virro* Grant;
(How ill does Modeſty conſiſt with Want?)
My ſingle Boy (like [6] *Polyphemus* Eye)
Mourns his harſh Fate, and Weeps for a Supply.
One will not do, hard Labour'd and hard Fed,
How then ſhall Hungry two expect their Bread?
What ſhall I ſay, when rough *December* Storms?
When Froſts, and Snow, have crampt their Naked
Arms?

What

What Comforts without Money can I bring?
Will they be ſatisfi'd to think on Spring?
These Motives urg'd to his Obdurate Mind,
Is caſting Water to the adverſe Wind;
But one thing yet, baſe Wretch, I muſt impart,
Thy ſelf ſhalt own, ungrateful as thou art;
At your Intreaties, had not I obey'd;
Still your deluded Wife had been a Maid:
Down on the Bridal-bed a Maid ſhe lay,
A Maid ſhe roſe, at the approaching Day.
Another Night, thy lumpiſh Love ſhe try'd,
But ſtill ſhe roſe, a Virgin, and a Bride:
What cou'd have touch'd her more! away ſhe flung,
And every Street of thy loſt Manhood rung.
Her ſpeaking Eyes, were full of thy Diſgrace;
And her vext Thoughts abhorr'd the cold Embrace.
Such wrongs, what VViſhing VVoman cou'd have (born?
In Rage, the Marriage Articles were torn:
Yet when ſhe vow'd, to ſee thy Face no more,
And Heartleſs, thou ſtood'ſt whining at the Door,

I met the Angry Fair, all over Charms,
And catch'd her flying from thy Frozen Arms:
Much Pains it coſt to Right the injur'd Dame;
A whole Night's Vigour, to repair thy ſhame:
VVitneſs your ſelf, who heard the lab'ring Bed,
And ſhrieks at the departing Maiden-Head:
" Thus many a Spouſe, who wou'd her Choice recant;
" Is kept Obedient by a Kind Gallant:
Now cou'd you ſhift all this and paſs it o're,
Yet (Monſter) I have left one Inſtance more.
Think, if ſo well her Buſineſs I have done,
As that Night's ſervice may produce a Son,
Our *Roman* Laws great Priviledg afford
To him that ſtands a Father on Record:
Thyſelf, 'tis true, a Cuckold thou muſt own,
But that Reproach is in my Breaſt alone,
To me the Pleaſure be, to thee the Fame,
My Brat ſhall thy Abilities proclaim;
And free thee even from Inglorious Shame.

Let cirling VVreaths adorn thy crowded Door,
Matrons, and Girls, ſhall hoot at thee no more,
But Stories to thy laſting Credit raiſe,
While fumbling Fribbles grudge thy borrow'd Praiſe

JUV.

True, *Nevolus*, moſt aptly you complain,
But tho your Griefs are juſt, they are in vain;
Your Service paſt, he does with Scorn forget,
And ſeeks ſome other Fool, like thee, to cheat.

NEV.

Beware, my Friend, and what I now reveal,
As the great Secret of thy Life conceal;
A luſtful Pathick, when he turns a Foe;
He gives like Deſtiny a wardleſs Blow:
His Crimes are ſuch, they will not bear a Jeſt,
And Fire and Sword, purſue the conſcious Breaſt.
For ſweet Revenge no Drugs will be too Dear,
In Luſt, a Miſer, but a Spendthrift here.
Then ſlight him not, nor with his Scandal ſport,
But be as Mute as was th' [7] *Athenian* Court.

JUV.

JUV.

Dull [8] *Corydon!* Art thou ſo ſtupid grown,
To think a Rich Man's Faults can be unknown?
Has he not Slaves about him? Wou'd not they
Rejoyce, and Laugh, ſuch Secrets to betray?
What more Effectual to Revenge their Wrongs?
Than the unbounded Freedom of their Tongues?
Or grant it poſſible to ſilence thoſe,
Dumb Beaſts and Statues wou'd his Crimes expoſe:
Try to Impriſon the reſiſtleſs VVind,
So ſwift is Guilt, ſo hard to be confin'd;
Tho crafty Teares, ſhou'd caſt a Vail between,
Yet in the Dark, his Vices wou'd be ſeen:
And there's a Luſt in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing our Neighbour's Shame;
On Eagles VVings immortal Scandals flye,
VVhile Virtuous Actions are but Born, and Dye.

Let us live well, were it alone for This,
The baneful Tongues of ſervants to deſpiſe,
Slander (the worſt of Poyſons) ever finds
An eaſie Entrance, to ignoble Minds:

And

And they whoſe Vicious Lives, ſuch Abject Foes must fear,
More mean and wretched far than their own Slaves appear.

NEV.

Your Counſel's Good and Uſeful, 'tis confeſs'd;
But (oh) to me it is in vain addreſs'd:
Let the Great Man, whom gaping Crowds attend,
Fear a ſcourg'd Slave, or a diſſembling Friend;
No matter what I do, or what I ſay,
I have no Spies about me to betray:
And you adviſe me now my time is loſt,
And all my Hopes of Proſp'rous Hours are croſt;
My full-blown Youth already fades apace,
(Of our ſhort Being, 'tis the ſhorteſt ſpace.)
While melting Pleaſures in our Arms are found,
While Lovers ſmile, and while the Bowl goes round;
While in ſurprizing Joys intranc'd we lie,
Old Age creeps on us, e're we think it nigh.

JUV.

Fear not, thy Trade will never find an End,
While yon⁹ Hills ſtand thou can'ſt not want a Friend;
By Land, and Sea, from every Point they come,
Then dread no Dearth of Proſtitutes at *Rome*.

NEV.

Tell this to Happier Men, for I am ſped;
If all my Drudging can procure me Bread.
Ye Deities! The Subſtitutes of Heav'n!
To whom the Guide of Humane Life is giv'n;
At whoſe lov'd Altars, with an ample Zeal,
(Tho ſlender Sacrifice) I daily kneel,
His Ebbing Hours let your Poor Suppliant ſee
From the mean Crutch, and a thatcht Cottage free;
No ſhameful Want, nor troubleſom Diſeaſe,
An eaſie Death approaching by degrees;
Neceſſity ſupply'd, wou'd Comfort bring:
Yet conſtant Store, wou'd be a Glorious thing:

To Treat a Friend, methinks, I wou'd afford,
While Silver Bowls ſtand ſmiling on my Board:
And when the Cares of *Rome* to Pleaſure yield;
Two [10] *Mæſian* Slaves ſhou'd bear me to the Field:
Where, on their Brawny Shoulders mounted high,
While the Brave Youth their various Manhood try,
I wou'd the Thrones of Emperours defie.
Superfluous Wealth, and Pomp, I not deſire;
But what Content, and Decency require.
Then might I live by my own Surly Rules,
Not forc'd to Worſhip Knaves, and flatter Fools.
And thus ſecur'd of Eaſe, by ſhunning ſtrife,
With Pleaſure would I Sail down the ſwift Stream of (Life.
But oh ridiculous vain VViſh for One
Already loſt, and doom'd to be undone.
Alas! what Hope remains! For to my Pray'rs
Regardleſs Fortune ſtops her wounded Ears;
As to the [11] *Syrens* Charms, *Ulyſſes* Mariners.

The End of the Ninth Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Ninth Satyr.

A *Phrygian*, who challenging *Apollo* at Muſick, was overcome, and flead alive for his Preſumption.

2 A Fop in *Rome*, that had run out his Eſtate.

3 The Temples, and Images of their Gods, were (by Night) the Common Places of Aſſignation.

4 To the Temple of *Ceres*, only the Chaſt and ſtricteſt Matrons were admitted, *&c.*

5 A ſmall Coin among the *Romans.*

6 A Gyant of *Sicily*, and one of the *Cyclops*, who had but one Eye, and that in his forehead, which *Ulyſſes* by craft put out, and eſcap'd from him, *&c.*

7 The *Areopagus*, or Court of Juſtice at *Athens*, where they gave Sentence by Characters and Signs, *&c.*

8 The common Name of a Shepherd, which he applies to *Nevolus*, for his ignorance and ſimplicity, in thinking the Vices of Great Men can be conceal'd.

9 The 7 Hills on which *Rome* was built.

10 *Mæſia*, a place near *Tuſcany*, famous for the great ſize and ſtrength of the Inhabitants.

11 Mermaids on the Coaſt of *Sicily*, whoſe Charms *Ulyſſes* (being forewarn'd) avoided by ſtopping his Mariners Ears with Wax, and ſo Sail'd by them ſecurely; at which Diſappointment they threw themſelves into the Sea, and were turned into Rocks, *&c. Hom. Odyſſ. l.* 12.

THE

THE TENTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Argument of the Tenth Satyr.

THE Poets Deſign in this Divine Satyr, is to repreſent the various Wiſhes and Deſires of Mankind; and to ſet out the Folly of 'em. He runs through all the ſeveral Heads of Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Fame for Martial Atchievements, Long Life, and Beauty; and gives Inſtances in each, how frequently they have prov'd the Ruin of thoſe that own'd them. He concludes therefore, that ſince we generally chuſe, ſo ill for our ſelves, we ſhou'd do better to leave it to the Gods*, to make the choice for us. All we can ſafely ask of Heaven, lies within a very ſmall compaſs; 'tis but* Health of Body and Mind------ *And if we have theſe, 'tis not much matter what we want beſides; for we have already enough to make us happy.*

THE


M. Vander Gucht

THE

TENTH SATYR.

LOOK round the Habitable World, how few
Know their own Good ;or knowing it,purſue.
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears !
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone ?
Whole Houſes, of their whole Deſires poſſeſt,
Are often Ruin'd, at their own Requeſt.
In Wars, and Peace, things hurtful we require,
When made Obnoxious to our own Deſire.
With Laurels ſome have fatally been Crown'd;
Some who the depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were Drown'd.
The [1] Brawny Fool, who did his Vigour boaſt ;
In that Preſuming Confidence was loſt :

But more have been by Avarice oppreſt,
And Heaps of Money crouded in the Cheſt:
Unwieldy Sums of Wealth, which higher mount
Than Files of Marſhall'd Figures can account.
To which the Stores of *Crœſus*, in the Scale,
VVou'd look like little Dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt Shadow of the *Britiſh* VVhale.

For this, in *Nero*'s Arbitrary time,
VVhen Vertue was a Guilt, and VVealth a Crime,
A Troop of Cut-Throat Guards were ſent, to ſeize
The Rich Mens Goods, and gut their Palaces:
The Mob, Commiſſion'd by the Government,
Are ſeldom to an Empty Garret, ſent.
The Fearful Paſſenger, who Travels late,
Charg'd with the Carrage of a Paltry Plate,
Shakes at the Moonſhine ſhadow of a Ruſh;
And ſees a Red-Coat riſe from every Buſh:
The Beggar Sings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with Thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the Vows, the firſt and chief Requeſt
Of each, is to be Richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the Poor Man's Draught control;
He dreads no Poiſon in his homely Bowl.
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems Divine
Enchaſe the Cup, and ſparkle in the VVine.

VVill you not now, the pair of Sages praiſe,
VVho the ſame End purſu'd, by ſeveral VVays?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the VVoful Times:
One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes:
Laughter is eaſie; but the VVonder lies
VVhat ſtores of Brine ſupply'd the VVeepers Eyes.
Democritus, cou'd feed his Spleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho in his Country Town, no Lictors were;
Nor Rods, nor Ax, nor Tribune did appear:
Nor all the Foppiſh Gravity of ſhow
VVhich cunning Magiſtrates on Crowds beſtow:

VVhat had he done, had he beheld, on high
Our *Prætor* ſeated, in Mock Majeſty;

His Chariot rowling o're the Duſty place
While, with dumb Pride, and a ſet formal Face,
He moves, in the dull Ceremonial track,
VVith *Jove*'s Embroyder'd Coat upon his back:
A Sute of Hangings had not more oppreſt
His Shoulders, than that long, Laborious Veſt.
A heavy Gugaw, (call'd a Crown,) that ſpred
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow Head:
And wou'd have cruſh'd it, with the Maſſy Freight,
But that a ſweating Slave ſuſtain'd the weight:
A Slave in the ſame Chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortifie the mighty Madman's Pride.
Add now th' Imperial Eagle, rais'd on high,
VVith Golden Beak (the Mark of Majeſty)
Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,
A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in VVhite:
In their own Natures falſe, and flatt'ring Tribes
But made his Friends, by Places and by Bribes.
In his own Age *Democritus* cou'd find
Sufficient cauſe to laugh at Humane kind

Learn from ſo great a VVit; a Land of Bogs
VVith Ditches fenc'd, a Heav'n Fat with Fogs,
May form a Spirit fit to ſway the State;
And make the Neighb'ring Monarchs fear their Fate.
He laughs at all the Vulgar Cares and Fears;
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
VVhen Fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd,
'Tis plain from hence that what our Vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or Uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some *ask* for Envy'd Pow'r; which publick Hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their Fate:
Down go the Titles; and the Statue Crown'd,
Is by baſe Hands in the next River Drown'd.
The Guiltleſs Horſes, and the Chariot VVheel
The ſame Effects of Vulgar Fury feel:
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
VVhile the Lung'd Bellows hiſſing Fire provoke;

Sejanus [2] almoſt firſt of *Roman* Names,
The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames:
Form'd in the Forge, the Pliant Braſs is laid
On Anvils; and of Head and Limbs are made,
Pans, Cans, and Piſpots, a whole Kitchin Trade.
Adorn your Doors with Laurels; and a *Bull*
Milk white and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a Rope, is drag'd along;
The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng!
Good Lord, they Cry, what Ethiop Lips he has,
How foul a Snout, and what a hanging Face?
By Heav'n I never cou'd endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his Monſtrous Crimes to Light;
What is the Charge, and who the Evidence
(The Saviour of the Nation and the Prince?)
Nothing of this; but our Old *Cæſar* ſent
A Noiſie Letter to his Parliament:
Nay Sirs, if *Cæſar* writ, I ask no more
He's Guilty; and the Queſtion's out of Doors.

How

How goes the Mob, (for that's a Mighty thing.)
When the King's Trump, the Mob are for the King:
They follow Fortune, and the Common Cry
Is ſtill againſt the Rogue Condemn'd to Dye.
But the ſame very Mob; that Raſcal crowd
Had cry'd *Sejanus*, with a Shout as loud;
Had his Deſigns, (by Fortune's favour Bleſt)
Succeeded, and the Prince's Age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the Times have chag'd their (Face,
The People grown Degenerate and baſe:
Not ſuffer'd now the Freedom of their choice,
To make their Magiſtrates, and ſell their Voice.
Our VViſe Fore-Fathers, Great by Sea and Land,
Had once the Pow'r, and abſolute Command
All Offices of Truſt, themſelves diſpos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd, (Depos'd.
But we who give our Native Rights away,
And our Inſlav'd Poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an Alms, and go
On Holidays to ſee a Puppet ſhow.

There was a Damn'd Deſign, crys one, no doubt;
For VVarrants are already Iſſued out:
I met *Brutidius* in a Mortal fright:
He's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
I fear the Rage of our offended Prince,
VVho thinks the Senate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our Loyal Zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the VVretched Corps of *Cæſar*'s Foe:
But let our Slaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their Maſters, and for Gain betray.
Such were the VVhiſpers of thoſe jealous Times,
About *Sejanus* Puniſhment, and Crimes.
Now tell me truly, wou'dſt thou change thy Fate
To be, like him, firſt Miniſter of State?
To have thy Levees Crowded with reſort,
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile Court:
Diſpoſe all Honours, of the Sword and Gown,
Grace with a Nod, and Ruin with a Frown;
To hold thy Prince in Pupill-Age and ſway,
That Monarch, whom the Maſter'd VVorld obey?

VVhile

While he, intent on ſecret Luſts alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the Throne;
Coopt [3] in a narrow Iſle, obſerving Dreams
With flatt'ring Wizards, and erecting Schemes!
I well believe, thou woud'ſt be Great as he;
For ev'ry Man's a Fool to that Degree:
All wiſh the dire Prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they wou'd have the Pow'r, who want the Will:
But wou'dſt thou have thy Wiſhes underſtood,
To take the Bad together with the Good?
Wou'dſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall Renown,
To be the May'r of ſome poor paltry Town,
Bigly to look, and barb'rouſly to ſpeak;
To pound falſe Weights, and ſcanty Meaſures break?
Then, grant we that *Sejanus* went aſtray,
In ev'ry Wiſh, and knew not how to pray:
For he who graſp'd the World's exhauſted Store
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy Tow'r, of monſtrous height,
Which mould'ring, cruſh'd him underneath the weight.

What

What did the mighty *Pompey*'s Fall beget?
And ruin'd [4] him, who Greater than the Great,
The ſtubborn Pride of *Roman* Nobles brōke;
And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke?
What elſe, but his immoderate Luſt of Pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a Luckleſs Hour:
For few Uſurpers to the Shades deſcend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End.

The Boy, who ſcarce has paid his Entrance down
To his proud Pedant, or declin'd a Noun,
(So ſmall an Elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his Satchel muſt be born to School,)
Yet prays and hopes and aims at nothing leſs,
To [5] prove a *Tully*, or *Demoſthenes*:
But both thoſe Orators, ſo much Renown'd,
In their own Depths of Eloquence were drown'd:
The Hand and Head were never loſt, of thoſe
Who dealt in Dogrel, or who punn'd in Proſe:
Fortune [6] *foretun'd the Dying Notes of* Rome:
Till I, thy Conſul ſole, conſol'd thy Doom.

His

His Fate had crept below the lifted Swords,
Had all his Malice been to murther Words.
I rather wou'd be *Mævius*, thraſh for Rhimes
Like his, the Scorn and Scandal of the Times,
Than [7] that Philippique fatally Divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the Second, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the VVonder of the *Grecian* Throng,
VVho drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue,
VVho ſhook the Theaters, and ſway'd the State
Of *Athens*, found a more propitious Fate.
VVhom, born beneath a boding Horoſcope,
His Sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a Shop,
From *Mars* his Forge, ſent to *Minerva*'s Schools,
To learn the unlucky Art of wheedling Fools.
  VVith Itch of Honour, and Opinion, Vain,
All things beyond their Native worth we ſtrain:
The [8] Spoils of VVar, brought to *Feretrian Jove*,
An empty Coat of Armour hung above
The Conquerors Chariot, and in Triumph born,
A Streamer from a boarded Gally torn,

A

A Chap-faln Beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven Helm, an Arch of Victory,
On whoſe high Convex ſits a Captive Foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful Look below;
Of ev'ry Nation, each Illuſtrious Name,
Such Toys as theſe have cheated into Fame:
Exchanging ſolid Quiet, to obtain
The windy Satisfaction of the *Brain*.
So much the Thirſt of *Honour* Fires the Blood;
So many wou'd be Great, ſo few be Good.
For who wou'd Virtue for her ſelf regard,
Or VVed, without the Portion of Reward?
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn Deſtruction on the Multitude:
This Avarice of Praiſe in Times to come,
Thoſe long Inſcriptions, crowded on the Tomb,
Shou'd ſome wild Fig-Tree take her Native bent,
And heave below the gaudy Monument,
VVou'd crack the Marble Titles, and diſperſe
The Characters of all the lying Verſe.

For

For Sepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In times Abyſs, the common Grave of all.
Great *Hannibal* within the Balance lay;
And tell how many Pounds his Aſhes weigh;
Whom *Africk* was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th'Atlantick main,
And wearies fruitful *Nilus*, to convey
His Sun-beat Waters by ſo long a way;
Which *Ethiopia*'s double Clime divides,
And Elephants in other Mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the *Pyrenæans* paſt,
And ſteepy *Alps*, the Mounds that Nature caſt:
And with corroding Juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living Rocks he rent.
Then, like a Torrent, rowling from on high,
He pours his head-long Rage on *Italy*;
In three Victorious Battels over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſie, cries, There's nothing done:
Till, level with the Ground, their Gates are laid;
And Punick Flags, on *Roman* Tow'rs diſplay'd.

Ask

Ask what a Face belong'd to this high Fame;
His Picture ſcarcely wou'd deſerve a Frame:
A Sign-Poſt Dawber wou'd diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd Hero on his Elephant.
Now what's his End, O charming Glory! ſay
VVhat rare Fifth Act to Crown this huffing Play?
In one deciding Battel overcome,
He flies, is baniſht from his Native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign Court, and there
Attends his mean Petition to prefer:
Repuls'd by ſurly Grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.
VVhat wondrous ſort of Death has Heav'n de-
ſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the Herd of Human Kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a Mind!
Nor Swords at hand, nor hiſſing Darts afar,
Are doom'd t'avenge the tedious bloody VVar.
But Poiſon, drawn through a Rings hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking Infant's Fate.

Go,

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious Fool,
To pleaſe the Boys, and be a Theme at School.
One VVorld ſuffic'd not *Alexander's* Mind;
Coopt up, he ſeem'd in Earth and Seas confin'd:
And, ſtrugling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs Limbs about
The narrow Globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet, entred in the [9] Brick-built Town, he try'd
The Tomb, and found the ſtrait Dimenſions wide:
Death only this myſterious Truth unfolds,
"The mighty Soul, how ſmall a Body holds.

Old [10] *Greece* a Tale of *Athos* wou'd make out,
Cut from the Continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with Navies, Chariots paſſing o'er
The Chanel, on a Bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth no ſharp Beholder ſees,
Drunk at an Armies Dinner to the Lees;
VVith a long Legend of Romantick things,
VVhich in his Cups the Bowſie Poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty Brave
Who whipt the Winds, and made the Sea his Slave?

(Tho'

(Tho' *Neptune* took unkindly to be bound;
And *Eurus* never ſuch hard uſage found
In his *Æolian* Priſons under ground;)
What God ſo mean ev'n [11] he who points the way,
So Mercileſs a Tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor Skiff he paſs'd the bloody Main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd Bodies of his Train.
For Fame he pray'd, but let th' Event declare
He had no mighty Penn'worth of his Pray'r.
Jove grant me length of Life, and Years good ſtore
Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more.
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young, conſpire
In this one ſilly, miſchievous Deſire!
Miſtaken Bleſſing which old Age they call,
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſom Hoſpital.
A ropy Chain of Rheums; a Viſage rough,
Deform'd, Unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
A ſtitch-faln Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw;
Such Wrinckles, as a skilful Hand wou'd draw

For

For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a Grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern Face.
In Youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or Feature, juſt alike are found;
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong;
But the ſame Foulneſs does to Age belong,
The ſelf-ſame Palſie, both in Limbs and Tongue.
The Skull and Forehead one bald barren Plain;
And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain:
Beſides th'eternal Drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping Beard, from Noſtrils, Mouth, and
Eyes.
His Wife and Children loath him, and, what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive Carrion curſe!
Flatt'rers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf to be remembred in a Will?
His Taſte, not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,
But to the Reliſh of a Nobler Treat.
The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to riſe,
Inglorious from the Field of Battel flies:

Poor feeble Dotard, how could he advance
With his blue Head-piece, and his broken Lance?
Add, that endeavouring ſtill without effect,
A Luſt more ſordid juſtly we ſuſpect.
Thoſe Senſes loſt, behold a new Defeat,
The Soul, diſlodging from another Seat.
What Muſick, or enchanting Voice, can chear
A Stupid, Old, Impenetrable Ear?
No matter in what Place, or what Degree
Of the full Theater he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and Trumpets cannot reach his Ear:
Under an Actor's Noſe, he's never near.
His Boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The Hour o'th' Day, or ſuch a Lord's at hand:
The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot Fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no Limb about him ſound:
With Sores and Sickneſſes, beleagur'd round
Ask me their Names, I ſooner cou'd relate
How many Drudges on Salt *Hippia* wait;

What

What Crowds of Patients the Town-Doctor kills,
Or how, laſt Fall, he rais'd the Weekly Bills.
What Provinces by *Baſilus* were ſpoil'd,
What Herds of Heirs by Guardians are beguil'd:
How many Bouts a day that Bitch has try'd;
How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride!
What Lands and Lordſhips for their Owners know,
My Quondam Barber, but his Worſhip now.
This Dotard of his broken Back complains,
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulders pain:
Another is of both his Eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for Aiming left.
A Fifth, with trembling Lips expecting ſtands,
As in his Childhood, cramm'd by other hands:
One, who at ſight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young Swallow, when with weary Wings,
Expected Food, her faſting Mother brings.

His loſs of Members is a heavy Curſe,
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worſe !
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite :
Knows not his Friend who ſupp'd with him laſt Night :
Not ev'n the Children, he Begot and Bred ;
Or his Will knows 'em not : For, in their ſtead,
In form of Law, a common Hackney Jade,
Sole Heir, for ſecret Services, is made :
So lewd, and ſuch a batter'd Brothel Whore,
That ſhe defies all Comers, at her Door.
Well, yet ſuppoſe his Senſes are his own,
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son :
Before his face his Wife and Brother burns ;
He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.
Theſe are the Fines he pays for living long ;
And dragging tedious Age, in his own wrong
Griefs always Green, a Houſhold ſtill in Tears,
Sad Pomps : A Threſhold throng'd with daily Biers ;
And Liv'ries of Black for Length of Years.

Next to the Raven's Age, the *Pylian* [12] King
Was longeſt liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
Bleſt, to defraud the Grave ſo long, to mount
His [13] numbred Years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred Seaſons, guzling Muſt of Wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himſelf repine
At Fate's Unequal Laws; and at the Clue
Which, [14] Mercileſs in length, the midmoſt Siſter drew.
When his Brave Son upon the Fun'ral Pyre,
He ſaw extended, and his Beard on Fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his Friend's, what Crime
Had curs'd his Age to this unhappy Time?
Thus mourn'd Old *Peleus* for *Achilles* ſlain,
And thus *Ulyſſes*'s Father did complain.
How fortunate an End had *Priam* made,
Among his Anceſtors a mighty Shade,
While *Troy* yet ſtood: When *Hector* with the Race
Of Royal Baſtards might his Fun'ral Grace:

Amidſt the Tears of *Trojan* Dames inurn'd,
And by his Loyal Daughters truly mourn'd.
Had Heav'n ſo bleſt him, he had dy'd before
The fatal Fleet to *Sparta Paris* bore.
But mark what Age produc'd; he liv'd to ſee
His Town in Flames, his falling Monarchy:
In Fine, the feeble Sire, reduc'd by Fate,
To change his Scepter for a Sword, too late,
His [15] laſt Effort before *Jove's* Altar tries;
A Souldier half, and half a Sacrifice:
Falls like an Ox, that waits the coming Blow;
Old and unprofitable to the Plough.

At [16] leaſt, he dy'd a Man, his Queen ſurviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking Body liv'd.

I haſten to our own; nor will relate
Great [17] *Mithridates*, and Rich [18] *Cræſſus* Fate;
Whom *Solon* wiſely counſell'd to attend,
The Name of Happy, till he knew his End.

That *Marius* was an Exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in Ruin'd *Carthage* begg'd his Bread,

All

All theſe were owing to a Life too long:
For whom had *Rome* beheld ſo Happy, Young!
High in his Chariot and with Lawrel Crown'd,
When he had led the *Cimbrian* Captives round
The *Roman* Streets; deſcending from his State,
In that Bleſt Hour he ſhould have begg'd his Fate:
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his Triumphant Soul in Shouts expir'd.

Campania, [19] Fortune's Malice to prevent,
To *Pompey* an indulgent Favour ſent:
But publick Pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n, to give
Their much-lov'd Leader an unkind Reprieve.
The City's Fate and his, conſpir'd to ſave
The Head, reſerv'd for an *Egyptian* Slave.

Cethegus [20] though a Traytor to the State,
And Tortur'd, 'ſcap'd this Ignominious Fate:
And *Sergius* [21], who a bad Cauſe bravely try'd,
All of a Piece, and undiminiſh'd dy'd.

To *Venus*, the fond Mother makes a Pray'r,
That all her Sons and Daughters may be Fair:

True, for the Boys a mumbling Vow ſhe ſends;
But, for the Girls, the Vaulted Temple rends:
They muſt be finiſh'd Pieces: 'Tis allow'd
Diana's Beauty made *Latona* Proud;
And pleas'd, to ſee the wondring People pray
To the New-riſing Siſter of the Day.
 And yet *Lucretia*'s Fate wou'd barr that Vow:
And Fair [22] *Virginia* wou'd her Fate beſtow
On *Rutila*; and change her Faultleſs Make
For the foul Rumple of her Camel-back.
 But, for his Mother's Boy, the Beau, what frights
His Parents have by Day, what anxious Nights!
Form join'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare:
Chaſte is no Epithet to ſuit with Fair.
Suppoſe the ſame Traditionary [redacted] strain
Of Rigid Manners, in the Houſe remain;
Inveterate Truth, an old plain *Sabine*'s Heart;
Suppoſe that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his Soul a ſober Grace,
And bluſht a Modeſt Blood into his Face;

(For Nature is a better Guardian far,
Than ſaucy Pedants, or dull Tutors are:)
Yet ſtill the Youth muſt ne'er arrive at Man;
(So much Almighty Bribes, and Preſents, can:)
Ev'n with a Parent, where Perſwaſions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of ſuch a Tyrant King
Who gelt a Boy deform'd, to hear him Sing.
Nor *Nero*, In his more luxurious Rage,
E'er made a Miſtreſs of an ugly Page:
Sporus, his Spouſe, nor crooked was, nor lame
VVith mountain Back, and Belly, from the Game
Croſs-barr'd: But both his Sexes well became.
Go, boaſt your *Springal*, by his Beauty curſt
To Ills; nor think I have declar'd the worſt:
His Form procures him Journey-work; a ſtrife
Betwixt Town-Madams, and the Merchant's Wife:
Gueſs, when he undertakes this publick War,
What furious Beaſts offended Cuckolds are.

Adul-

Adult'rers are with Dangers round beſet;
Born under *Mars*, they cannot 'ſcape the Net;
And from Revengeful Husbands oft have try'd
Worſe handling, than ſevereſt Laws provide:
One ſtabs, one ſlaſhes, one, with Cruel Art,
Makes *Colon* ſuffer for the peccant Part.

But your *Endymion*, your ſmooth, Smock-fac'd Boy
Unrivall'd, ſhall a Beauteous Dame enjoy:
Not ſo: One more Salacious, Rich, and Old,
Out-bids, and buys her Pleaſure for her Gold:
Now he muſt Moil, and Drudge, for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in Equipage, and Cloaths:
She pawns her Jewels, and her Rich Attire,
And thinks the VVorkman worthy of his Hire:
In all things elſe immoral, ſtingy, mean;
But, in her Luſts, a Conſcionable Quean.

She may be handſom, yet be Chaſte, you ſay:
Good Obſervator, not ſo faſt away:
Did it not coſt the [23] Modeſt Youth his Life,
VVho ſhunn'd th'Embraces of his Father's VVife?

And

And was not t'other [24] Stripling forc'd to fly,
Who, coldly, did his Patron's Queen deny;
And pleaded Laws of Hoſpitality?
The Ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tail:
With ſhame they redn'd, and with ſpight grew pale.
'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing Dame;
She loſes Pity, who has loſt her Shame.

Now [25] *Silius* wants thy Counſel, give advice;
VVed *Cæſar*'s wife, or die; the Choice is nice.
Her Comet-Eyes ſhe darts on ev'ry Grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his Face.
Adorn'd with Bridal Pomp ſhe ſits in State;
The Publick Notaries and *Auſpex* wait:
The Genial Bed is in the Garden dreſt;
The Portion paid, and ev'ry Rite expreſs'd,
Which in a *Roman* Marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n Wedding, this; rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to Marry, but in Form of Law:
In this moot caſe, your Judgment: To refuſe
Is preſent Death, beſides the Night you loſe.

If

If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious Life you gain:
Till loud Reports through all the Town have paſt,
And reach the Prince: For Cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy Pleaſure, Youth, and take thy ſwing:
For not to take, is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable Death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a Lady's Eyes.

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing Ill?
Receive my Counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wiſdom ſees thee want:
In Goodneſs as in Greatneſs they excel;
Ah that we lov'd our ſelves but half ſo well!
VVe, blindly by our headſtrong Paſſions led,
Are hot for Action, and deſire to wed;

Then

Then wiſh for Heirs: But to the Gods alone
Our future Offspring, and our Wives are known;
Th'audacious Strumpet, and ungracious Son.
  Yet, not to rob the Prieſts of pious Gain,
That Altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the Gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To Health of Body, and content of Mind:
A Soul, that can ſecurely Death defie,
And count it Nature's Priviledge to die;
Serene and Manly, hardned to ſuſtain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain;
Guiltleſs of Hate, and Proof againſt Deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*
To Dalliance, Banquets, and ignoble Eaſe.
  The Path to Peace is Virtue: What I ſhow,
Thy ſelf may freely, on thy ſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never worſhipp'd by the Wiſe;
But, ſet aloft by Fools, Uſurps the Skies.

The End of the Tenth Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Tenth Satyr.

1 MIlo, of *Crotona*; who for a Tryal of his ſtrength, going to rend an Oak, periſh'd in the Attempt: For his Arms were caught in the Trunk of it; and he was devour'd by Wild Beaſts.

2 *Sejanus* was *Tiberius*'s firſt Favourite; and while he continu'd ſo, had the higheſt Marks of Honour beſtow'd on him; Statues and Triumphal Chariots were every where erected to him. But as ſoon as he fell into Diſgrace with the Emperor, theſe were all immediately diſmounted; and the Senate and Common People inſulted over him as meanly, as they had fawn'd on him before.

3 The Iſland of *Capreæ*, which lies about a League out at Sea from the *Campanian* Shore, was the Scene of *Tiberius*'s Pleaſures in the latter part of his Reign. There he liv'd for ſome Years with Diviners, Soothſayers, and worſe Company—And from thence, diſpatch'd all his Orders to the Senate.

4 *Julius Cæſar*, who got the better of *Pompey*, that was ſtil'd *the Great*.

5 *Demoſthenes* and *Tully*, both dyed for their Oratory. *Demoſthenes* gave himſelf Poyſon, to avoid being carried to *Antipater*, one of *Alexander*'s Captains, who had then made himſelf Maſter of *Athens*. *Tully* was Murther'd by *M. Antony*'s Order, in Return, for thoſe Invectives he had made againſt him.

6 The Latin of this Couplet is a Famous Verſe of *Tully*'s, in which he ſets out the Happineſs of his own Conſulſhip; Famous for the Vanity, and the ill Poetry of it. For *Tully* as he had a good deal of the one, ſo he had no great ſhare of the other.

7 The Oration of *Tully*, againſt *M. Antony*, were ſtil'd [illegible] *Philippice*, in imitation of *Demoſthenes*; who had given that Name before to thoſe he made againſt *Philip* of *Macedon*.

8 This is a Mock-Account of a *Roman* Triumph.

9 *Babylon*, where *Alexander* dy'd.

10 *Xerxes*, is repreſented in Hiſtory, after a very Romantick Manner; affecting Fame beyond Meaſure, and doing the moſt Extravagant things, to compaſs it. Mount *Athos* made a Prodigious Promontory in the *Ægean* Sea: He is ſaid to have cut a Channel through it, and to have Sail'd round it. He made a Bridge of Boats over the *Helleſpont*, where it was three Miles broad: And order'd a Whipping for the Winds and Seas, becauſe they had once croſſed his Deſigns, as we have a very ſolemn account of it in *Herodotus*. But, after all theſe vain Boaſts, he was ſhamefully beaten by *Themiſtocles* at *Salamis*; and return'd home, leaving moſt of his Fleet behind him.

11 *Mercury*, who was a God of the loweſt ſize, and employ'd always in Errands between Heaven and Hell. And Mortals us'd him accordingly: For his Statues were anciently plac'd, where Roads met; with Directions on the Fingers of 'em, pointing out the ſeveral ways to Travellers.

12 *Neſtor*, King of *Pylus*; who was 300 Years old, according to *Homer*'s account, at leaſt, as he is underſtood by his Expoſitors.

13 The Antients counted by their Fingers. Their *Left* Hands ſerv'd 'em till they came up to an Hundred. After that, they us'd their *Right*, to expreſs all greater Numbers.

14 The *Fates* were three Siſters, which had all ſome peculiar Buſineſs aſſign'd 'em by the Poets, in Relation to the Lives of Men. The Firſt held the Diſtaff; the Second Spun the Thread; and the Third cut it.

15 Whilſt *Troy* was Sacking by the *Greeks*, Old King *Priam* is ſaid to have Buckled on his Armour, to oppoſe 'em. Which he had no ſooner done, but he was met by *Pyrrhus*, and Slain before the Altar of *Jupiter*, in his own Palace, as we have the Story finely told, in *Virgil*'s 2d *Æneid*.

16 *Hecuba*, his Queen, eſcap'd the Swords of the *Grecians*, and out-liv'd him. It ſeems, ſhe behav'd her ſelf ſo fiercely, and uneaſily to her Husband's Murtherers, while ſhe liv'd, that the the Poets thought fit to turn her into a *Bitch*, when ſhe dy'd.

17 *Mithridates*, after he had diſputed the Empire of the World for 40 Years together, with the *Romans*, was at laſt depriv'd of Life and Empire by *Pompey* the Great.

18 *Crœſus*, in the midſt of his Proſperity, making his Boaſt to *Solon*, how happy he was, receiv'd this Anſwer from the Wiſe Man, That no One could pronounce himſelf Happy, till he ſaw what his End ſhould be. The truth of this *Crœſus* found, when he was put in Chains by *Cyrus*, and Condemned to die.

19 *Pompey*, in the midſt of his Glory, fell into a Dangerous Fit of Sickneſs, at *Naples*. A great many Cities then made Publick Supplications for him. He Recover'd, was beaten at *Pharſalia*, fled to *Ptolomy* King of *Ægypt*; and inſtead of receiving Protection at his Court, had his Head ſtruck off by his Order, to pleaſe *Cæſar*.

20 *Cethegus* was one that conſpir'd with *Catiline*, and was put to Death by the Senate.

21 *Catiline* dy'd Fighting.

22 *Virginia* was kill'd by her own Father, to prevent her being expos'd to the Luſt of *Appius Claudius*, who had Ill Deſigns upon her. The Story at large is in *Livy*'s Third Book; and 'tis a remarkable one, as it gave occaſion to the putting down the Power of the *Decemviri*, of whom *Appius* was one.

23 *Hippolitus* the Son of *Theſeus*, was lov'd by his Mother-in-Law *Phædria*. But he not complying with her, ſhe procur'd his Death.

24 *Bellerophon*, the Son of King *Glaucus*, reſiding ſometime at the Court of *Pætus* King of the *Argives*, the Queen, *Sthenobæa*, fell in Love with him. But he refuſing her, ſhe turn'd the Accuſation upon Him; and he narrowly ſcap'd *Pætus*'s Vengeance.

25 *Meſſalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, Infamous for her Lewdneſs. She ſet her Eyes upon *C. Silius*, a fine Youth; forc'd him to quit his own Wife, and Marry her with all the Formalities of a Wedding, whilſt *Claudius Cæſar* was Sacrificing at *Hoſtia*. Upon his Return, he put both *Silius* and her to Death.

THE

THE ELEVENTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

Argument of the Eleventh Satyr.

THE Deſign of this Satyr is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant Luxury uſed by the Romans, *in their Feaſting. The Poet draws the Occaſion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to Dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat; by beginning the Satyr with a particular Invective against the Vanity and Folly of ſome Perſons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the heighth of Men of great Eſtates and Quality. He ſhews us the miſerable End of ſuch Spendthrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courſes which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes occaſion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the Greateſt Men in former Ages: To which he oppoſes the Riot and Intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible Remiſneſs, in the Care of Heaven over the* Roman *State. He inſtances ſome lewd Practices at their Feaſts, and by the bye, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery the chiefeſt of their Pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all Cares and Diſquiets, for the preſent; and a moderate uſe of Pleaſures, for the future.*

THE

LIBRARY OF



M. Vander Gucht. Sculp: II

THE ELEVENTH SATYR.

IF Noble [1] *Atticus* make plenteous Feaſts,
And with luxurious Food indulge his Gueſts:
His Wealth and Quality, ſupport the Treat;
In him nor is it *Luxury*, but *State*.
But when Poor [2] *Rutilus* ſpends all his VVorth,
In hopes of ſetting one good Dinner forth;
'Tis down-right Madneſs; for what greater *Jeſts*,
Than *Begging Glutt'ns*, or than *Beggars Feaſts*?
But *Rutilus*, is ſo notorious grown,
That he's the common Theme of all the Town.
A Man, in his full Tide of Youthful Blood,
Able for Arms, and for his Country's good;
Urg'd [3] by no Pow'r, reſtrain'd by no Advice,
But following his own inglorious Choice

Mongſt common *Fencers*, Practiſes the Trade,
That End debaſing, for which *Arms* were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er-dying Fame afford,
But his *Diſgrace* is owing to his *Sword.*
Many there are of the ſame 4 wretched Kind,
Whom their deſpairing Creditors, may find
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin.
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap plenty dine.
Such, whoſe ſole Bliſs, is Eating; who can give
But that one Brutal Reaſon why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of theſe
The pooreſt Wretch, is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he, whoſe thin tranſparent Rags, declare
How much, his tatter'd Fortune wants repair,
Wou'd ranſack ev'ry *Element*, for Choice
Of ev'ry Fiſh and Fowl, at any Price;
If brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a Flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater Guſt.

In Riot, thus, while Money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new Pledges gives;
Till forc'd of meer Neceſſity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his Diſh, to buy his Meat.
Nothing of *Silver*, or of Gold he ſpares,
Not what his Mother's Sacred Image bears;
The broken [5] Relick, he with ſpeed devours,
As he wou'd all the reſt of's Anceſtors,
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to ſale,
They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meal*,
Thus certain Ruine treads upon his Heels,
The Stings of Hunger, ſoon, and VVant he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable Scraps, or ſtarve.

Imagine now you ſee a ſplendid Feaſt:
The Queſtion is, at whoſe Expence 'tis dreſt.
In great [6] *Ventidius*, we, the *Bounty* prize;
In *Rutilus*, the *Vanity* deſpiſe.
Strange Ignorance! That the ſame Man, who knows
How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill ſhows,

Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
Between ſmall Incomes and a vaſt Eſtate!
From Heav'n, to Mankind, ſure, that Rule was ſent
Of *Know thy Self*, and by ſome God was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot* here,
Through all the various Courſes, which we ſteer.
Therſites 7, tho' the moſt preſumptuous *Greek*,
Yet durſt not for *Achilles* Armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce 8 *Ulyſſes* had a good pretence,
With all th'advantage of his *Eloquence*.
VVhoe'er attempts weak Cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure, he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of VVords, and force of Sence:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;
A Wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.

If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thy ſelf to Thrift, not *Luxury*;
And wiſely make that kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Neceſſity confines thy Price.

VVell

VVell may they fear ſome miſerable End,
VVhom Gluttony and VVant, at once attend;
VVhoſe large voracious Throats have ſwallow'd *All*.
Both Land Stock, Int'reſt and Principal:
VVell may they fear, at length, vile 9 *Pollio's* Fate,
VVho ſold his very Ring, to purchaſe Meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongſt common Slaves now
Begging an Alms, with undiſtinguiſht hands. (ſtands
Sure ſudden Death to ſuch ſhou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added Year heaps Miſery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach and Infamy.
But there are ſteps, in Villany, which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
VVhich, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall Stock of Credit gone,
Leſt *Rome* ſhou'd grow too warm, from thence they
run:
For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,

Than

Than in the midſt of Summer's ſcorching Heat,
From Crowds, and Noiſe, and Buſineſs to retreat:
One only Grief ſuch Fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the Pleaſures left behind;
The Plays, and looſe Diverſions of the place,
But not one Bluſh appears for the Diſgrace.
Ne'er was of Modeſty ſo great a Dearth,
That out of Count'nance Vertue's fled from Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and ſcorn,
She's with [10] *Aſtræa* gone, ne'er to return.
  This Day, my [11] *Perſicus*, thou ſhalt perceive
VVhether, my ſelf I keep thoſe Rules I give,
Or elſe, an unſuſpected *Glutton* live;
If mod'rate Fare and Abſtinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private *Gormondize*.
Evander's [12] Feaſt reviv'd, to Day thou'lt ſee,
The poor *Evander*, I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides [13] and *Æneas* both to me.
Mean time, I ſend you now your Bill of Fare;
Be not ſurpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:

For

For nothing from the Shambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall Farm, the tend'reſt *Kid*
And Fatteſt of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,
That ne'er had Nouriſhment, but from the Teat;
No bitter Willow-tops, have been its Food,
Scarce Graſs; its Veins have more of Milk than (Blood.
Next that ſhall Mountain *Sparagus* be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly Country-Maid.
The largeſt Eggs, yet warm within the Neſt,
Together with the Hens, which laid 'em, dreſt;
Cluſters of Grapes, preſerv'd for half a Year,
Which, plump and freſh as on the Vines appear;
Apples, of a ripe Flavour, freſh and fair.
Mixt with the *Syrian*, and the *Signian* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter, from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digeſtion now, and fit for uſe.
Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted Riot, in a *Senator*:
When the good 14 *Curius* thought it no Diſgrace,
With his own Hands, a few ſmall Herbs to dreſs;
And

And from his little Garden, cull'd a Feaſt,
Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a Slave, but has to Dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd [15] Paps of a fat pregnant ſow.
  But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous Treat;
On Birth-Days, Feſtivals, or Days of State;
A ſalt, dry Flitch of Bacon to prepare;
If they had freſh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!
Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd,
If [16] ought was left of what they Sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this Kind, wou'd come
The Worthieſt and the Greateſt Men in *Rome*;
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch Treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice [17] *Conſuls* been,
Or the [18] *Dictator*'s Office had diſcharg'd,
And now from Honourable Toil enlarg'd;
Retir'd to Husband and Manure their Land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might command.
Then might y'have ſeen the good old Gen'ral haſte,
Before th' appointed [19] Hour, to ſuch a Feaſt;

His

His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
Proud of the Conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn Field.
Oh then, when pious *Conſuls* bore the Sway!
When couchant Vice all pale and trembling lay!
Our [20] *Cenſors* then were ſubject to the Law,
Ev'n Pow'r it ſelf, of Juſtice ſtood in awe.
It was not then, a *Roman*'s chiefeſt thought,
Where largeſt Tortoiſe-Shells were to be bought,
Where Pearls might of the greateſt Price be had,
And ſhining Jewels to adorn his [21] Bed,
That he at vaſt Expence might loll his Head.
Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The Souldier then, in [22] *Græcian* Arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field:
If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he brought,
With Jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious Trappings, ſtreight the Plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horſe adorn'd;

Or

Or elſe a Helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various Warlike Figures were inlaid:
The *Roman Wolf*, ſuckling the [23] Twins was there;
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,
Hov'ring above his Creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatning Death, to each reſiſting Foe.
No uſe of Silver, but in Arms was known,
Splendid they were in War, and there alone.
No Side-boards then, with gilded Plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating Slaves, with maſſie Diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive Riot was not underſtood,
But Earthen-Platters held their homely Food.
Who wou'd not envy them, that Age of Bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the *Luxury* of This?
Heav'n unwearied then, did Bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove *foretold each dang'rous Hour;*
Mankind were then familiar with the God,
He ſnuff'd their Incenſe with a gracious Nod;
And wou'd have ſtill been bounteous, as of Old,
Had we not left him for that Devil Gold.

His

His Goddeſs [24] *Statues, hence the God have driv'n:*
For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,
'Tis Gold we Worſhip, though we pray to Heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from *Japan.*
Invite my *Lord* to Dine, and let him have
The niceſt Diſh his Appetite can crave;
But let it on an Oaken Board be ſet,
His Lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Ven'ſon*'s rank, or [25] *Ointments* ſtink.
Order ſome other Table to be brought,
Something, at great expence in *India* bought,
Beneath whoſe *Orb*, large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich Pedeſtals of [26] *Ivory:*
He finds no more of that offenſive ſmell,
The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An Iv'ry Table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat.

As

As if new Vigour to his Teeth were ſent,
By *Sympathy* from thoſe o' th' *Elephant.*

But ſuch fine Feeders are no Gueſts for me;
Riot agrees not with Frugality;
Then, that Unfaſhionable Man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve for want of Ivory:
For not one inch does my whole Houſe afford,
Not in my very *Tables*, or *Cheſs-board*;
Of common Bone, the Handles of my Knives
Are made, yet no unpleaſant Taſte it gives
To what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſav'ry Haut-guſt from the Haft.

A hearty VVelcome, to plain wholeſom Meat,
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal ſtate;
No *Sew'rs*, nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by skilful [27] *Trypherus* are taught:
In whoſe Fam'd Schools the various Forms appear
Of Fiſhes, Beaſts, and all the Fowls o'th' Air;
And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn
How to diſſect, and the nice Joints diſcern;

VVhile

VVhile all the Neighb'rhood are with noiſe oppreſt,
From the harſh Carving of his *wooden Feaſt*.
On me attends a raw unskilful Lad,
On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,
At once my *Carver*, and my [28] *Ganymede*;
VVith diligence he'll ſerve us while we Dine,
And in plain Beechen Veſſels fill our VVine.
No Beauteous Boys I keep, from [29] *Phrygia* brought,
No *Catamites*, by ſhameful *Panders* taught:
Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
VVith honeſt Faces, tho' with uncurl'd Hair.
This day thou ſhalt my Rural Pages ſee,
For I have dreſt 'em both to wait on thee.
Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman*'s is, t'other my *Shepherd*'s Son;
A chearful Sweetneſs in his Looks he has,
And Innocence unartful in his Face:

Tho' ſometimes ſadneſs will o'er-caſt the Joy,
And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
His abſence from his Mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his Eyes look Wiſhes to return,
Longing to ſee his tender Kids again,
And feed his Lambs upon the flowry Plain;
A modeſt Bluſh he wears, not form'd by Art,
Free from deceipt his Face, and full as free his Heart.
Such Looks, ſuch Baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The Cheeks of Youths that are more Nobly born,
But Noblemen thoſe humble Graces ſcorn.
This Youth, to day ſhall my ſmall Treat attend,
And only he with wine ſhall ſerve my Friend,
With Wine from his own Country brought, and (made
From the ſame Vines, beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh Feaſt,
With am'rous Songs and [30] wanton Dances grac'd
Where ſprightly Females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and friſk in Air.

Whoſe

Whoſe pliant Limbs, in fifty Poſtures move,
And twine, and bound, as in the Feat of Love.
Such Sights, the languid Nerves to Action ſtir,
And jaded Luſt ſprings forward with this Spur
Vertue [31] would ſhrink, to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives, behold;
A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.
In Nuptial Cinders, this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing, to Deſire.
But ſhe, who by her Sexes Charter, muſt
Have double Pleaſure paid, feels double Luſt;
Apace ſhe warms, with an immod'rate Heat,
Strongly her Boſom heaves, and Pulſes beat;
With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips ſhe lies,
With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
Sucking in Paſſion both at Ears and Eyes.

But this becomes not me, nor my Eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious Follies of the Great.

Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables Dine,
Whoſe Marble Floors, with drunken Spawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious Songs and Dances have,
Which or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt Slave,
The vileſt Proſtitute in all the Stews,
With baſhful Indignation wou'd refuſe.
But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him:
The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
A *Veſtal* raviſh'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable Diverſions in a *Lord.*

But my poor Entertainment is deſign'd
T'afford you Pleaſures of another kind:
Yet with your Taſte your Hearing ſhall be fed,
And *Homer*'s ſacred Lines, and *Virgil*'s read;
Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill Tone they're Sung,
Verſe ſo ſublimely good, no Voice can wrong.

Now

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
Thy Jealouſies and Fears, and while you may
To Peace and ſoft Repoſe, give all the Day.
From thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill
Be free, be all uneaſie Paſſions ſtill.
What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,
(When thou in vain has toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy Bed and Houſe, abroad to roam,
And having gorg'd her Luſt, come reeking home,
Fleck'd in her Face, and with diſorder'd Hair,
Her Garments ruffled, and her Boſom bare;
With Ears ſtill tingling, and her Eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in Luſt, ſtill burning in Deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink and ſeem content,
Swelling with Paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free, from Night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem Fond, and doating on her Charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your Arms.
Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At the entrance of my Threſhold be forgot;

All thy Domeſtick Griefs at home be left,
Thy Wife's Adult'ry, with thy Servants Theft;
And (the moſt racking Thought, which can intrude)
Forget falſe Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at home begin,
While [32] *Megalenſian* Shows, are in the [33] *Circus* ſeen:
There (to the Bane of Horſes) in high State
The [34] *Prætor* ſits, on a Triumphal Seat;
Vainly with Enſigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
As if with Conqueſt from the Wars return'd.
This day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
Without Offence to ſuch a num'rous Crowd,
To ſay all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* ſweat;
Ecchoes already do their Shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the Cry—— *Away, away,*
The [35] *Green have won the Honour of the Day.*

Oh, ſhould theſe Sports be but one Year forborn,
Rome would in Tears her lov'd Diverſion mourn;
For that would now a cauſe of [36] Sorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of [37] *Cannæ's* fatal *Field.*

Such

Such Shows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd:
On Beds of *Roſes* laid, let us repoſe,
While round our Heads refreſhing *Ointment* flows;
Our aged Limbs we'll bask in *Phœbus* Rays,
And live this Day devoted to our Eaſe.
Early to day we'll to the *Bath* repair,
Nor need we now the common [38] Cenſure fear:
On *Feſtivals*, it is allow'd no Crime
To Bathe, and Eat, before the uſual time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent uſe, would the Delight exclude;
Pleaſure's a Toil, when conſtantly purſu'd.

The End of the Eleventh Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Eleventh Satyr.

ATticus. The Name of a very Eminent Perſon in *Rome*: But here it is meant to ſignifie any one of Great Wealth and Quality.

2 *Rutilus*. One who by his own Extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the moſt ſhameful Degree of Poverty. This likewiſe, is here made uſe of, as a Common Name to all Beggarly Gluttons, ſuch whoſe unreaſonable Appetites remain after their Eſtates are Conſumed.

3 *Urg'd by no Power, reſtrain'd by no Advice.*
Sometimes Perſons were compell'd, by the Tyranny of *Nero*, to Practice the Trade of Fencing, and to Fight upon the *Stage*, for his Inhumane Diverſion; otherwiſe, ſeldom any but Common Slaves or Condemn'd Malefactors were ſo employ'd: Which made it the greater Reflection, on any Perſon who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance, for a Livelyhood (like *Rutilus*) apply'd himſelf to that wretched Trade.

Reſtrain'd by no Advice.
Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to ſuch a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a ſhame that he was ſuffer'd to undertake it, and not adviſed, or commanded by the Magiſtracy, to the contrary.

4 *Of the ſame wretched kind*, viz.
Reduced to Poverty by riotous living.

5 *The broken Relick.*
Broken, or defaced; that it might not be diſcover'd to be his Mother's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.

6 *Ventidius.* A Noble *Roman*, who liv'd Hoſpitably.

7 *Therſites.* An Impudent, Deformed, Ill-Tongu'd Fellow (as *Homer* deſcribes him. *Iliad* 2.) who accompany'd the *Grecian* Army to the Siege of *Troy*; where he took a Priviledge often to rail and ſnarl at the Commanders. Some relate, that at laſt *Achilles*, for his ſawcineſs, kill'd him with a blow of his Fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand *Juvenal*, here, as relating a matter of Fact; but *Therſites* is uſed here, to ſignifie any body of the ſame kind: As before, *Atticus* and *Rutilus*. The meaning is, that ſuch as he, ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* in contending for *Achilles* his Armour. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr. *Dryden* in his Tragedy of *Truth found too late.*

8 *Ulyſſes.* The moſt Eloquent of all the *Grecian* Princes. After *Achilles* Death, *Ajax* a fam'd *Grecian* Warriour pretended to his Armour; *Ulyſſes* oppoſed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the Prize. *Ovid. Metam.* 13.

9 *Pollio.* Brought to that paſs, by his Gluttony; that he was forced to ſell his Ring, the Mark of Honour and Diſtinction, worn by *Roman* Knights.

10 *Aſtræa.* The Goddeſs of Juſtice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden-Age.

Ultima Cœleſtum Terras Aſtræa reliquit. Ovid.

11 *Perſius.* *Juvenal*'s Friend, to whom he makes an invitation and Addreſſes this Satyr.

12 *Evander.* A Prince of *Arcadia*, who unluckily killed his Father, forſook his own Country and came into *Italy*; ſettling in that place, where afterwards *Rome* was built. *Virgil*, *Æn.* 8. tells us that he entertain'd both *Hercules* and *Æneas*, when he was in a low Condition.

13 *Alcides.* *Hercules*, ſo called from his Grandfather *Alcæus*.

14 *Curius Dentatus.* A Great Man who had been three times Conſul of *Rome*, and had Triumph'd over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.

15 A Diſh in great eſteem among the *Romans*.

——— *Nil Vulva pulcrius ampla.* Horat.

16 If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Fleſh remain'd to ſpare, it was priz'd as an accidental rarity.

17 *Conſul.* By the Tyranny of *Tarquinius Superbus*, (the laſt *Roman* King) the very Name of King, became hateful to the People. After his Expulſion, they aſſembled, and reſolv'd to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Perſons, who were to be choſen every Year anew, and whom they call'd *Conſuls*.

18 *Dictator.* Was a General choſen upon ſome emergent occaſion; his Office was limited to 6 Months; which time expired, (if occaſion were) they choſe another, or continued the ſame, by a new Election. The *Dictator*, differed in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not ſo hateful to the *Romans*.

19 *Before th' appointed Hour.*

It was accounted greedineſs and ſhameful, to eat before the uſual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our 3 a Clock, Afternoon. But upon Feſtival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excuſable in Old People.

20 *Cenſors.* Were two great Officers, part of whoſe buſineſs was to inſpect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power even to degrade Knights, and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Miſdemeanours: And in former days they were ſo ſtrict, that they ſtood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the *Romans* Eating, was to lie upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoiſe-Shells, Pearls, and Ivory.

22 *Grecian Arts.* The *Romans* copied their Luxury from the *Greeks*; the imitation of whom, was among them as faſhionable, as of the *French* among us. Which occaſions this ſaying, with ſo much Indignation in our Poet, *Sat.* 3.

——— *Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam urbem———

23 *Romulus and Remus.* Twins, and Founders of the *Roman* Empire; whom the Poets feign were Nurſt by a Wolf: The Woman's name being *Lupa.*

24 Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance, was diſpleaſing even to the Gods themſelves.

25 The *Romans* uſed to anoint themſelves with ſweet Oyntments, at their Feaſts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great eſteem among them, and preferr'd to Silver.

27 *Trypherus.* There were in *Rome*, profeſſors of the Art of Carving; who taught publickly in Schools. Of this kind, *Trypherus* was the moſt Famous.

28 *Ganymede.* Cup-bearer.

29 *Phrygia.* Whence Prety Boys were brought to *Rome*, and ſold publickly in the Markets, to vile uſes.

30 An uſual part of the Entertainment, when Great Men Feaſted, to have wanton Women Dance after a laſcivious manner

31 *Virtue wou'd ſhrink, to hear this leudneſs told,*
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold.

Theſe lines in *Juvenal,*

Spectent hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narraſſe aliquem præſentibus ipſis.

in ſome late Editions, are placed nearer the latter end of this Satyr: And in the order of this Tranſlation, wou'd ſo have follow'd, after Line. 349. *viz.*

Such ſhows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active ſports inclin'd.

But I have continued 'em in this place after *Lubin.* Beſides the Example of the Learned *Holyday* for the ſame poſition; agreeing better here, in my mind, with the ſence both before and after. For the *Megalenſian* Games conſiſting chiefly of Races, and ſuch like Exerciſes; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cauſe of ſhame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifeſt Immodeſty, for 'em to lie by their Husbands, and ſee the leud Actions of their own Sex, in the manner deſcrib'd.

32 *Megalenſian Shows.* Games in Honour of *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods. She was call'd μεγάλη μήτηρ, *Magna Mater*, and from thence theſe Games *Megaleſia*, or *Ludi Megalenſes*; they began upon the 4th of *April*, and continued 6 days.

33 *Circus.* The place where thoſe Games were celebrated.

34 *Prætor.* An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to overſee theſe Sports, and ſate in great State, while they were Acting; to the deſtruction of many Horſes, which were ſpoiled in running the Races.

35 The

35 *The Green have won the Honour of the Day.*
In running the Races in the *Circus*, with Horſes in Chariots; there were four diſtinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a kind of Ruſſet-Red, White, and Blue. One of theſe Factions was always favoured by the Court, and at this time probably the Green. Which maks our Poet fancy he hears the ſhouts, for Joy, of their Party. Afterward *Domitian* added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate Fondneſs the *Romans* had for ſuch Shows.

37 *Cannæ.* A ſmall Town, near which *Hannibal* obtain'd a great Victory over the *Romans*: In that Battel were ſlain 40000 Men, and ſo many Gentlemen, that he ſent 3 buſhels full of Rings to *Carthage*, as a Token of his Victory.

38 See the Notes at *Fig.* 19.

THE

THE
TWELFTH SATYR
OF
JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *THOMAS POWER*,

Fellow of *Trinity*-Colledge in *Cambridge*.

Argument of the Twelfth Satyr.

The Poet invites Corvinus *to aſſiſt at the performance of a Sacrifice he had Vow'd to the Gods, and was now thankfully Offering up for the Safety of his Friend* Catullus *the Merchant, who, with the loſs of his Goods, had eſcap'd the double Danger of Fire and Water. He profeſſes the reality of his Friendſhip, and the ſincerity of his Intentions; that what he did in this nature, was without any Deſign upon* Catullus, *or proſpect of Advantage from him, who had three Children to leave his Eſtate to. And here taking the hint, he exerciſes his Satyrical Vein upon the* Hæredipetæ, *or Legacy-Hunters, who made their Court to, and largely preſented, and in their Sickneſs Sacrificed for the Health of Rich Childleſs Men, in hopes to be conſider'd in their Will: Among the reſt, he ſingles out one* Pacuvius, *a Fellow very dexterous at, and notorious for this Practice: And concludes all with a Wiſh for* Pacuvius; *which ſome covetous Perſons would think pleaſant enough, but really is a Curſe.*

THE



M. Vander Gucht Sculp.

12

THE
TWELFTH SATYR.

THis Day's, this joyful Day's Solemnity
Do's with my Birth-days more than equal vie:
Of Graſſie Turves the rural Altars rear'd,
Expect the Firſtlings of the Flock and Herd;
To Royal [1] *Juno*, and the VVarlike *Maid*,
Shall in a Lamb to each my Vows be paid;
A Steer, of the firſt Head in the whole Drove,
Reſerve we ſacred to [2] *Tarpeian Jove*:
Forward he bounds his Rope's extended length,
With puſhing front; proud ſince he tri'd his ſtrength,
And budding Horns againſt an adverſe Oak;
Fit for the Altar, and the Fatal Stroke.
VVere but my Fortunes equal to my Mind,
My bounteous Love more Nobly had deſign'd,

A Bull high fed ſhou'd fall the Sacrifice:
One of [3] *Hiſpulla*'s huge prodigious Size:
Not one of thoſe our Neighb'ring Paſtures feed,
But of [4] *Clitumnus* whiteſt Sacred Breed;
the lively tincture of whoſe guſhing Blood,
Shou'd clearly prove the Richneſs of his Food:
A Neck ſo ſtrong, ſo large, as wou'd demand
The ſpeeding Blow of ſome [5] uncommon hand.
This for my Friend, or more I wou'd perform;
VVho, danger free, ſtill trembles at the Storm,
Preſenting Forms ſo hideous to his ſight,
As ſafety ſcarce allays the wild affright.
First from a Cloud that Heav'n all o'er-caſt,
VVith glance ſo ſwift the ſubtle Lightning paſt,
As ſplit the Sail-Yards; trembling, and half dead
Each thought the Blow was levell'd at his Head:
The flaming Shrouds ſo dreadful did appear,
All judg'd a VVreck cou'd no proportion bear.
So Fancy paints, ſo does the Poet write,
VVhen he wou'd work a Tempeſt to the height.

This

This danger paſt, a ſecond does ſucceed;
Again with pity, and attention heed:
No leſs this ſecond, tho' of diff'rent kind,
Such as, in [6] *Iſis* Temple, you may find
On votive Tablets, to the Life pourtray'd;
Where Painters are employ'd, and earn their Bread.
What Painters in their liveli'ſt Draughts expreſs,
May be a Copy of my Friend's diſtreſs.
For now a Sea into the Hold was got;
Wave upon Wave another Sea had wrought,
And nigh o'er-ſet the Stern on either ſide:
The Hoary Pilot his beſt Skill apply'd;
But uſeleſs all when he deſpairing found,
Catullus then did with the Winds compound.
Juſt as the [7] Beaver, that wiſe thinking Brute,
Who, when hard hunted on a cloſe purſuit,
Bites off his Stones, the cauſe of all the ſtrife,
And pays 'em down a Ranſom for his Life.
Over with all, he cries, with all that's mine;
Without reſerve I freely all reſign.

Rich

Rich Garments, Purple dy'd in Grain, go o'er;
No ſoft [8] *Mecænas* ever choicer wore:
And others of that Fleece, that never dy'd,
Or ſtain'd by Art, is rich in Nature's Pride;
Such as its Tincture from the Soil does bear,
By Noble Springs improv'd, and [9] *Bætick* Air.
Nor ſtopt he ſo, but over went his Plate
Made by [10] *Parthenius*, follow'd by a great
And maſſie Goblet, a two Gallon Draught,
Might ſet a luſty *Centaur* when he quaft,
Or drench the Wife of [11] *Fuſcus*: Add to theſe
Baskets of [12] *Britain*, Rarities of *Greece*,
A ſet of Plate moſt artfully imboſt,
No leſs a Bribe than what [13] *Olynthus* coſt.
Shew me the Man, that other he, wou'd dare
His very Life and Soul to Gold prefer:
Now Money ſerves not Life's moſt Noble Ends,
But ſlaviſh Life imperious Wealth attends.
Thus moſt of the Ship's Freight went over-board,
Yet all this Waſte cou'd ſmall Relief afford;

To fierce the Storm, Neceſſity at laſt
Does loudly call to eaſe her of her Maſt:
Hard is the Caſe, and dang'rous the Diſtreſs,
When what we wou'd preſerve, we muſt make leſs.
Go now, go truſt the Wind's uncertain breath,
Remov'd four Fingers from approaching Death;
Or ſeven at moſt, when thickeſt is the board:
Go with Proviſion, Bisket, Brandy ſtor'd;
But if you reaſonably hope to ſpeed,
You muſt produce your Axe in time of need.
Now when the Sea grew calm, the Winds were laid,
And the pleas'd [16] *Parcæ* ſpun a whiter Thread;
When Fate propitious ſent a gentle Gale;
The ſhatter'd Veſſel, with one wretched Sail,
Beſide what Gowns and Coats her Crew cou'd lend
To help her on her Courſe, did homeward bend:
The South-Wind leſſ'ning ſtill, the Sun appears;
And into lively Hope converts their Fears:
And now, in proſpect ſweet, his chearful Light
The [17] *Alban* Cliffs confeſſes to their ſight;

VVhere *Alba*'s Pile *Julus* founding rear'd,
When to *Lavinium* he that Seat preferr'd;
And call'd it *Alba*, from the white Sow nam'd,
That for her thirty Sucking Pigs was fam'd.
At laſt within the mighty Mole ſhe gets,
Our [18] *Tuſcan Pharos*, that the mid Sea meets
VVith its imbrace, and leaves the Land behind:
A VVork ſo wond'rous Nature ne'er deſign'd.
Through it the joyful Steers-Man clears his way,
And comes to Anchor in its inmoſt Bay;
VVhere ſmalleſt Veſſels ride, and are ſecur'd,
And then [19] Shorn Saylors boaſt what they endur'd.

Go then, my Boys, the ſacred Rites prepare;
VVith awful ſilence and attention hear:
With Bran the Knives, with Flow'rs the *Altars* dreſs;
And in your Diligence your Zeal expreſs.
I'll follow ſtreight, and, having paid my Vows,
Thence home again, where Chaplets wreath the (Brows
Of all my little VVaxen Deities:
And Incenſe ſhall Domeſtick *Jove* appeaſe;

My ſmiling Houſhold-Gods ſhall revel there,
And all the Colours of the Violet wear.
All's right; my Portal ſhines with verdant Bays,
And conſecrated Tapers early blaze.
Suſpect me not, *Corvinus*, of Deſign,
Far be ſuch Guilt from any Thought of mine:
My Altars ſmoak not for ſo baſe an end;
Catullus, tho' a Father, is my Friend,
And his three Children bar a foreign Claim.
VVho on a Friend ſo hopeleſs, ſuch a Name
As Father, wou'd a ſickly Hen beſtow?
Or on ſuch ſlender Grounds a Quail forego?
If [20] *Paccius* or *Gallita* breathe a Vein,
The Temples ſtreight are crowded with a Train
Of fawning Raſcals, utt'ring each his Pray'r;
Nothing's too precious for a Life ſo dear:
A Hecatomb is ſcarce enough to bleed:
And, but an Elephant's no common Breed,
Nor ſeen, nor known in *Italy*, before
They were tranſported from the *Africk* Shore;

Since which, in the *Rutilian* Forreſt rear'd,
They range at large, great *Cæſar's* Royal Herd:
As once they learnt King *Pyrrhus* to obey;
And with ſubmiſſion to our Conſul's ſway,
Or *Tyrian Hannibal's*, part of the War
In Turrets on their Backs they us'd to bear:
Cou'd *Novius* or [21] *Pacuvius* but procure
Theſe Iv'ry [22] Portents, Death ſhou'd ſeal 'em ſure
A Victim for *Gallita*; nothing leſs
The greatneſs of their Friendſhip can expreſs.
Pacuvius, were he not by Law withſtood,
VVou'd manifeſt his own in Human Blood;
The beſt, the lovelieſt Slaves of either Sex,
To ſerve his Complement, ſhou'd yield their Necks.
Nay, to that height the wicked Rogue proceeds,
His [23] *Iphigenia*, his Daughter, bleeds
If need require; tho' he was ſure to find
No dext'rous ſlight to change her for a Hind.
My Fellow-Citizen I muſt commend,
For what's a Fleet to a bequeathing Friend?

For, if he chance to 'ſcape this diſmal Bout,
The former Legatees are blotted out;
Upon *Pacuvius* all muſt be conferr'd;
So great a Merit claims no leſs Reward:
Pacuvius ſtruts it, and triumphant goes
In the dejected Crowd of Rival Foes:
You ſee the Fruit of his projecting Brain,
In off'ring up his Daughter to his Gain.
As great as 24 *Nero*'s Plunder be his Store;
High, Mountain-high, be pil'd the ſhining Ore;
Then may he Life to 25 *Neſtor*'s Age extend,
Nor ever be, nor ever find a Friend.

The End of the Twelfth Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Twelth Satyr.

1 TO *Royal Juno.* The Queen of Gods; ſo call'd by the Poets, as being Wife to *Jupiter*, who was the Supream Deity of the *Greeks* and *Romans.* By the *Warlike Maid*, is meant *Pallas* or *Minerva*, the Goddeſs of Learning and War. They had their peculiar Sacrifices appointed them in the Rituals or Books of Ceremonies of the Ancients: White Bulls were offered to *Jupiter*; white Cows to *Juno* and *Minerva.* The Poet, tho' not able to undergo the Charge of ſo great a Sacrifice, yet willing to ſhew his Devotion, and pay his Vow for his Friend's ſafe arrival, proportionble to his Eſtate, offers to *Juno* an Ewe-Lamb, another to *Minerva*, and to *Jupiter* a young Bullock.

2 *Tarpeian Jove.* On mount *Capitol*, otherwiſe call'd the *Tarpeian* Hill, from the *Veſtal* Virgin *Tarpeia* that betray'd it to the *Sabines*, *Jupiter* had a Temple, whence he was Nam'd *Tarpeian* and *Capitoline.*

3 *Hiſpalla's.* A Fat ſenſual Lady, noted as infamous for keeping a Player. *Sat.* 6.

4 *Clitumnus.* A River that devides *Tuſcany* and *Umbria*, whoſe Water as *Pliny* relates, makes the Cows, that drink of it, calves their young White: Whence the *Romans*, as *Virgil* and *Claudian* obſerve, were plentifully furniſht with Sacrifices for *Jupiter Capitoline.*

5 *Uncommon Hand.* The *Grandis Miniſter* of *Juvenal*, ſome interpret in a ſence referring to the Quality of the Perſon, as if the Chief Pontif, and not one of the *Popa's*, or ordinary Officers, was to give the blow: But as it is unſeemly to make the Chief Pontif deſcend to ſo mean an Office; ſo it is more probable the Poet meant not the Dignity, but the ſize and ſtrength of the Perſon.

6 *Iſis Temple.* The *Ægyptian* Goddeſs, lookt upon by Merchants and Seamen as their Patroneſs; to whom they made their Vows in their extremity. The Cuſtom was for thoſe that eſcap'd to hang upon the Walls of her Temple the Picture of a Wreck or Storm, which was call'd a Votive Table; and her Votaries, it ſeems, were ſo numerous, that ſhe was forc'd to employ a whole Company of Painters in her Service.

7 *Juſt as the Beaver.* A proper Simile, and good Moral alluſion, but the Ground is wholly fabulous; and has experimentally been prov'd ſo by *Seſtius* a Phyſician, as it ſtands related by *Pliny.* Dr. *Brown*, in his Book of Vulgar Errors, ſays, that the Teſticles, properly ſo call'd, are ſeated inwardly upon the Loins; and therefore it were not only a fruitleſs attempt, but an impoſſible Act, to caſtrate it ſelf: And might be an hazardous Practice of Art, if at all attempted by others.

Soft Mecænas. *Auguſtus* his great Favourite; and Patron to *Virgil* and *Horace.* *Juvenal* here taxes him of being over-ſoft and delicate; which *Horace* has done too, tho' covertly, and under another Name.

9 *Bœotick Air.* In *Bœotick Spain* (now *Andaluzia*, and the beſt part of *Granada*) the Sheeps Fleeces are naturally of a colour betwixt Red and Black, reſembling the Purple Dye, which the Ancients imputed to the goodneſs of the Air and the Soil: And they put a great value on it, as we do now on the *Spaniſh* Wooll for its fineneſs.

Parthenius. A great Maſter in the Art of Graving.

11 *The Wife of Fuſcus.* *Fuſcus* was a Judge, mention'd in the laſt Satyr, noted by *Martial* for a Drunkard; as his Wife is here by *Juvenal* in the good Company of *Pholus* the *Centaur.*

12 *Baskets of* Britain. *Baſcauda*, the *Britiſh* word for a Basket, was by the *Romans* made *Latin.* They ſo much fancied the Baskets of our Iſland, that they would claim the Invention to themſelves, *Mart. Lib.* 14.

Barbara de Pictis *veni Baſcauda* Britannis,
Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma *ſuam.*
From Britiſh Picts *the barb'rous Basket came;*
But now Rome *gladly wou'd th' Invention claim.*

13 *Olynthus loſt.* A ſtrong fortify'd City of *Thrace*, not to be taken by a Storm or Siege. *Philip* of *Macedon* made a conſiderable Preſent of Plate to *Laſthenes*, who was intruſted with the Government of it by the *Athenians*; and he, being corrupted with ſo great a Bribe, treacherouſly ſurrender'd it to *Philip.*

16 *Parcæ Spun.* The *Deſtinies*; they were three Siſters, *Clotho*, *Lacheſis*, and *Atropos*, perpetually employ'd in Spinning: If the Thread they Spun was White, it was a ſign of Life and Proſperity; if Black, of Death and Adverſity.

17 *Alban Cliffs.* Near them was built *Alba Longa* by *Aſcanius*, who left his Step-mother *Lavinia*, in the City of *Lavinium*, built by his Father *Æneas*, and called by her Name. *Aſcanius* call'd his own City *Longa*, from the long form of it, and *Alba* from the White Sow with Thirty Pigs ſucking her, that was ſeen by the *Trojans* a little after their Landing; and where the City was built, according to the Command of the Oracle. *Virg.*

18 *Our Tuſcan Pharos.* *Pharos* was a Port in *Ægypt*, famous for its Watch-Tower, wherein were plac'd Lights for the Benefit and Direction of Sailors by Night: *Juvenal* calls the Port of *Oſtia*, where *Tyber* diſburthens it ſelf into the Sea, the *Tuſcan Pharos*: It was deſign'd by *Auguſtus* after the Model of that in *Ægypt*: *Claudius Cæſar*, as *Suetonius* ſays, carried on, and finiſh'd the Mole with vaſt labour and charges; having for eleven years together kept 30000 Men at work upon it. It was afterwards repair'd by *Trajan.*

19. *Shorn Sailors.* It was a Cuſtom among the Ancients, when in Diſtreſs at Sea, to invoke the aid of ſome God or other, with a ſolemn Vow of cutting off their Hair, and offering it to him, as an acknow-

ledgment to whoſe aſſiſtance they ow'd their ſafety, To this St. Paul probably alludes, *Acts* 27. 34. *There ſhall not an Hair of your Head periſh:* As if he had ſaid, They ſhou'd not need to vow their Hair; for without ſuch a Vow, and the performance of it, they ſhou'd all eſcape.

20 *If Paccius or Gallita.* Two rich Men, both of them Childleſs; which made the *Herædipetæ* or Legacy-Hunters preſent them, and ply them with Gift upon Gift, in hopes to be conſider'd in their Will. *Tacitus* makes mention of them both: The firſt he calls *African*; the other *Cruſpilina*.

21 *Novius or Pacuvius.* Two crafty deſigning Knaves, Viſiters of the Sick *Gallita* or *Paccius*.

22 *Iv'ry Portents.* Elephants ſo call'd from their ſtupendious bigneſs and Ivory Teeth.

23 *His Iphigenia.* The Story in ſhort is this: The *Græcian* Fleet lying Wind-bound at *Aulis*, the Oracle was conſulted, and Anſwer return'd, No Wind could be had for their purpoſe, unleſs *Agamemnon*, Commander in Chief in the Expedition, would offer up his Daughter *Iphigenia* to appeaſe *Diana*'s Anger, that was offended with the *Greeks* for killing a Hind Conſecrated to her. *Agamemnon*, for the Publick Good, brings his Daughter to the Altar; but the Goddeſs relenting, convey'd her away to the *Taurick Cherſoneſe*, and ſubſtituted an Hind in her place. The application of this to *Pacuvius* is obvious enough.

24 *As Nero's Plunder.* The prodigious Sums he extorted from the Provinces by unreaſonable Taxes, Confiſcations, &c. are almoſt incredible. He gave no Office without this Charge: *Thou knoweſt what I want, let us make it our buſineſs, that no body may have any thing.*

25 *To Neſtor's Age.* Grown now to a Proverb; who liv'd, as *Homer* ſays, to compleat the third Age of Man. The word *Age* is an equivocal Term, and diverſly taken by many; but if we take it in its full extent, as it comprehends an hundred years, it will ſerve very well *Juvenal*'s purpoſe.

THE

THE
THIRTEENTH SATYR
OF
JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *THOMAS CREECH*,

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Argument of the Thirteenth Satyr.

Corvinus *had truſted one of his old Friends and Acquaintance with a Bag of Money; this Friend denies the Truſt, and forſwears it too:* Corvinus *is very much diſturb'd at this Cheat, ſtorms and rages accuſes Providence, and is ready to conclude that God takes no care of Things below, becauſe ſome ſudden and remarkable Vengeance did not fall upon this perjur'd falſe-Wretch:* Juvenal *hearing of* Corvinus's *Loſs, and unmanly Behaviour, writes this Satyr to him, both to comfort him after his Loſs, and inſtruct him how to bear it; and thence takes occaſion to ſpeak of the Vileneſs and Villany of his Times. He begins with the Condition of the wicked Man; and tells him,* i. *That the Sinner muſt needs hate himſelf; and,* ii. *That he will be hated by all Mankind.* iii. *He puts* Corvinus *in mind that he hath a good Eſtate, and that this Loſs will not break him.* iv. *and* v. *That a great many have ſuffer'd the like Misfortunes; that Cheats were common, his Loſs but little, and therefore not to be reſented with ſo violent a Paſſion. Hence,* vi. *He expatiates on the Vileneſs of the Times; and,* vii. *compares his Age with the Golden One, which he tediouſly deſcribes.* viii. *He continues his Reflections on the general Wickedneſs of the Times.* ix. *Makes ſome Obſervations on the Confidence of Sinners: And,* x. *endeavours to give ſome account of this: He obſerves that ſome are Atheiſts.* xi. *Others believe a God, but fancy the Money they get by their Perjury, will do them more good than the Puniſh-*

Puniſhments he inflicts will do them harm: At leaſt, xii. *that God is Merciful, they may be pardon'd, or 'ſcape in the Crowd of Sinners; ſince ſome are forgiven, and all do not meet with Puniſhments equal to their Deſerts.* xiii. *He corrects his Friend for his Atheiſtical Paſſion, and rude Accuſations of Providence; And*, xiv. *adviſes him to be more cool; and conſider, That*, xv. *ſuch Cheats are common, and he hath ſuffer'd no more than other Men; And*, xvi. *that every day we may meet with greater Crimes which require his Concernment. That*, xvii. *his Paſſion is idle and fruitleſs; becauſe Revenge, which is the only end of Paſſion, will do him no good, it will not retrieve his Loſs; and beſides is an Argument of a baſe Mind, and mean Temper. Then coming cloſer to his Point, he tells him*, xviii. *The Wicked are ſeverely puniſh'd by their own Conſciences;* xix. *Vengeance waits upon them: And*, xx. *deſcribes the miſerable Life, and terrible Death of the wicked Man. And*, xxi. *cloſes all with obſerving, that few Men ſtop at their firſt Sin, but go on till their Crimes provoke Providence: And therefore*, xxii. Corvinus *need not fear but this perjur'd Friend of his would do ſo too, and then he ſhould ſee ſome remarkable Judgment fall upon him.*

THE



M. Vander Gucht Scul.

13

THE

THIRTEENTH SATYR.

I.

HE that commits a *Sin*, ſhall [1] quickly find
The preſſing *Guilt* lie heavy on his Mind;
Tho' Bribes or Favour ſhall aſſert his Cauſe,
Pronounce him *Guiltleſs*, and elude the Laws:
None quits *himſelf*; his own impartial Thought
Will damn, and *Conſcience* will record the Fault.

II.

This firſt the Wicked feels: Then publick Hate
Purſues the *Cheat*, and proves the Villain's Fate.

III.

But more, *Corvinus*, thy Eſtate can bear
A *greater* Loſs, and not implore thy Care;
Thy Stock's ſufficient, and thy Wealth too great
To feel the Damage of a *Petty* Cheat.

IV.

IV.

Nor are ſuch Loſſes to the World unknown,
A rare Example, and thy *Chance* alone;
Moſt feel them, and in Fortune's *Lottery* lies
A heap of *Blanks*, like this, for one ſmall Prize.

V.

Abate thy Paſſion, nor too much complain,
Grief ſhou'd be forc'd, and it becomes a Man
To let it riſe no higher than his Pain:
But you, too weak the ſlighteſt Loſs to bear,
Too delicate the common Fate to ſhare,
Are on the *Fret* of Paſſion, Boil and Rage,
Becauſe, in ſo debauch'd and vile an Age,
Thy Friend and Old *Acquaintance* dares diſown
The Gold you lent him, and *forſwear* the Loan.
What, ſtart at this? When *ſixty* Years have ſpread
Their gray Experience o'er thy hoary Head!
Is this the *All* obſerving Age cou'd gain,
Or haſt Thou known the World ſo long in vain?

Let *Stoicks* Ethicks haughty Rules advance,
To combat Fortune, and to conquer Chance;
Yet *Happy* thoſe, tho' not ſo *Learn'd*, are thought,
Whom *Life* inſtructs, who by *Experience* taught,
For *new* to come from *paſt* Misfortunes look;
Nor ſhake the *Yoak*, which galls the more 'tis ſhook.

VI.

What Day's ſo *Sacred*, but its Reſt's profan'd
By violent Robbers, or by Murders ſtain'd?
Here *hir'd* Aſſaſſins for their Gain invade,
And treacherous *Poys'ners* urge their fatal Trade.

Good Men are ſcarce, the *Juſt* are thinly ſown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they laſt when grown.
And ſhou'd we count them, and our Store compile,
Yet [2] *Thebes* more Gates wou'd ſhew, more Mouths the *Nile*.

Worſe than the *Iron Age*, and wretched Times
Roul on; and *Uſe* hath ſo improv'd our Crimes,
That baffled Nature knows not how to frame
A Metal baſe enough to give the *Age* a Name:

Yet

Yet you exclaim, as loud as thoſe that Praiſe
For Scraps and Coach-hire, a Young Noble's Plays ;
You thunder, and, as Paſſion rouls along,
Call Heaven and Earth to witneſs to your Wrong.
  Gray-headed Infant! and in vain grown Old!
Art Thou to learn that in *Another*'s Gold
Lie Charms reſiſtleſs? That all laugh to find
Unthinking Plainneſs ſo o'er-ſpread thy Mind,
That Thou could'ſt *ſeriouſly* perſwade the Crowd
To keep their Oaths, and to believe a *God*?

VII.

This They cou'd do whilſt *Saturn* fill'd the Throne,
E're *Juno* burniſh'd, or Young *Jove* was grown ;
E're private He left *Ida*'s cloſe retreat,
Or made Rebellion by Example great:
And whilſt his Hoary Sire to *Latium* fled
Uſurp'd his Empire, and defil'd his Bed.
Whilſt Gods din'd ſingly, and few Feaſts above,
No Beauteous *Hebe* mixt the Wine with Love ;

No *Phrygian* Boy: But *Vulcan* ſtain'd the Pole
With ſooty Hands, and fill'd the ſparing Bowl.
E're Gods grew numerous, and the Heavenly Crowd
Preſt wretched *Atlas* with a lighter Load:
E're Chance unenvy'd *Neptune*'s Lot confin'd
To rule the Ocean, and oppoſe the Wind:
E're *Proſerpine* with *Pluto* ſhar'd the Throne,
E're Furies laſh't, or Ghoſt had learn'd to Groan:
But free from Puniſhment as free from Sin
The *Shades* liv'd jolly, and without a King.
Then *Vice* was rare; e'en *Rudeneſs* kept in awe
Felt all the rigour of avenging Law;
And had not *Men* the *Hoary* Heads rever'd,
Or *Boys* paid Reverence when a *Man* appear'd,
Both muſt have dy'd, tho' [3] Richer Skins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of *Acorns* in their ſtore:
Four years Advance did ſuch Reſpect engage,
And Youth was Reverenc'd then like ſacred Age.

VIII.

Now if one *Honeſt* Man I chance to view,
Contemning *Int'reſt*, and to *Virtue* true;
I rank him with the Prodigies of Fame,
With *Plough'd-up* Fiſhes, and with *Icy* Flame;
With Things which ſtart from *Nature's* common Rules,
With *Bearded* Infants, and with *Teeming* Mules:
As much amaz'd at the prodigious Sign,
As if I ſaw 4 *Bees* cluſter'd on a Shrine;
A Showr of Stones, or Rivers chang'd to Blood
Roul wond'rous Waves, or urge a Milky Flood.

IX.

A *little* Sum you Mourn, whilſt *Moſt* have met
With twice the Loſs, and by as *Vile* a Cheat:
By treacherous Friends, and ſecret Truſt betray'd,
Some are undone; Nor are the *Gods* our Aid.
Thoſe *Conſcious Powers* we can with eaſe contemn,
If hid from *Men*, we truſt our Crimes with them.

Obſerve

Obſerve the Wretch who hath his Faith forſook,
How *clear* his Voice, and how *aſſur'd* his Look!
Like Innocence, and as ſerenely bold
As Truth, how loudly He forſwears thy Gold!
By *Neptune*'s Trident, by the Bolts of *Jove*,
And all the Magazine of Wrath above.
Nay, more, in Curſes He goes *boldly* on,
He damns himſelf, and thus *devotes* his Son:
If I'm forſworn, you injur'd Gods renew
Thyeſtes's Feaſt, and prove the Fable true.

X.

Some think that *Chance* rules all, that *Nature* ſteers
The moving Seaſons, and turns round the Years.
Theſe run to ev'ry Shrine, theſe boldly ſwear,
And keep no *Faith*, becauſe they know no *Fear*.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his Doubts decline,
He dreads juſt Vengeance, and he ſtarts at Sin;
He owns a God: And yet the Wretch forſwears;
And thus he Reaſons to relieve his Fears.

Let [6] *Iſis* rage, ſo I ſecurely hold
The Coin forſworn, and keep the raviſh'd Gold;
Let Blindneſs, Lameneſs come; are Legs and Eyes
Of *equal* Value to ſo great a Prize?
Wou'd ſtarving [7] *Ladas*, had he leave to chuſe,
And were not frantick, the *Rich Gout* refuſe?
For can the Glory of the ſwifteſt pace
Procure him Food? Or can he Feaſt on Praiſe?

XII.

The Gods take *Aim* before they ſtrike their Blow,
Tho' *ſure* their Vengeance, yet the Stroak is *ſlow*;
And ſhou'd at *ev'ry* Sin their Thunder fly,
I'm yet ſecure, nor is my Danger nigh:
But they are *Gracious*, but their Hands are free,
And who can tell but they may reach to Me?
Some they forgive, and ev'ry Age relates
That *equal* Crimes have met *unequal* Fâtes;
That Sins *alike*, *unlike* Rewards have found,
And whilſt *This* Villain's Crucify'd, *The other's*
Crown'd.

The

The Man that ſhiver'd on the *brink* of Sin,
Thus ſteel'd and *hard'ned* ventures boldly in ;
Dare him to Swear, he with a chearful Face
Flies to the *Shrine*, and bids Thee mend thy pace ;
He urges, goes before Thee, ſhews the way,
Nay, pulls Thee on, and chides Thy dull delay :
For *Confidence* in Sin, when mixt with *Zeal*,
Seems *Innocence*, and looks to moſt as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggiſh *Slave in----Play,*
He ſpreads the Net, and takes the eaſie Prey.
You rage and ſtorm, and *blaſphemouſly* loud,
As [3] *Stentor* bellowing to the *Grecian* Crowd,
Or *Homer's Mars* with too much warmth exclaim ;
Jove, doſt Thou hear, and is thy Thunder tame?
Wert Thou *all* Braſs, thy Brazen Arm ſhould rage,
And fix the Wretch a Sign to future Age :
Elſe why ſhou'd Mortals to thy Feaſts repair,
Spend *uſeleſs* Incenſe, and more *uſeleſs* Prayer ?

Bathyllus [10] Statue at this rate may prove
Thy equal Rival, or a greater *Jove.*

XIV.

Be cool, my *Friend*, and hear my Muſe diſpence
Some Sovereign Comforts, drawn from Common
Sence;
Not fetcht from *Stoicks* rigid Schools, nor wrought
By *Epicurus* more indulgent Thought;
Who led by Nature, did with eaſe purſue
The Rules of Life; gueſs'd beſt, tho' miſs'd the true:
A deſperate Wound muſt skilful Hands employ,
But thine is curable by [11] *Philip's* Boy.

XV.

Look o'er the preſent and the former time,
If no *Example* of ſo Vile a Crime
Appears, then Mourn; admit no kind Relief,
But beat thy Breaſt, and I *applaud* thy Grief.
Let Sorrow then appear in all her State,
Keep mournful Silence, and ſhut faſt thy Gate.

Let ſolemn Grief on *Money* loſt attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying Friend;
None feigns, none acted Mourning's forc'd to ſhow,
Or ſqueeze his Eyes to make that Torrent flow;
For *Money* loſt demands a heartier due;
Then Tears are real, and the Grief is true.
But if at each Aſſize, and Term, we try
A thouſand Raſcals of as deep a Dye;
If Men *forſwear* the Deeds and Bonds they draw,
Tho' Sign'd with all Formality of Law,
And tho' the Writing and the *Seal* proclaim
The *barefac'd* Perjury, and fix the Shame;
Go, Fortune's *Darling*, nor expect to bear
The common Lot, but to avoid thy ſhare!
Heav'n's *Favourite* Thou, for better Fates deſign'd,
Than we the *Dregs* and *Rubbiſh* of Mankind!

XVI.

This petty Sinner ſcarce deſerves thy Rage,
Compar'd with the great *Villains* of the Age.

Here hir'd Aſſaſſins kill, there *Sulphur* thrown,
By treacherous Hands, deſtroys the frighted Town:
Bold *Sacriledge*, invading Things Divine,
Breaks through a *Temple*, or deſtroys a Shrine,
The Reverend Goblets, and the ancient Plate,
Thoſe grateful Preſents of a Conqu'ring State,
Or pious King; or if the Shrine be poor,
The Image ſpoils: Nor is the *God* ſecure.
One ſeizes *Neptune*'s Beard, one *Caſtor*'s Crown,
Or *Jove* himſelf, and melts the *Thunderer* down.
Here Poys'ners murder, there the impious Son,
With whom a guiltleſs [12] Ape is doom'd to drown,
Prevents old Age, and with a *haſty* blow
Cuts down his *Sire*, and quickens Fates too ſlow.
Yet what are theſe to thoſe vaſt heaps of Crimes,
Which make the greateſt *Buſineſs* of our Times,
Which *Terms* prolong, and which from Morn to Night
Amaze the *Juries*, and the *Judges* fright?
Attend the *Court*, and thou ſhalt briefly find
In that one place the Manners of Mankind;

Hear.

Hear the Indictments, then return again,
Call thyſelf Wretch, and if thou dar'ſt, complain.
Whom midſt the *Alps* do hanging throats ſurprize?
Who ſtares in *Germany* at watchet Eyes?
Or who in *Meroe*, when the Breaſt reclin'd,
Hangs o'er the Shoulder to the Child behind,
And bigger than the Boy? For Wonder's loſt
When Things grow common, and are found in moſt.
When *Cranes* invade, his little Sword and Shield
The *Pigmy* takes, and ſtreight attends the Field;
The Fight's ſoon o'er; the *Cranes* deſcend, and bear
The ſprawling Warriors through the liquid Air:
Now hear, ſhou'd ſuch a Fight appear to view,
All Men wou'd ſplit, the Sight wou'd pleaſe whilſt new:
There none's concern'd, where every day they fight,
And not one Warriour is *a Foot* in height.

XVII.

But ſhall the *Villain* 'ſcape? Shall Perjury
Grow Rich and Safe, and ſhall the Cheat be free?

Hadſt

Hadſt thou full power (*Rage* asks no more) to *kill*,
Or meaſure out his Torments by thy Will;
Yet what couldſt thou, *Tormentor*, hope to gain?
Thy Loſs continues, unrepaid by Pain,
Inglorious Comfort thou ſhalt poorly meet,
From his mean Blood. *But, oh! Revenge is ſweet!*
Thus think the *Crowd*, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage;
Who ne'er *conſider*, but, without a pauſe,
Make up in Paſſion what they want in Cauſe.
Not ſo mild [13] *Thales*, nor *Chryſippus* thought,
Nor that *Good Man*, who drank the *pois'nous Draught*
With Mind ſerene; and cou'd not wiſh to ſee
His *Vile* Accuſer drink as deep as He:
Exalted *Socrates!* Divinely brave!
Injur'd He fell, and dying He forgave,
Too Noble for *Revenge*; which ſtill we find
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind;
Degenerous Paſſion, and for *Man* too baſe,
It ſeats its Empire in the *Female* Race,

There

There rages; and, to make its Blow ſecure,
Puts Flattery on, until the Aim be ſure.

XVIII.

But why muſt thoſe be thought to *'ſcape*, that feel
Thoſe Rods of Scorpions, and thoſe Whips of Steel
Which *Conſcience* ſhakes, when ſhe with Rage con-
trouls,
And ſpreads amazing Terrors through their Souls?
Not ſharp Revenge, not *Hell* it ſelf can find
A fiercer Torment than a *Guilty* Mind,
Which Day and Night doth dreadfully accuſe,
Condemns the Wretch, and ſtill the *Charge* renews.

XIX.

A truſted *Spartan* was inclin'd to Cheat,
(The Coin lookt lovely, and the Bag was great,
Secret the Truſt) and with an *Oath* defend
The Prize, and baffle his deluded Friend:
But weak in Sin, and of the *Gods* afraid,
And not well vers'd in the forſwearing Trade,

He

He goes to *Delphos*, humbly begs Advice;
And thus the Prieſteſs by Command replies:
Expect ſure Vengeance by the *Gods* decreed,
To puniſh Thoughts, not yet improv'd to Deed.
At this he ſtarted, and forbore to ſwear,
Not out of *Conſcience* of the Sin, but Fear.
Yet Plagues enſu'd, and the contagious Sin
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ruin'd all his Kin.
Thus ſuffer'd He for the imperfect Will
To ſin, and bare Deſign of doing Ill:
For he that but conceives a Crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an *Actual* Fault:
Then what muſt he expect that ſtill proceeds
To *finiſh* Sin, and work up Thoughts to Deeds?

XX.

Perpetual *Anguiſh* fills his anxious Breaſt,
Not ſtopt by Buſineſs, nor compos'd by Reſt:
No Muſick chears him, and no Feaſts can pleaſe,
He ſits like diſcontented [14] *Damocles*,

When-

When by the ſportive Tyrant wiſely ſhown
The dangerous Pleaſures of a *flatter'd* Throne.
  Sleep flies the Wretch, or when his *Care*'s oppreſt,
And his toſs'd Limbs are weary'd into reſt;
Then Dreams invade, the injur'd *Gods* appear,
All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear.
VVhat frights him moſt, in a Gigantick ſize,
Thy *ſacred Image* flaſhes in his Eyes;
Theſe ſhake his Soul, and as they boldly preſs,
Bring out his Crimes, and force him to confeſs.
This VVretch will ſtart at *ev'ry* flaſh that flies,
Grow pale at the firſt murmur of the Skies,
E're Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars, afraid;
And [15] *Epicurus* can afford no Aid,
His Notions fail: And the deſtructive Flame
Commiſſion'd falls, not thrown by *Chance*, but *Aim*;
One *Clap* is paſt, and now the Skies are clear,
A ſhort reprieve, but to encreaſe his Fear:
VVhilſt Arms *Divine*, revenging Crimes below,
Are gathering up to give the greater Blow.

But

But if a Fever fires his *ſulphurous* Blood,
In ev'ry Fit, he feels the Hand of God,
And *Heaven-born* Flame: Then, drown'd in deep Deſpair,
He dares not offer one *repenting* Prayer;
Nor vow one Victim to preſerve his Breath,
Amaz'd he lies, and ſadly looks for Death;
For how can Hope with deſperate Guilt agree?
And the worſt Beaſt is worthier Life than he.

XXI.

He that *once* Sins, like him that ſlides on Ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery ways of Vice;
Tho' *Conſcience* checks him, yet, thoſe Rubs gone o'er,
He ſlides on ſmoothly, and looks *back no more*;
What Sinners finiſh where they firſt begin?
And with one Crime content their *Luſt* to Sin?
Nature, that rude, and in her *firſt* Eſſay,
Stood boggling at the roughneſs of the way,

Us'd

Us'd to thy Road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the *Path* when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this *ſucceſsful* Bait,
Thy *Perjur'd* Friend will quickly tempt his Fate;
He will go on, until his Crimes provoke
The Arm *Divine* to ſtrike the fatal Stroke;
When thou ſhalt ſee him plung'd, when leaſt he fears,
At *once* accounting for his deep Arrears;
Sent to thoſe *Iſles*, which throng'd we ſee
With mighty *Exiles*, once ſecure as He;
Drawn to the Gallows, or condemn'd to Chains:
Then thou ſhalt *triumph* in the Villain's pains,
Enjoy his Groans; and with a grateful Mind
Confeſs, that *Heav'n* is neither Deaf nor Blind.

The End of the Thirteenth Satyr.

EXPLA-

Explanatory Notes on the Thirteenth Satyr.

1 SOme read, *Extemplo quodcunque malum*, &c.

2 *Thebes* had but ſeven Gates, and the River *Nile* but ſeven Mouths.

3 That is, were of better Quality, and had more Wealth. Skins and Acorns being the primitive Cloaths and Food, according to the Poets.

4 If a ſwarm of Bees pitch'd upon a Temple, it was look'd upon as an Omen of ſome very great Miſchief.

5 *Thyeſtes* was treated with a Haſh made of his own Son.

6 *Iſis*. An *Ægyptian* Goddeſs, ſuppos'd to be much concern'd in inflicting Diſeaſes and Maladies on Mankind.

7 *Ladas*. An excellent Foot-man, who wan the Prize in the *Olympian* Games.

8 *Stentor*. A famous Crier in the *Grecian* Army, whoſe ſingle Voice was as loud as that of fifty Men together.

9 *Homer* ſays, that *Mars* being wounded by *Diomedes*, made as great an out-cry, as Ten Thouſand Men ſhouting to the Battel.

10 *Bathyllus*. A Fidler and a Player: But put here for any idle Scoundrel, or inſignificant Fellow.

11 A Surgeon of no great Credit and Reputation.

12 The Villain that kill'd his Father, was to be put into a Bag with a Dog, a Cock, a Serpent, and an Ape; and thrown into the Sea.

13 Philoſophers of great Credit and Worth.

14 *Damocles* having very much extoll'd the Happineſs of Kings, in the preſence of *Dionyſius* King of *Syracuſe*; *Dionyſius* invited him to Dinner, plac'd him in a rich Throne, and gave him a very ſplendid Entertainment; but juſt over his Head hung a Sword by a Hair, with the point downward.

15 A Philoſopher, who thought all Things were by Chance.

THE

THE

FOURTEENTH SATYR

OF

JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *JOHN DRYDEN*, Jun.

Argument of the Fourteenth Satyr.

Since Domeſtick Examples eaſily corrupt Youth, the Poet prudently exhorts all Parents, that they themſelves ſhould abſtain from evil Practices: Amongſt which, he chiefly points at Dice and Gaming, Taverns, Drunkenneſs, and Cruelty, which they exercis'd upon their Slaves: Leſt after their pernicious Example, their Sons ſhould copy them in their Vices, and become Gameſters, Drunkards, and Tyrants, Leſtrigons, and Cannibals to their Servants. For, if the Father, ſays Juvenal, *love the Box and Dice, the Boy will be given to an itching Elbow: Neither is it to be expected, that the Daughter of* Larga *the Adultreſs, ſhou'd be more continent than her Mother: Since we are all by Nature more apt to receive ill Impreſſions than good; and are beſides more pliant in our Infancy and Youth, than when we grow up to riper Years. Thus we are more apt to imitate a* Catiline, *than a* Brutus, *or the Uncle of* Brutus, Cato Uticenſis. *For theſe Reaſons he is inſtant with all Parents, that they permit not their Children, to hear laſcivious Words, and that they baniſh Pimps, Whores, and Paraſites from their Houſes. If they are careful, ſays the Poet, when they make any Invitation to their Friends, that all things ſhall be clean, and ſet in order; much more is it their Duty to their Children, that nothing appear corrupt or undecent in their Family. Storks and Vultures, becauſe they are fed by the Old Ones, with Snakes and Carrion, naturally, and without Inſtruction, feed on the ſame uncleanly Diet. But*

the Generous Eaglet, who is taught by her Parent to fly at Hares, and ſowſe on Kids, diſdains afterwards to purſue a more ignoble Game. Thus the Son of Centronius *was prone to the Vice of raiſing Stately Structures, beyond his Fortune; Becauſe his Father had ruin'd himſelf by Building. He whoſe Father is a* Jew, *is naturally prone to Superſtition, and the Obſervation of his Country-Laws. From hence the Poet deſcends to a Satyr againſt Avarice, which he eſteems to be of worſe Example than any of the former. The remaining part of the Poem is wholly employ'd on this Subject, to ſhew the Miſery of this Vice. He concludes with limiting our Deſire of Riches to a certain Meaſure; which he confines within the compaſs of what Hunger, and Thirſt, and Cold, require for our Preſervation and Subſiſtance: With which Neceſſaries if we are not contented, then the Treaſures of* Crœſus, *of the* Perſian *King, or of the Eunuch* Narciſſus, *who commanded both the Will and the Fortunes of* Claudius *the Emperour, wou'd not be ſufficient to ſatisfie the greedineſs of our Deſires.*



14.

M. Vander Gucht Scul

THE

FOURTEENTH SATYR.

To his Friend Fuſcinus.

F*Uſcinus*, thoſe Ill Deeds that ſully Fame,
And lay ſuch Blots upon an honeſt Name,
In Blood once tainted, like a Current run
From the lewd Father, to the lewder Son.
If Gaming does an Aged Sire ent[illegible]e,
Then my Young Maſter ſwiftly lear[illegible] Vice,
And ſhakes, in Hanging-Sleeves, the little Box and Dice.
Thus the Voluptuous Youth bred up to dreſs
For his Fat Grandſire, ſome Delicious Meſs;
In Feeding high, his Tutor will ſurpaſs,
As Heir Apparent of the *Gourmand* Race.
And, ſhou'd a thouſand grave Philoſophers
Be always hollowing Virtue in his Ears,

They wou'd at laſt their loſs of Time lament,
And give him o'er for Glutton in Deſcent.
Can Cruel [1] *Rutilus*, who loves the Noiſe
Of Whips far better than a *Syren*'s Voice,
Can [2] *Polyphemus*, or [3] *Antiphates*,
Who gorge themſelves with Man, can ſuch as theſe
Set up to teach Humanity, and give
By their Example, Rules for Us to live?
Can they preach up Equality of Birth,
And tell Us how we all began from Earth?
Th' Inhuman [4] Lord, who with a cruel Guſt
Can a Red Fork in his Slave's Forehead thruſt,
Becauſe th' unlucky Criminal was caught
With little Theft of two coarſe [5] Towels fraught?
Can He a Son to ſoft Remorſe incite,
Whom [6] Gaols, and Blood, and Butchery delight?
Who wou'd expect the Daughter ſhou'd be other
Than Common Punk, if [7] *Larga* be the Mother?
Whoſe Lovers Names in order to run o'er,
The Girl took Breath full thirty times, and more:

She

She, when but yet a tender Minx, began
To hold the Door, but now ſets up for Man;
And to her Gallants, in her own Hand-writing
Sends Billets-doux of the Old Bawd's Inditing.
So Nature prompts; ſo ſoon we go aſtray,
When Old Experience puts us in the Way:
Our Green Youth Copies what Grey Sinners act;
VVhen venerable Age commends the Fact.
Some Sons, indeed, ſome very few, we ſee
Who keep themſelves from this Infection free,
VVhom *Gracious* Heaven for Nobler Ends deſign'd,
Their Looks erected, and their Clay refin'd.
The reſt are all by bad Example led,
And in their Father's ſlimy Track they tread.
Is't not enough we ſhould our ſelves undo,
But that our Children we muſt ruin too?
Children, like tender Oſiers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow.
By Nature, headlong to all Ills we run,
And Virtue, like ſome dreadful Monſter, ſhun.

Survey the World, and where one [8] *Cato* ſhines,
Count a degenerate Herd of [9] *Catilines.*
 Suffer no Lewdneſs, or undecent Speech,
Th' Apartment of the tender Youth to reach;
Far be from thence the Glutton [10] *Paraſite*,
Singing his Drunken Katches all the Night:
But farther ſtill be Woman; VVoman firſt
Was Evil's cauſe, her ſelf of Ills the worſt.
Boys ev'n from Parents may this Rev'rence claim;
For when thou doſt at ſome vile Action aim,
Say, ſhou'd the harmleſs Child with-hold thy hand,
Wou'd it not put thy Fury to a ſtand?
Then may we not conclude the Sire unjuſt,
Who (when his Son o'ercome with Drink and Luſt
Is by the [11] Cenſor of Good Manners caught,
And ſuffers Publick Penance for his Fault)
Rails, and Reviles, and turns him out of door,
For what ſo oft himſelf has done before:
A Son ſo copy'd from his Vice, ſo much
The very ſame in ev'ry little touch;

That

That ſhou'd he not reſemble too his Life,
The Fath[illegible]ly might ſuſpect his VVife.
This very Rev'rend Leacher, quite worn out
VVith Rheumatiſms, and crippled with his Gout,
Forgets what he in youthful Times has done,
And ſwinges his own Vices in his Son.
To entertain a Gueſt, with what a care
VVou'd he his Houſhold Ornaments prepare!
Haraſs his Servants, and O'erſeer ſtand,
To keep 'em VVorking with a threatning VVand:
Clean all my Plate, he cries, let not one ſtain
Sully the Figur'd Silver, or the Plain;
Rub all the Floors, make all the Pillars bright,
No hanging Cobwebs leave to ſhock the Sight.
O wretched Man! is all this Hurry made
On this account, becauſe thou art afraid
A dirty Hall or Entry ſhou'd offend
The curious Eyes of thy invited Friend?
Reform thy Family; one Son at home
Concerns thee more than many Gueſts to come.

If to ſome [12] Uſeful Art he be not bred,
He grows meer Lumber, and is worſe [illegible] dead.
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by ſecond Nature prone.
The callow Storks with Lizard and with Snake
Are fed, and ſoon as e'er to Wing they take,
At ſight thoſe Animals for Food purſue,
The firſt delicious Bit they ever knew.
Ev'n ſo 'tis Nature in the Vulture's breed,
On Dogs and Human Carcaſes to feed.
Jove's [13] Bird will ſowſe upon the tim'rous Hare,
And tender Kids with his ſharp Tallons tear;
Becauſe ſuch Food was laid before him firſt,
When from his Shell the lab'ring Eaglet burſt.
Centronius [14] does high coſtly *Villa*'s raiſe
With *Grecian* Marble, which the ſight amaze:
Some ſtand upon *Cajeta*'s winding ſhoar,
At *Tybur*'s Tow'r, and at *Præneſte* more.
The Dome of *Hercules* and Fortune ſhow,
To his tall Fabricks, like ſmall Cots below:

So much His Palaces o'er-look 'em all,
As gelt [12] *Poſides* does our Capitol.
His Son builds on, and never is content,
Till the laſt Farthing is in Structure ſpent.

The *Jews*, like their bigotted Sires before,
By gazing on the Clouds their [13] God adore:
So Superſtitious, that they'll ſooner Dine
Upon the Fleſh of Men than that of Swine.
Our *Roman* Cuſtoms they contemn and jeer,
But learn and keep their Country-Rites with fear.
That Worſhip only they in Rev'rence have,
Which in dark Volumes their Great *Moſes* gave.
Ask 'em the Road, and they ſhall point you wrong.
Becauſe you do not to their Tribe belong.
They'll not betray a Spring to quench your Thirſt,
Unleſs you ſhew 'em Circumciſion firſt.
So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their Fathers, who obſerve the Sabbath-Day.

Young Men to imitate all Ills are prone,
But are compell'd to Avarice alone:

For

For then in Virtue's ſhape they follow Vice;
Becauſe a true Diſtinction is ſo nice,
That the baſe Wretch who hoards up all he can,
Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty Man:
The Fabled [17] Dragon never guarded more
The Golden Fleece, than he his ill-got *Store*:
What a profound Reſpect where-e'er he goes
The Multitude to ſuch a Monſter ſhows?
Each Father cries, " My Son, Example take,
" And led by this Wiſe Youth, thy Fortunes make,
" Who Day and Night *ne'er ceas'd to toil and*
" ſweat,
" Drudg'd like a Smith, and on the Anvil beat,
" Till he had hammer'd out a vaſt Eſtate.
" Side with that Sect, who learnedly deny,
" That e'er Content was join'd *with Poverty*;
" VVho meaſure Happineſs by VVealth encreas'd,
" And think the Money'd Man alone is Bleſt.
Parents the little Arts of Saving teach,
E'er Sons the Top of Avar'ce can reach;

VVhen-

VVhen with falſe Weights their Servants Guts they
cheat;
And pinch their own to cover the Deceit:
Keep a ſtale Cruſt till it looks Blue, and think
Their Fleſh ne'er fit for Eating till it ſtink;
The *leaſt* Remains of which they mince, and dreſs
It o'er again to make another Meſs:
Adding a Leek, whoſe ev'ry String is told,
For fear ſome pilf'ring Hand ſhou'd make too bold:
And with a Mark diſtinct, ſeal up a Diſh
Of thrice-boil'd Beans, and putrid Summer-Fiſh:
A Beggar on the [18] Bridge wou'd loath ſuch Food,
And ſend it to be waſh'd in *Tyber*'s Flood.
But, to what end theſe ways of ſordid Gain?
It ſhews a manifeſt unſetled Brain,
Living, to ſuffer a low ſtarving Fate,
In hopes of dying in a wealthy State.
For, as thy ſtrutting Bags with Money riſe,
The Love of Gain is of an equal ſize:

Kind

Kind Fortune does the Poor Man better bleſs,
VVho though he has it not, deſires it leſs:
One *Villa* therefore is too little thought,
A larger Farm at a vaſt Price is bought:
Uneaſie ſtill within theſe narrow bounds,
Thy next Deſign is on thy Neighbour's Grounds:
His Crop invites, to full Perfection grown,
Thy own ſeems thin, becauſe it is thy own:
The Purchaſe therefore is demanded ſtreight,
And if he will not ſell, or makes thee wait,
A Teem of Oxen in the Night are ſent,
(Starv'd for the purpoſe, and with Labour ſpent)
To take Free Quarter, which in one half Hour
The Pains and Product of a Year devour:
Then, ſome are baſely Brib'd, to vow it looks
Moſt plainly done by Thieves with Reaping-hooks;
Such mean Revenge, committed underhand,
Has ruin'd many an Acre of good Land.
What if Men talk, and Whiſpers go about,
Pointing the Malice and its Author out?

He

He values not what they can ſay, or do;
For, who will dare a Money'd Man to ſue?
Thus he wou'd rather curs'd, and envy'd be,
Than lov'd and prais'd in honeſt Poverty.
But to poſſeſs a long and happy Life,
Freed from Diſeaſes, and ſecure from Strife.
Give me, ye Gods, the Product of one [19] Field,
As large as that which the firſt *Romans* Till'd;
That ſo I neither may be Rich nor Poor,
And having juſt enough, not covet more.
'Twas then, Old Souldiers cover'd o'er with Scars,
(The Marks of [20] *Pyrrhus*, or the [21] *Punick* Wars,)
Thought all paſt Services rewarded well,
If to their ſhare at laſt two Acres fell:
(Their Countries frugal Bounty;) ſo of old
Was Blood, and Life, at a low-Market ſold.
Yet, then, this little Spot of Earth well Till'd,
A num'rous Family with Plenty fill'd;
The good old Man and thrifty Houſwife ſpent
Their Days in Peace, and fatten'd with Content.
Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd the Dregs of Life, and liv'd to ſee
A long-deſcending Healthful Progeny;
The Men were faſhion'd in a larger Mold;
The Women fit for Labour, Big and Bold.
Gygantick Hinds, as ſoon as Work was done,
To their huge Pots of boiling Pulſe wou'd run:
Fell too, with eager Joy, on homely Food;
And their large Veins beat ſtrong with wholeſom
Blood.
Of old, two Acres were a bounteous Lot,
Now, ſcarce they ſerve to make a *Garden-Plott.*
From hence the greateſt part of Ills deſcend,
When Luſt of getting more will have no end:
That, ſtill our weaker Paſſions does Command,
And puts the Sword and Poiſon in our hand.
VVho covets Riches, cannot brook delay,
But ſpurs and bears down all that ſtops his way:
Nor Law, nor checks of Conſcience will he hear,
When in hot ſcent of Gain, and full Career.

But

But hark, how ancient [22] *Marſus* did adviſe;
My Son, let theſe ſmall Cots and Hills ſuffice:
Let us the Harveſt of our Labour eat;
'Tis Labour makes the coarſeſt Diet ſweet:
Thus much to the kind Rural Gods we owe,
Who pity'd ſuff'ring Mortals long-ago;
When on harſh [23] Acorns hungrily they fed,
And gave 'em nicer Palats, better Bread.
The Country Peaſant meditates no harm,
When clad with Skins of Beaſts to keep him warm:
In Winter-Weather, unconcern'd, he goes
Almoſt Knee-deep through Mire, in clumſey Shoes:
Vice dwells in Palaces, is richly dreſt,
There glows in Scarlet, and the *Tyrian* Veſt.
The wiſer Ancients theſe Inſtructions gave:
But now a Covetous old Crafty Knave,
At dead of Night ſhall rowze his Son, and cry,
Turn out, you Rogue, how like a Beaſt you lie!
Go, buckle to the Law; is this an Hour
To ſtretch your Limbs? You'll ne'er be Chancellor:

Or elſe your ſelf to *Lælius* recommend,
To ſuch broad Shoulders [24] *Lælius* is a Friend:
Fight under him, there's Plunder to be had;
A Captain is a very gainful Trade:
And when in Service your beſt Days are ſpent,
In time you may Command a Regiment.
But if the Trumpet's Clangour you abhor,
And dare not be an Alderman of War;
Take to a Shop, behind a Counter lie,
Cheat half in half; none thrive by Honeſty:
Never reflect upon the ſordid Ware
Which you expoſe; be Gain your only Care.
He that grows Rich by ſcowring of a Sink,
Gets wherewithal to juſtifie the Stink.
This Sentence, worthy *Jove* himſelf, Record
As true, and take it on a Poet's Word:
"T'have Money, is a neceſſary Task,
"From whence 'tis got the World will never ask.
Taught by their Nurſes, little Children get
This Saying, ſooner than their Alphabet.

What

What care a Father takes to teach his Son,
With ill-tim'd Induſtry, to be undone!
Leave him to Nature, and you'll quickly find
The tender Cock'ril takes juſt after Kind:
The forward Youth will without driving go,
And learn to out-ſhoot you in your proper Bow,
As much as *Ajax* his own Sire excell'd,
And was the Brawnier Blockhead in the Field.
Let Nature in the Boy but ſtronger grow,
And all the Father ſoon it ſelf will ſhow:
When firſt the Downe appears upon his Chin,
For a ſmall Sum he Swears thro' thick and thin;
At *Ceres* Altar vents his Perjury,
And Blaſts her Holy Image with a Lye:
If a Rich Wife he Marries, in her Bed
She's found by Dagger, or by Poiſon, Dead.
While Merchants make long Voyages by Sea,
To get Eſtates, he cuts a ſhorter way.
In mighty Miſchiefs little Labour lies:
I never Counſell'd this, the Father cries.

But ſtill, baſe Man, he Copy'd this from thee;
Thine was the prime, original Villany.
For he who covets Gain to ſuch exceſs,
Does by dumb Signs himſelf as much expreſs,
As if in Words at length he ſhow'd his Mind:
Thy bad Example made him Sin by Kind.
But who can Youth, let looſe to Vice, reſtrain?
When once the hard-mouth'd Horſe has got the
Rein,
He's paſt thy Pow'r to ſtop; Young *Phaeton*,
By the wild Courſers of his Fancy drawn,
From Eaſt to North, irregularly hurl'd,
Firſt ſet on fire himſelf, and then the World.

Aſtrologers aſſure long Life, you ſay,
Your Son can tell you better much than they,
Your Son and Heir whoſe Hopes your Life delay.
Poiſon will work againſt the Stars, beware;
For ev'ry Meal an Antidote prepare:
And let *Archigenes* ſome Cordial bring
Fit for a wealthy Father, or a King.

What

What Sight more pleaſant, in his Publick Shows
Did ever Prætor on the Stage expoſe,
Than are ſuch Men as ev'ry Day we ſee,
VVhoſe chief Miſhap, and only Miſery
Is to be over-ſtock'd with ready Coin,
Which now they bring to watchful [25] *Caſtor*'s Shrine;
Since *Mars*, whom we the great Revenger call,
Loſt his own Helmet, and was ſtript of all.
'Tis time dull Theaters we ſhou'd forſake,
VVhen buſie Men much more Diverſion make.
The Tumblers Gambols ſome Delight afford,
No leſs the nimble Cap'rer on the Cord;
But theſe are ſtill inſipid Stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a Ship, and toſs'd upon the Sea.
Baſe VVretch, expos'd by thy own covetous Mind,
To the deaf Mercy of the VVaves and VVind.
The Dancer on the Rope, with doubtful tread,
Gets wherewithal to cloath and buy him Bread,
Nor covets more than Hunger to prevent;
But nothing leſs than Millions thee content:

VVhat Shipwrecks and dead Bodies choak the Sea;
The num'rous Fools that were betray'd by thee!
For at the charming Call of pow'rful Gain,
VVhole Fleets equipt appear *upon the Main*,
And ſpight of [26] *Lybian* and [26] *Carpathian* Gale,
Beyond the limits of known Earth they ſail.
A Labour worth the while, at laſt to brag
(VVhen ſafe return'd, and with a ſtrutting Bag,)
VVhat Finny Sea-Gods thou haſt had in view,
More than our Lying Poets ever knew.
VVhat ſeveral Madneſſes in Men appear!
Oreſtes [27] runs from fancy'd Furies here;
Ajax [28] belabours there an harmleſs Ox,
And thinks that *Agamemnon* feels the Knocks.
Nor is indeed that Man leſs Mad than theſe,
VVho Freights a Ship to venture on the Seas:
VVith one frail interpoſing Plank to ſave
From certain Death roll'd on by ev'ry VVave:
Yet Silver makes him all his Toil embrace,
Silver, with *Titles* ſtampt, and a dull *Monarch's* Face.

VVhen

VVhen gath'ring Clouds o'er-ſhadow all the Skies,
And ſhoot quick Lightnings, VVeigh, my Boys, he (cries,
A Summer's Thunder, ſoon it will be paſt!
Yet, hardy Fool, this Night may prove thy laſt;
VVhen thou (thy *Ship* o'er-whelm'd with VVaves) ſhalt be
Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging Sea;
Thy Teeth hard preſs'd, a Purſeful of dear Gold,
The laſt Remains of all thy Treaſure, hold.
Thus he——
VVhoſe ſacred Hunger, all the Stores that lie
In Yellow [29] *Tagus* cou'd not ſatisfie;
Does now in tatter'd Cloaths at ſome Lane's end
A painted Storm for Charity extend.
VVith Care and Trouble great Eſtates we gain,
VVhen got, we keep 'em with more Care and Pain.
Rich [30] *Licinus* his Servants ready ſtand,
Each with a VVater-Bucket in his Hand,
Keeping a Guard, for fear of Fire, all Night,
Yet *Licinus* is always in a Fright.

His curious Statues; Amber-Works, and Plate,
Still freſh encreaſing Pangs of Mind create.
The [31] naked *Cynick*'s Jarr ne'er Flames; if broken
'Tis quickly ſodder'd, or a new beſpoken.
VVhen *Alexander* firſt beheld the Face
Of the great *Cynick*, in that narrow ſpace;
His own Condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little Hole, than I
VVho after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly;
Grapling with Dangers whereſoe'er I roam,
While thou haſt all the Conquer'd World at home.
Fortune a Goddeſs is to Fools alone,
The Wiſe are always Maſters of their own.
If any ask me what wou'd ſatisfie
To make Life eaſie, thus I wou'd reply:
As much as keeps out Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold,
Or what contented [32] *Socrates* of old:
As much as made wiſe *Epicurus* Bleſt,
Who in ſmall Gardens ſpacious Realms poſſeſt;

This

This is what Nature's VVants may well ſuffice:
He that wou'd more, 'is covetous, not wiſe.
But ſince among Mankind ſo few there are,
VVho will conform to Philoſophick Fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy eaſe,
And mingle ſomething of our Times to pleaſe:
Therefore enjoy a plentiful Eſtate,
As much as will a Knight of *Rome* create
By [33] *Roſcian* Law: And if that will not do,
Double, and take as much as will make Two;
Nay, Three, to ſatisfie the laſt Deſire:
But if to more than this thou do'ſt aſpire;
Believe me, all the Riches of the Eaſt,
The Wealth of *Crœſus* cannot make the Bleſt:
The Treaſure [34] *Claudius* to *Narciſſus* gave,
Wou'd make thee, *Claudius* like, an errant Slave;
VVho to obey his mighty Minion's VVill,
Did his lov'd Empreſs *Meſſalina* kill.

The End of the Fourteenth Satyr.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Fourteenth Satyr.

RUtilus, ſome Perſon in the Poet's time, noted for his Cruelty.

2 *Polyphemus*, a famous Giant with one Eye, and a *Cannibal*.

3 *Antiphates*, a King of the *Læſtrygons*, who were all Man-Eaters. I doubt not but the *Læſtrygons*, who were a People of *Italy*, learnt this Diet of King *Saturn*, when he hid himſelf among 'em, and gave this Example by making a Meals-meat of his own Children.

4 By this Lord, is ſtill meant the cruel *Rutilus*.

5 *Suppos'd Bath-Rubbers:* The *Romans* were great Bathers.

6 Country Gaols, where they kept their working Slaves in great numbers.

7 *Larga*, a fictitious Name for ſome very common Buttock.

8 *Cato* of *Utica*, a *Roman* Patriot, who ſlew himſelf, rather than he wou'd ſubmit to *Julius Cæſar*.

9 *Catiline*, a Plotter againſt the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

10 *Paraſite*, a Greek Word, among the *Romans* uſed for a Flatterer, and Feaſt-Hunter. This ſort of Creature they ſlighted in thoſe days, and us'd very ſcurvily, terming ſuch a one an *Umbra*, that is, a Shadow, an Apparition, *&c.*

11 This Cenſor of Good Manners, was an Officer of conſiderable Power in *Rome*; in ſome reſpects not unlike our Midnight Magiſtrate, but not altogether ſo ſaucy.

12 The Old *Romans* were careful to breed up their Sons ſo, that afterwards they might be uſeful to their Country in Peace or War, or Ploughing the Ground: *Utilis agris*, (as *Juvenal* has it.) An Exerciſe that wou'd break the Hearts of our modern Beaux.

13 *Jove's Bird:* The Eagle, ſo call'd for the great Service he did *Jupiter*, in bringing *Ganymede*, a Lovely Boy, on his Back to him.

14 *Centronius*, A famous extravagant Architect, who with his Son (who took after him) built away all his Eſtate, and had ſo many Palaces at laſt, that he was too poor to live in any of 'em.

15 *Juvenal*, though he was wiſe enough to laugh at his own Country Gods, yet had not, or wou'd not have, a right Notion of the True Deity, which makes him ridicule the *Jew's* manner of Worſhip.

16 *At Gelt* Poſides, *viz.* The Palace of the Eunuch *Poſides*. As in *Virg. Jam proximus ardet—— Ucalegon.*

17 This Dragon was Guardian of the Golden Fleece, which hung in the Temple of *Mars* at *Colchos*; and hereby hangs a Tale, or a long Story of *Jaſon* and *Medea*, with which I will not trouble you.

18 Beggars took their Stations then, as they do now, in the greateſt Thorow-fares, which were their Bridges, of which there were many over the River *Tiber* in *Rome*:

19 *Field, viz.* The Field of *Mars,* or *Campus Martius,* which was the greateſt part of the *Roman* Empire, when in its Infancy under *Romulus* and *Tatius* the *Sabine,* his Copartner, admitted for the ſake of the Fair Ladies he brought along with him.

20 *Pyrrhus* King of the *Epirots,* a formidable Enemy to the *Romans,* though at laſt overcome by 'em. He dy'd a very little Death (as 'tis the Fate of ſome Heroes) being Martyr'd by the *fall* of a Tile from a Houſe.

21 Wars againſt the *Carthaginians.*

22 *Marſus,* a thrifty Husband-man, from whom the *Marſi* were ſo call'd, a laborious People, ſome 15 Miles diſtant from *Rome.*

23 Mankind fed on Acorns, till *Ceres* the Goddeſs of Corn inſtructed them to ſow Grain.

24 Some General Officer in the *Roman* Army.

25 Not that the Shrine was ſecur'd by the care of the God *Caſtor,* for *Juvenal* knew their Gods cou'd have no ſuch thing as Care; but it was lin'd with a ſtrong Guard of Souldiers, who had an Eye to their God as well as their Monies, leſt he ſhou'd be ſtoln, or unrigg'd, as *Mars* was. Our Poet calls him watchful *Caſtor* jeeringly.

26 *Libyan and Carpathian Gale.* The firſt a South-Weſt, the latter, as we term it at Sea, a ſtrong *Levant.*

27 *Oreſtes,* ſaid to be hunted by Furies, for killing his Mother *Clytemneſtra,* the Wife of *Agamemnon.*

28 *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon,* who ran mad, becauſe *Agamemnon* gave the Armour of *Achilles* from him to *Ulyſſes.* But the miſtaking *Agamemnon,* or his Brother *Menelaus,* for Oxen, or Oxen for them, was not ſo groſs; for they were both famouſly Horn'd: And if Report ſays true, *Ajax* need not have ſpar'd *Ulyſſes,* ſince *Penelope* knew which of her Suitors cou'd ſhoot beſt in her Husband's Bow.

29 *Tagus,* a River in *Spain,* ſaid to be full of Gold-Sand. This *Tagus* has loſt his good Qualities time out of Mind, or the *Spaniard* has coin'd it dry; for now they fetch their Gold from the *Indies,* and the other Nations fetch it from them.

30 Some noted Rich Man in *Rome.*

31 *Naked Cynick: Diogenes,* a ſnarling Dog-Philoſopher (for there have been Dog-Philoſophers, as well as Poets in Doggrel.)

32 *Socrates* and *Epicurus,* two Wiſe Philoſophers, contented with the bare Neceſſaries of Life: The firſt of theſe was eſteem'd the beſt Moral Philoſopher, the latter the beſt Natural.

33 *Roſcian Law;* ſo call'd from *Roſcius Otho* Tribune of the People, who made a Law, That none ſhou'd ſit in the 14 firſt Seats of the Theater, unleſs they were worth 400 *Seſtertiums, per annum,* that is above 3000 Pounds of our Monies, and theſe were eſteem'd Noblemen, *ipſo facto.*

34 *Claudius* the 5th *Cæſar,* who had no better luck in a Wife than his Predeceſſors, *Julius* and *Auguſtus,* and moſt of the Great Men in Hiſtory.

THE

THE FIFTEENTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *TATE.*

Argument of the Fifteenth Satyr.

In this Satyr againſt the Superſtition and Cruelty of the Egyptians, *'tis probable our Author had his Old Friend* Criſpinus *(who was of that Country) in his Eye; and to whom he had paid his Reſpects more than once before. The Scene is now remov'd from* Rome, *which ſhews our Author a profeſt Enemy of Vice whereſoever he meets with it. But if by the Change of Place, his Subject and Performance in this Satyr, be (as ſome think) more* Barren *than in his others (the People being obſcure and mean Rabble, whoſe Barbarous Fact he relates) we find in it however, ſprinklings of the ſame Moral Sentiments and Reflections, that Adorn the reſt.*

THE



15

THE
FIFTEENTH SATYR.

HOW *Egypt*, mad with Superſtition grown,
Makes *Gods* of Monſters, but too well is known:
One Sect, Devotion to *Nile*'s [1] *Serpent* pays;
Others to [2] *Ibis* that on Serpent preys.
Where, [3] *Thebes*, thy Hundred Gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd [4] *Memnon*'s Magick Harp is heard,
Where Theſe are Mouldring, leſt the Sots combine
With pious Care a *Monkey* to enſhrine!
Fiſh-Gods you'll meet with Fins and Scales o'ergrown;
Diana's Dogs ador'd in ev'ry Town,
Her Dogs have Temples, but the Goddeſs none!
'Tis mortal Sin an Onion to devour,
Each Clove of Garlick is a ſacred Pow'r.

Reli-

Religious Nations ſure and bleſt Abodes,
Where ev'ry Orchard is o'er-run with Gods.
To Kill, is Murder, Sacrilege to Eat
A Kid or Lamb— Man's Fleſh is lawful Meat!
Of ſuch a Practice when [5] *Ulyſſes* told,
What think you? Cou'd *Alcinous* Gueſts with-hold,
From Scorn or Rage? *Shall we* (cries one) *permit*
This lewd Romancer, and his Bantring Wit?
Nor on Charybdis *Rock beat out his Brains,*
Or ſend him to the Cyclops *whom he feigns.*
Of Scylla'*s* Dogs, *and ſtranger Flams than theſe,*
Cyane'*s Rocks that juſtle in the Seas,*
Of Winds in Bags (for Mirth-ſake) let him tell,
And of his Mates turn'd Swine by Circe'*s Spell,*
But Men to eat Men, *Humane Faith ſurpaſſes:*
This Trav'ller takes us Iſlanders for Aſſes.
Thus the incred'lous *Phæac* (having yet
Drank but one Round) reply'd in ſober Fret.
Nor without Reaſon truly, ſince the Board
(For Proof o'th' Fact had but *Ulyſſes* Word.)

What

What I relate's more ſtrange, and ev'n exceeds
All Regiſters of Purple Tyrants Deeds;
Portentous Miſchiefs they but ſingly Act;
A Multitude conſpir'd to this more horrid Fact.
Prepare, I ſay, to hear of ſuch a Crime
As Tragick Poets, ſince the Birth of Time,
Ne'er feign'd, a thronging Audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our Days.
Ombus and *Tentyr*, Neighb'ring Towns, of late
Broke into Outrage of deep-feſter'd Hate.
A Grutch in both, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from Sire to Son.
Religious Spight and pious Spleen bred firſt
This Quarrel, which ſo long the *Bigots* Nurſt.
Each calls the other's God a ſenſleſs Stock,
His own, Divine; tho' from the ſelf-ſame Block
One Carver fram'd them, diff'ring but in ſhape,
A Serpent this reſembling, that an Ape.
The *Tentyrites* to execute their Crime
Think none ſo proper, as a ſacred Time;

Which call'd to *Ombites* forth to Publick Rites,
Sev'n days they ſpent in Feaſts, ſev'n ſleepleſs nights.
(For Scoundrel as theſe wretched *Ombites* be,
Canopus [7] they exceed in Luxury)
Them rev'lling thus the *Tentyrites* invade,
By giddy Heads and ſtagg'ring Legs betray'd:
Strange odds! where Crop-ſick Drunkards muſt en-(gage
A hungry Foe, and arm'd with ſober Rage.
At firſt both Parties in Reproaches jar,
And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.
VVords break no Bones, and in a railing Fray,
VVomen and Prieſts can be as ſtout as they.
VVords ſerve but to enflame our warlike Liſts,
VVho wanting VVeapons clutch their horny Fiſts.
Yet thus make ſhift t'exchange ſuch furious Blows,
Scare one eſcapes with more than half a Noſe.
Some ſtand their ground with half their Viſage gone,
But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.
Such transform'd *Spectacles* of *Horrour* grow,
That not a *Mother* her own *Son* wou'd know.

One

One Eye, remaining, for the other ſpies,
VVhich now on Earth a trampled Gelly lies.
Yet hitherto both Parties think the Fray
But Mockery of War, meer Children's Play:
Tho' Traverſing, with Streams of Blood they meet,
They tread no Carcaſe yet beneath their Feet:
And Scandal think't to have none ſlain out-right,
Between two Hoſts that for Religion fight.
This whets their Rage to ſearch for Stones, as large
As they cou'd lift, or with both Hands diſcharge.
Not (altogether) of a ſize, if match'd
With thoſe which *Ajax* once, or *Turnus* ſnatch'd
For their Defence, or by *Tydides* thrown,
That bruſht *Æneas* Creſt, and ſtruck him down,
Of weight wou'd make two Men ſtrein hard to raiſe,
Such Men as liv'd in honeſt [8] *Homer*'s Days:
Whom Giants yet to us we muſt allow,
Dwindled into a Race of *Pigmies* now;
The Mirth and Scorn of Gods, that ſee us fight,
Such little Waſps, and yet ſo full of ſpight:

For Bulk meer Inſects, yet in Miſchief ſtrong,
And, ſpent ſo ill, our ſhort Life's much too long!

Freſh Forces now of *Tentyrites*, from Town,
With Swords and Darts, to aid their Friends, come (down.
Who with fleet Arrows levell'd from a-far,
E're they themſelves approach'd, [illegible] the War.
Hard ſet before, what cou'd the *Ombites* do?
They fly; their preſſing Foes as faſt purſue.
An *Ombite Wretch* (by headlong haſte betray'd
And falling down i'th' Rout) is Pris'ner made:
Whoſe Fleſh torn off by Lumps, the rav'nous Foe
In Morſels cut, to make it farther go;
His Bones clean pick'd, his very Bones they gnaw;
No Stomack's baulkt, becauſe the Corps is raw.
T'had been loſt time to dreſs him---- keen Deſire
Supplies the want of Kettle, Spit, and Fire.
(*Prometheus* Ghoſt is ſure o'er-joy'd to ſee
His Heav'n-ſtol'n Fire from ſuch diſaſter free:
Nor ſeems the ſparkling Element leſs pleas'd than he.)

The

The Gueſts are found too num'rous for the Treat,
But all, it ſeems, who had the luck to eat,
Swear they ne'er taſted more delicious Meat.
They ſwear, and ſuch good Palates you ſhou'd truſt,
Who doubts the Reliſh of the firſt free Guſt?
Since one who had i'th' Rear excluded been,
And cou'd not for a Taſte o'th' Fleſh come in.
Licks the ſoil'd Earth, which he thinks full as good
While reeking with a mangled *Ombite's* Blood.

The [9] *Vaſcons* once with Man's Fleſh (as 'tis ſed)
Kept Life and Soul together---- grant they did.
Their Caſe was diff'rent; with long Siege diſtreſs'd,
And all Extremities of War oppreſs'd.
(For Miſerable to the laſt Degree,
Th'Excuſe of ſuch a Practice ought to be)
With Creatures, Vermin, Herbs, and Weeds ſuſtain'd,
While Creatures, Vermin, Herbs, or Weeds re-(main'd:
Till to ſuch meagre Spectacles reduc'd,
As ev'n Compaſſion in the Foe produc'd:

Acquitted by the *Manes* of the Dead,
And Ghoſts of Carcaſes on which they fed.
By [10] *Zeno*'s Doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
For Life's ſupport no harmleſs thing to do.
But *Zeno* never to the *Vaſcons* read;
('Tis ſince their Days that Civil Arts have ſpread
'Twas lately *Britiſh* Lawyers, from the *Gaul*
Learnt to Harangue, and eloquently Bawl.
Thule hopes next t'improve her Northern Stile,
And Plant (where yet no Spring did ever ſmile
With Flow'rs of Rhetorick her frozen Iſle.)
That brave, the *Vaſcons*, were we muſt confeſs,
Who Fortitude preſerv'd in ſuch diſtreſs.
Yet not the Brighteſt their Example Shines,
Eclips'd by the more Noble [11] *Saguntines*;
Who both the Foe, and Famine to beguile,
For Dead and Living rais'd one common Pile.

Mæotis firſt did Impious Rites deviſe
Of Treating God's with Human Sacrifice;

But

But ſalvage *Egypt*'s Cruelty exceeds
The [12] *Scythian* Shrine, where, tho' the Captive (bleeds,
Secure of Burial when his Life is fled,
The murd'ring Knife's thrown by, when once the Victim's dead.

Did Famine to this monſtrous Fact compel,
Or did the Miſcreants try this Conj'ring Spell,
In time of Drought to make the *Nile* to ſwell?
Amongſt the rugged *Cimbrians*, or the Race
Of *Gauls*, or fiercer *Tartars* can you Trace
An Out-rage of Revenge like this, purſu'd
By an effeminate Scoundrel Multitude.
VVhoſe utmoſt Daring is to croſs the *Nile*
In painted Boats to fright the Crocodile.
Can Men, or more reſenting Gods, invent,
Or Hell inflict proportion'd Puniſhment
On Varlets, who cou'd treat Revenge and Spight
VVith ſuch a Feaſt, Famine's ſelf wou'd fright?
Compaſſion proper to Mankind appears,
VVhich Nature witneſs'd when ſhe let us Tears.

Of tender Sentiments we only give
Thoſe Proofs: To weep in our Prerogative;
To ſhew by pitying Looks, and melting Eyes
How with a ſuff'ring Friend we ſympathize!
Nay, Tears will ev'n from a wrong'd Orphan ſlide,
VVhen his falſe Guardian at the Bar is try'd:
So tender, ſo unwilling to accuſe,
So ſoft the Roſes on his Cheek bedews,
So oft his Treſſes, fill'd with trickling Pearl,
You'd doubt his Sex, and take him for a Girl.
B'Impulſe of Nature (though to us unknown
The Party be) we make the Loſs our own;
And Tears ſteal from our Eyes, when in the Street
VVith ſome betrothed Virgin's Hearſe we meet,
Or Infant's Fun'ral, from the cheated VVomb
Convey'd to Earth, and Cradled in a Tomb.
VVho can all ſenſe of others Ills eſcape,
Is but a Brute at beſt in human ſhape.
This nat'ral Piety did firſt refine
Our VVit, and rais'd our Thoughts to things Divine.

This

This proves our Spirit of the Gods Deſcent,
VVhile that of Beaſts is prone and downward bent.
To them but Earth-born Life they did diſpence
To us, for mutual Aid, Cœleſtial Senſe.
From ſtragling Mountainers, for publick Good,
To Rank in Tribes, and quit the ſalvage VVood.
Houſes to build, and them contiguous make,
For cheerful Neighbourhood and ſafety's ſake.
In War, a Common Standard to erect,
A wounded Friend in Battel to protect;
The Summons take of the ſame Trumpet's Call,
To ſally from one Port or Man on publick Wall.
But Serpents now more Amity maintain!
From ſpotted Skins the Leopard does refrain:
No weaker Lion's by a ſtronger ſlain:
Nor, from his larger Tusks, the Foreſt Boar
Commiſſion takes his Brother-Swine to gore.
Tyger with Tyger, Bear with Bear you'll find
In Leagues Offenſive and Defenſive join'd.

But

But lawleſs Man the Anvil dares profane,
And Forg'd that Steel by which a Man is ſlain!
Which Earth, at firſt, for Plowſhares did afford,
Nor yet the Smith had learnt to form a Sword.
An impious Crew we have beheld, whoſe Rage
Their En'mies very Life cou'd not aſſwage,
Unleſs they Banquet on the Wretch they ſlew,
Devour the Corps, and lick the Blood they drew!
What think you, wou'd *Pythagoras* have ſed
Of ſuch a Feaſt, or to what Deſart fled?
Who Fleſh of Animals refus'd to eat,
Nor held all ſorts of Pulſe for lawful Meat.

The End of the Fifteenth Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifteenth Satyr.

1 THe Crocodile.

2 A ſort of Bird in thoſe Parts, that is a great deſtroyer of Serpents.

3 *Thebes* in *Bœotia* had ſeven Gates, this in *Egypt* an hundred, and therefore call'd *Hecatompylus*.

4 This *Coloſſus*, or Marble Statue of *Memnon*, held a Harp in its hand, which utter'd Muſical Sounds, when ſtruck by the Beams of the riſing Sun; which *Strabo* tells us, that he both ſaw and heard, but confeſſes he is not able to aſſign the Cauſe. He adds, that one half of this Statue was fall'n in an Earthquake, from which Mutilation and Continuance of the ſtrange Sound (ſuppos'd to proceed from Magick) our Author ſays, *Dimidio Magicæ reſonant ubi Memnone Chordæ.*

5 *Homer* introduces *Ulyſſes* Shipwreckt at the Iſland *Corcyra*, and Treated by *Alcinous*, who there Reign'd King of the *Phæacs*; at whoſe Table he recited the following Paſſages.

6 The *Symplegades*, two Rocks in the Mouth of the *Boſphorus*, which being at like diſtance from each other, ſeem to ſtrike upon one another, as the Sailers paſs by them.

7 A City in *Egypt*, infamous for Riots and Debauchery.

8 Alluding to that of *Homer* in the *Iliad*. Ὃν ὀ δύο ἄνδρε φέροιεν, οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι.

9 In the Town *Caliguris*, beſieg'd by *Metellus*.

10 The Principal of the Stoicks.

11 The Confederates of *Rome*, who being beſieg'd by *Hannibal* for eight Months, and having ſuffer'd all Extremities, at laſt, erected one great Pile, in which they burnt themſelves with their Dead; as alſo, all their Goods, to leave the Enemy no Plunder.

12 The Temple of *Diana Taurica*, where they ſacrific'd Strangers.

THE

THE SIXTEENTH SATYR OF JUVENAL,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Argument of the Sixteenth Satyr.

The Poet in this Satyr, proves, that the Condition of a Souldier is much better than that of a Country-man: Firſt, becauſe a Country-man, however affronted, provoked, and ſtruck himſelf, dares not ſtrike a Souldier; who is only to be judg'd by a Court-Martial: And by the Law of Camillus, *which obliges him not to Quarrel without the Trenches, he is alſo aſſur'd to have a ſpeedy hearing, and quick diſpatch: Whereas, the Townſman, or Peaſant, is delaid in his Suit by frivolous Pretences, and not ſure of Juſtice when he is heard in the Court. The Souldier is alſo priviledg'd to make a Will, and to give away his Eſtate, which he got in War, to whom he pleaſes, without conſideration of Parentage, or Relations; which is deny'd to all other* Romans. *This Satyr was written by* Juvenal, *when he was a Commander in* Egypt: *'Tis certainly his, tho' I think it not finiſh'd. And if it be well obſerv'd, you will find he intended an Invective againſt a Standing Army.*

THE


SPQR
M. Vander Gucht Scul:

THE

SIXTEENTH SATYR.

WHat vaſt Prerogatives, my *Gallus*, are
Accruing to the mighty Man of War?
For if into a lucky Camp I light,
Tho' raw in Arms, and yet afraid to Fight,
Befriend me, my good Stars, and all goes right.
One happy Hour is to a Souldier better,
Than Mother [1] *Juno*'s Recommending Letter,
Or *Venus*, when to *Mars* ſhe wou'd prefer
My Suit, and own the Kindneſs done to Her.
See what Our Common Priviledges are:
As firſt, no ſawcy Citizen ſhall dare
To ſtrike a Souldier, nor when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther Puniſhment:

Not

Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his Forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his Diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd Face.
A Booted Judge ſhall ſit to try his Cauſe,
Not by the Statute, but by Martial Laws;
Which old [2] *Camillus* order'd to confine
The Brawls of Souldiers to the Trench and Line:
A wiſe Proviſion; and from thence 'tis clear,
That Officers a Souldiers Cauſe ſhou'd hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honeſt Man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: But with a gen'ral Cry
The Regiment will riſe in Mutiny,
The Freedom of their Fellow-Rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to Disband.
Withdraw thy Action, and depart in Peace;
The Remedy is worſe than the Diſeaſe:
This Cauſe is worthy [3] him, who in the Hall
Wou'd for his Fee, and for his Client bawl:

But

But wou'dſt thou, Friend, who haſt two Legs alone,
(Which Heav'n be prais'd, thou yet may'ſt call thy own,)
Wou'dſt thou to run the Gantlet theſe expoſe
To a whole Company of 4 Hob-nail'd Shooes?
Sure the Good-breeding of wiſe Citizens
Shou'd teach 'em more Good-nature to their Shins.
Beſides, whom can'ſt thou think ſo much thy Friend,
VVho dares appear thy Buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy Tears, and pocket up th'Abuſe,
Nor put thy Friend to make a bad Excuſe:
The Judge cries out, Your Evidence produce.
VVill he, who ſaw the Souldiers Mutton-Fiſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd, appear within the Liſt;
To witneſs Truth? VVhen I ſee one ſo Brave,
The Dead, think I, are riſen from the Grave;
And with their long Spade-Beards, and matted Hair,
Our Honeſt Anceſtors, are come to take the Air.

Hh Againſt,

Againſt a Clown, with more ſecurity,
A VVitneſs may be brought to ſwear a Lye,
Than, tho' his Evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a Truth againſt a Man of VVar.
More Benefits remain, and claim'd as Rights,
VVhich are a ſtanding Armies Perquiſites.
If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance
Againſt me for my known Inheritance,
Enter by violence my Fruitful Grounds,
Or take the ſacred Land-Mark from my Bounds,
Thoſe Bounds, which with Proceſſion and with Pray'r,
And [5] Offer'd Cakes have been my annual Care:
Or if my Debtors do not keep their Day,
Deny their Hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt with Patience all the Terms attend,
Among the common Cauſes that depend
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for Day
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new delay:

Per-

Perhaps the Cloth of State is only ſpred,
[6] Some of the *Quorum* may be ſick a-bed;
That Judge is hot, and do'ffs his Gown, while this
O'er Night was bowſie, and goes out to piſs:
So many Rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on:
But *Buff*, and Belt-Men, never know theſe Cares,
No Time, nor Trick of Law their Action Bars:
Their Cauſe they to an eaſier Iſſue put;
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another Branch of their Revenue ſtill
Remains beyond their boundleſs Right to kill,
Their [7] Father yet alive, impow'r'd to make a Will.
For, what their Proweſs gain'd, the Law declares
Is to themſelves alone, and to their Heirs:
No ſhare of that goes back to the Begetter,
But if the Son fights well, and plunders better,
Like ſtout *Coranus*, his old ſhaking Sire,
Does a Remembrance in his VVill deſire:

Inquiſitive of Fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the Number of the ſlain:
But ſtill he lives, and riſing by the VVar,
Enjoys his Gains, and has enough to ſpare:
For 'tis a Noble General's prudent Part
To cheriſh Valour, and reward Deſert:
Let him be dawb'd with Lace, live high, and VVhore;
Sometimes be Lowſie, but be never Poor.

The End of the Sixteenth Satyr.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Sixteenth Satyr.

1 JUno was Mother to *Mars* the God of War: *Venus* was his Miſtreſs.

2 *Camillus*; (who being firſt Baniſh'd, by his ungrateful Country-men the *Romans*, afterwards return'd, and freed them from the *Gauls*,) made a Law, which prohibited the Souldiers from Quarrelling without the Camp, leſt upon that pretence they might happen to be abſent, when they ought to be on Duty.

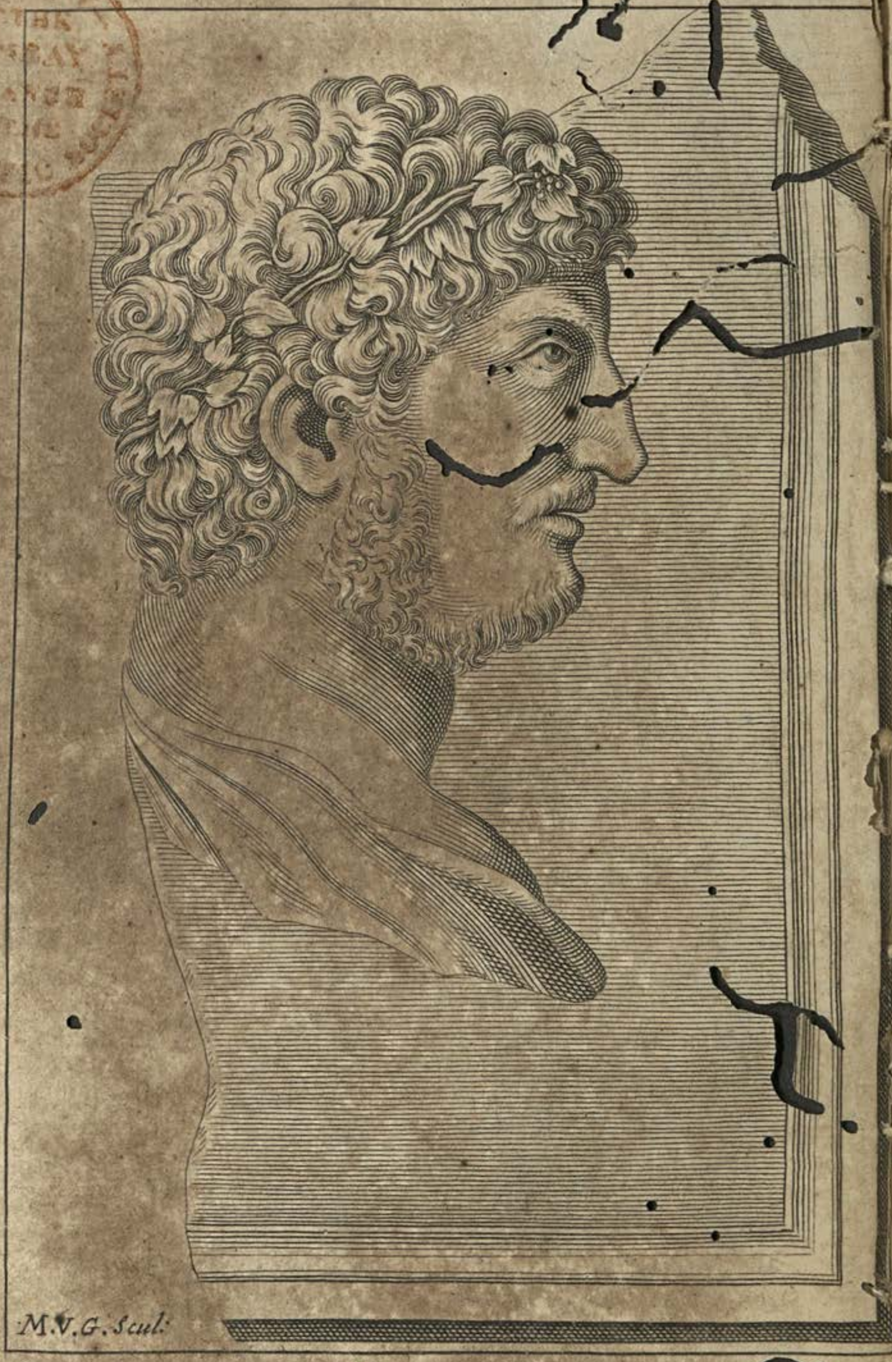
3 *This Cauſe is worthy him*, &c. The Poet names a *Modeneſe* Lawyer, whom he calls *Vagellius*; who was ſo impudent that he wou'd Plead any Cauſe, right or wrong, without Shame or Fear.

4 *Hob-nail'd Shooes.* The *Roman* Souldiers wore Plates of Iron under their Shooes, or ſtuck them with Nails; as Country-men do now.

5 Land-Marks were us'd by the *Romans*, almoſt in the ſame manner as now: And as we go once a Year in Proceſſion, about the Bounds of Pariſhes, and renew them, ſo they offer'd Cakes upon the Stone, or Land-Mark.

6 The Courts of Judicature were hung, and ſpread, as with us; but ſpread only before the Hundred Judges were to ſit, and judge Publick Cauſes; which were call'd by *Lot*.

7 The *Roman* Souldiers had the Priviledge of making a Will, in their Father's Life-time: Of what they had purchas'd in the Wars, as being no part of their Patrimony. By this Will they had Power of excluding their own Parents, add giving the Eſtate ſo gotten to whom they pleas'd. Therefore, ſays the Poet, *Coranus*, (a Souldier Contemporary with *Juvenal*, who had rais'd his Fortune by the Wars) was Courted by his own Father, to make him his Heir.



PERSIVS

THE
SATIRES
OF
Aulus Perſius Flaccus.

Made ENGLISH.

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Sæpius in Libro memoratur Perſius uno,
Quam levis in tota Marſus Amazonide.

Mart.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's Head* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1697.

TO

Mr. DRYDEN,

On His Tranſlation

OF

PERSIUS.

AS when of Old Heroique Story tells
Of Knights Impriſon'd long by Magick Spells;
Till future Time, the deſtin'd Hero ſend,
By whom, the dire Enchantment is to end:
So ſeems this Work, and ſo reſerv'd for Thee,
Thou Great Revealer of dark Poeſie.

Thoſe ſullen Clouds, which have for Ages paſt,
O'er Perſius's *too-long-ſuff'ring Muſe been caſt,*
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred Pen,
And in their room bright Tracks of Light are ſeen.

Sure

To Mr. *Dryden.*

Sure Phœbus *ſelf, thy ſwelling Breaſt inſpires,*
The God of Muſick and Poetique Fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great Surprize of Light;
How dawns this Day forth from the Womb of Night!

Our Wonder, now, does our paſt Folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So Unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred Oracles, in Myſteries.
Perſius, *before, in ſmall Eſteem was had,*
Unleſs what to Antiquity is paid;
But, like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
(So far our Ignorance our Faith miſled)
'Till you, Apollo's *Darling Prieſt, thought fit*
To place it in the Poets ſacred Writ:

As Coin, which bears ſome awful Monarch's Face,
For more than its intrinſick Worth will paſs;
So your bright Image, which we here behold,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Gold.

To Mr. *Dryden.*

To You, we, all this following Treaſure owe,
This Hippocrene, *which from a Rock did flow.*

Old Stoick *Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,*
Poliſh'd by You, in Modern Brillant ſhines:
And as before, for Perſius *our Eſteem,*
To his Antiquity was paid, not Him:
So now, whatever Praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to Old Perſius, *but the New:*
For ſtill Obſcure, to us no Light he gives;
Dead in Himſelf, in You alone he lives:

So ſtubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
Till Art and Force, th'unwilling Sparks reveal;
But through your Skill, from thoſe ſmall Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames ariſe, which never can expire.

Will. Congreve.

THE

FIRST SATYR

OF

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Argument of the *Prologue* to the Firſt Satyr.

The Deſign of the Author was to conceal his Name and Quality. He lived in the dangerous Times of the Tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at Him, in moſt of his Satyrs. For which Reaſon, though he was a Roman *Knight, and of a plentiful Fortune, he wou'd appear in this Prologue but a Beggarly Poet, who Writes for Bread. After this, he breaks into the Buſineſs of the Firſt Satyr: which is, chiefly to decry the Poetry then in Faſhion; and the Impudence of thoſe, who were endeavouring to paſs their Stuff upon the World.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
FIRST SATYR.

I Never did on cleft [1] *Parnaſſus* dream,
Nor taſte the ſacred *Heliconian* Stream;
Nor can remember when my Brain inſpir'd,
Was, by the Muſes, into Madneſs fir'd.
My ſhare in pale [2] *Pyrene* I reſign;
And claim no part in all the Mighty Nine.
Statues [3], with winding Ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler Poets, for a nobler Song:
Heedleſs of Verſe, and hopeleſs of the Crown,
Scarce half a Wit, and more than half a Clown,
Before the [4] Shrine I lay my rugged Numbers down.
Who taught the Parrot Human Notes to try,
Or, with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye?

'Twas

'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their Maſters, and their Maſters the
Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
The hungry Witlings have it in their Eye:
Pyes, Crows, and Daws, Poetick Preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing

THE

Argument of the Firſt Satyr.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the Author is againſt bad Poets, in this Satyr. But I muſt add, that it includes alſo bad Orators, who began at that Time, (as Petronius *in the beginning of his Book tells us,) to enervate Manly Eloquence, by Tropes and Figures, ill plac'd, and worſe apply'd. Amongſt the Poets,* Perſius *covertly ſtrikes at* Nero; *ſome of whoſe Verſes he recites with Scorn and Indignation. He alſo takes notice of the Noblemen and their abominable Poetry, who in the Luxury of their Fortune, ſet up for Wits and Judges. The Satyr is in Dialogue, betwixt the Author and his Friend or Monitor; who diſſuades him from this dangerous Attempt of expoſing Great Men. But* Perſius, *who is of a free Spirit, and has not forgotten that* Rome *was once a Commonwealth, breaks through all thoſe Difficulties, and boldly arraigns the falſe Judgment of the Age in which he lives. The Reader may obſerve that our Poet was a Stoick Philoſopher; and that all his Moral Sentences, both here, and in all the reſt of his Satyrs, are drawn from the Dogma's of that Sect.*

THE
FIRST SATYR.

In Dialogue betwixt the Poet and his Friend or Monitor.

Perſius.

HOW anxious are our Cares; and yet how vain
The bent of our Deſires!

Friend.

Thy Spleen contain:
For none will read thy Satyrs.

Perſius.

This to Me?

Friend.

None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Per-

Perſius.

'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry Scriblers have the Publick Ear:
That this vaſt univerſal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up [1] *Labeo's* Stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themſelves; nor will my Muſe deſcend
To clap with ſuch, who Fools and Knaves commend:
Their Smiles and Cenſures are to me the ſame:
I care not what they praiſe, or what they blame.
In full Aſſemblies let the Crowd prevail:
I weigh no Merit by the Common Scale;
The Conſcience is the Teſt of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy ſelf, without thy ſelf, to find.
But where's that *Roman?*—Somewhat I wou'd ſay,
But fear;—Let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick Courage: When I look
On Human Acts, and read in Nature's Book,
From the firſt Paſtimes of our Infant Age,
To elder Cares, and Man's ſeverer Page;

When ſtern as Tutors, and as Uncles hard,
We laſh the Pupil, and defraud the Ward:
Then, then, I ſay, — or wou'd ſay, if I durſt —
But thus provok'd, I muſt ſpeak out, or burſt.

Friend.

Once more forbear.

Perſius.

I cannot rule my Spleen;
My Scorn Rebels, and tickles me within.
 First, to begin at home, our Authors write
In lonely Rooms, ſecur'd from publick ſight;
Whether in Proſe, or Verſe, 'tis all the ſame:
The Proſe is Fuſtian, and the Numbers lame.
All Noiſe, and empty Pomp, a Storm of VVords,
Lab'ring with Sound, that little Sence affords.
They [2] Comb, and then they order ev'ry Hair:
A Gown, or white, or ſcour'd to whiteneſs, wear:
A Birth-day Jewel bobbing at their Ear.
Next, gargle well their Throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's Name, to be ſeen and heard

From

From their high Scaffold; with a Trumpet Cheek:
And ogling all their Audience e're they ſpeak.
The nauſeous Nobles, ev'n the Chief of *Rome*,
With gaping Mouths to theſe Rehearſals come,
And pant with Pleaſure, when ſome luſty Line
The Marrow pierces, and invades the Chine.
At open fulſom Bawdry they rejoice,
And ſlimy Jeſts applaud with broken Voice.
Baſe Proſtitute, thus doſt thou gain thy Bread?
Thus doſt thou feed their Ears, and thus art fed?
At his own *filthy Stuff* he grins and brays,
And gives the Sign where he expects their Praiſe.
Why have I Learn'd, ſay'ſt thou, if thus confin'd,
I choak the Noble Vigour of my Mind?
Know, my wild [g] Fig-Tree, which in Rocks is bred,
Will ſplit the Quarry, and ſhoot out the Head.
Fine Fruits of Learning! Old Ambitious Fool,
Dar'ſt thou apply that Adage of the School;
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd:
And *Science is not Science till Reveal'd?*

Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to ſee
The Crowd, with pointing Fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he whoſe wondrous Poem is become
A Lecture for the Noble Youth of *Rome!*
Who, by their Fathers, is at Feaſts Renown'd;
And often quoted when the Bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and fluſh'd, they wantonly rehearſe;
And add to Wine the Luxury of Verſe.
One, clad in Purple, not to loſe his Time,
Eats, and recites ſome lamentable Rhime:
Some ſenceleſs *Phillis*, in a broken Note,
Snuffling at Noſe, or croaking in his Throat:
Then, graciouſly, the mellow Audience Nod:
Is not the Immortal Author made a God?
Are not his Manes bleſt, ſuch Praiſe to have?
Lies not the Turf more lightly on his Grave?
And Roſes (while his loud Applauſe they ſing,)
Stand ready from his Sepulchre to ſpring?

All theſe, you cry, but light *Objections are;*
Meer Malice, and you drive the Jeſt too far.

For

For does there breathe a Man, who can reject
A gen'ral Fame, and his own Lines neglect?
In [5] Cedar Tablets worthy to appear,
That need not Fiſh, or Franckincenſe to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverſe part to bear,
Be anſwer'd thus: If I, by chance, ſucceed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed;)
Know, I am not ſo ſtupid, or ſo hard,
Not to feel Praiſe, or Fame's deſerv'd Reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy Applauſe
Is my Works ultimate, or only Cauſe.
Prudence can ne'er propoſe ſo mean a Prize;
For mark what Vanity within it lies.
Like *Labeo*'s Iliads; in whoſe Verſe is found
Nothing but trifling Care, and empty Sound:
Such little Elegies as Nobles write,
Who wou'd be Poets, in *Apollo*'s ſpight.
Them and their woful Works the Muſe defies:
Products of Citron Beds, and Golden Canopies.

To give thee all thy due, thou haſt the Heart
To make a Supper, with a fine deſſert;
And, to thy thread-bare Friend, a caſt old Sute (impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus beſpeak'ſt him, Tell me Friend,
(For I love Truth, nor can plain Speech offend,)
What ſays the World of me and of my Muſe?
The Poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring News:
But ſhall I ſpeak? Thy Verſe is wretched Rhime;
And all thy Labours are but loſs of time.
Thy ſtrutting Belly ſwells, thy Paunch is high;
Thou Writ'ſt not, but thou Piſſeſt Poetry.
All Authors, to their own Defects, are blind;
Hadſt thou but, 4 *Janus* like, a Face behind,
To ſee the People, what ſplay-Mouths they make;
To mark their Fingers, pointed at thy back;
Their Tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When moſt a-thirſt, of an *Apulian* Bitch:
But Noble Scriblers are with Flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their Faults, who eat their Bread.

To

To paſs the Poets of Patrician Blood,
What is't the common Reader takes for good ?
The Verſe in faſhion, is, when Numbers flow,
Soft without Sence, and without Spirit flow :
So ſmooth and equal, that no ſight can find
The Rivet, where the poliſh'd Piece was join'd.
So even all, with ſuch a ſteady View,
As if he ſhut one Eye to level true.
Whether the Vulgar Vice his Satyr ſtings,
The Peoples Riots, or the Rage of Kings,
The gentle Poet is alike in all;
His Reader hopes no Riſe, and fears no Fall.

Friend.

Hourly we ſee, ſome raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and Fights, and Heroes ſing;
Who for falſe Quantities was whipt at School
But t'other day, and breaking Grammar-Rule.
Whoſe trivial Art was never try'd, above
The bare deſcription of a Native Grove :

Who

Who knows not how to praiſe the Country Store,
The Feaſts, the Baskets, nor the fatted Boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry Fields, that paint themſelves
before.
Where *Romulus* was Bred, and *Quintius* Born,
Whoſe ſhining Plough-ſhare was in Furrows worn,
Met by his trembling Wife, returning home,
And Ruſtically Joy'd, as Chief of *Rome*:
She wip'd the Sweat from the Dictator's Brow;
And, o'er his Back his Robe did rudely throw;
The Lictors bore, in State, their Lords Trium-
phant Plough.

Some love to hear the Fuſtian Poet roar;
And ſome on Antiquated Authors pore:
Rummage for Sence; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-ey'd Fathers teach
Their Sons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of Speech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton Smoothneſs, Female Poetry;

One

One wou'd enquire from whence this motley Stile
Did firſt our *Roman* Purity defile:
For our old Dotards cannot keep their Seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.
Others, by fooliſh Oſtentation led,
When call'd before the Bar, to ſave their Head,
Bring trifling Tropes, inſtead of ſolid Sence:
And mind their Figures more than their Defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſcull'd Judges cry
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently!
Theft (ſays th'Accuſer) to thy Charge I lay,
O *Pedius*! What does gentle *Pedius* ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the Genius of the Times,
With Periods, Points, and Tropes, he ſlurs his Crimes:
"He Robb'd not, but he Borrow'd from the Poor;
"And took but with intention to reſtore.
He lards with Flouriſhes his long Harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate *Roman*, ſhall ſuch Stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy Tail?

Say,

Say, ſhou'd a Shipwreck'd Saylor ſing his VVoe,
VVou'dſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An Alms? VVhat's more prepoſt'rous than to ſee
A merry Beggar? Mirth in Miſery?

Perſius.

He ſeems a Trap, for Charity, to lay:
And cons by Night, his Leſſon for the Day.

Friend.

But to raw Numbers, and unfiniſh'd Verſe,
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terſe:
"'Tis tagg'd with Rhime, like 9 *Berecynthian Atys*,
" The mid part chimes with Art, which never flat *is*.
" The Dolphin brave, that cut the liquid Wave,
" Or He who in his Line, can chine the long-ribb'd *Appennine*.

Perſius.

All this is Dogrel ſtuff.

Friend.

What if I bring
A Nobler Verſe? 10 *Arms and the Man I ſing.*

Per-

Perſius.

Why name you *Virgil* with ſuch Fops as theſe?
He's truly great; and muſt for ever pleaſe:
Not fierce, but awful in his Manly Page;
Bold is his Strength, but ſober is his Rage.

Friend.

What Poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing Regards, and bending Head?

Perſius.

"11 Their crooked Horns the *Mimallonian* Crew
"With Blaſts inſpir'd; and *Baſſaris* who ſlew
"The ſcornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,
"Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.
"And *Mænas*, when with Ivy-bridles bound,
"She led the *ſpotted Lynx*, then *Evion* rung around;
"*Evion* from Woods and Floods repairing Echo's ſound.
Cou'd ſuch rude Lines a *Roman* Mouth become,
Were any Manly Greatneſs left in *Rome*?

Mænas

Mænas [12] and *Atys* in the Mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring Head:
No Blood from bitten Nails, thoſe Poems drew;
But churn'd, like Spittle, from the Lips they flew.

Friend.

'Tis Fuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be Fools, muſt you be mad?
Your Satyrs, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The Great will never bear ſo blunt a Verſe.
Their Doors are barr'd againſt a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch Pay as railing Rhimes deſerve,
Y'are in a very hopeful way to ſterve.

Perſius.

Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well for me.
My harmleſs Rhime ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of Common-ſhoars, and ev'ry piſſing-place.
Two [13] painted Serpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis Holy Ground; you muſt not Urine here.

This

This ſhall be writ to fright the Fry away,
Who draw their little Bawbles, when they play.
[14] Yet old *Lucilius* never fear'd the Times,
But laſh'd the City and diſſected Crimes.
Mutius and *Lupus* both by Name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his Grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd Deſign,
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:
Wou'd raiſe a Bluſh, where ſecret Vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the Wound.
With ſeeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate Paſſes, when he ſmil'd.
Cou'd he do this, and is my Muſe controll'd
By ſervile Awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a hole within the Ground;
And to the truſty Earth commit the ſound:
The Reeds ſhall tell you what the Poet fears,
King [15] Midas *has a Snout, and Aſſes Ears.*

This

This mean Conceit, this darling Myſtery,
VVhich thou think'ſt nothing, Friend, thou ſhalt
not buy;
Nor will I change for all thy flaſhy VVit,
That flatt'ring *Labeo* in his Iliads writ.

16 Thou, if there be a Thou, in this baſe Town,
VVho dares, with angry *Eupolis*, to frown;
He, who, with bold *Cratinus*, is inſpir'd
VVith Zeal, and equal Indignation fir'd;
VVho at enormous Villany, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown Sail,
Like *Ariſtophanes*; let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt VVork, tho' writ in homely
Stile:
And if two Lines or three in all the Vein
Appear leſs droſſie, read thoſe Lines again.
May they perform their Authors juſt Intent,
Glow in thy Ears, and in thy Breaſt ferment.
But, from the reading of my Book and me,
Be far, ye Foes of Virtuous Poverty:

Who [17] Fortune's Fault upon the Poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd Coat, and ragged Shooe;
Lay Nature's Failings to their Charge, and jeer
The dim weak Eye-ſight, when the Mind is clear.
When thou thy ſelf, thus inſolent in State,
Art but, perhaps, ſome Country Magiſtrate,
Whoſe Pow'r extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the Bench, and ſcanty Weights to break.
 Him, alſo, for my Cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all Science, as all Virtue, vain;
Who counts Geometry, and Numbers, Toys;
And [18], with his Foot, the Sacred Duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe Pleaſure is to ſee a Strumpet tear
A Cynick's Beard, and lug him by the Hair.
Such, all the Morning, to the Pleadings run;
But, when the Bus'neſs of the Day is done,
On Dice, and Drink, and Drabs, they ſpend
 their Afternoon.

The End of the Firſt Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Prologue.

1 PErnaſſus, and *Helicon*, were Hills Conſecrated to the Muſes; and the ſuppos'd place of their abode. *Pernaſſus* was forked on the top; and from *Helicon* ran a Stream, the Spring of which was call'd the Muſes Well.

2 *Pyrene*, a Fountain in *Corinth*; Conſecrated alſo to the Muſes.

3 Statues, *&c.* The Statues of the Poets, were Crown'd with Ivy about their Brows.

4 Before the Shrine; that is, before the Shrine of *Apollo*, in his Temple at *Rome*, call'd the *Palatine*.

Explanatory Notes on the First Satyr.

2 LAbeo's Stuff. Nothing is remaining of *Atticus Labeo*, (ſo he is call'd by the Learned *Caſaubon*.) Nor is he mention'd by any other Poet beſides *Perſius*: *Caſaubon*, from an old Commentator on *Perſius* ſays, that he made a very fooliſh Tranſlation of *Homer's Iliads*.

2 *They Comb*, &c. He deſcribes a Poet preparing himſelf to Rehearſe his Works in publick; which was commonly perform'd in *Auguſt*. A Room was hir'd, or lent by ſome Friend; a Scaffold was rais'd, and a Pulpit plac'd for him who was to hold forth; who borrow'd a new Gown, or ſcour'd his old one; and adorn'd his Ears with Jewels, *&c.*

4 *Janus-like*, &c. *Janus* was the firſt King of *Italy*; who refug'd *Saturn*, when he was expell'd by his Son *Jupiter* from *Creet*; (or as we now call it *Candia*.) From his Name, the firſt Month of the Year is call'd *January*. He was pictur'd with two Faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the time paſt, and the future. Some of the Mythologiſts think he was *Noah*, for the Reaſon given above.

5 The *Romans* wrote on Cedar, and Cypreſs Tables, in regard of the duration of the Wood: Ill Verſes might juſtly be afraid of Frankincenſe; for the Papers in which they were Written, were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

6 *Products of Citron Beds*, &c. Writings of Noblemen, whoſe Bedſteads were of the Wood of *Citron*.

7 *When* Romulus, *&c.* He ſpeaks of the Country in the foregoing Verſes; the Praiſes of which, are the moſt eaſie Theme for Poets; but which a bad Poet cannot naturally deſcribe: Then he makes a digreſſion to *Romulus* the firſt King of *Rome*, who had a Ruſtical Education; and enlarges upon *Quintius Cincinnatus*, a *Roman* Senator, who was call'd from the Plough to be Senator of *Rome*.

8 In

8 *In Periods*, &c. *Perſius* here names Antitheſes, or ſeeming Contradictions; which in this place are meant Rhetorical Flouriſhes, as I think, with *Caſaubon*.

9 *Berecynthian Atys*, or *Attin*, &c. Fooliſh Verſes of *Nero*, which the Poet repeats; and which cannot be tranſlated properly into Engliſh.

10 *Arms and the Man*, &c. The firſt Line of *Virgil's Æneids*.

11 *Their crooked Horns*, &c. Other Verſes of *Nero*, that were meer Bombaſt. I only note, That the Repetition of theſe and the former Verſes of *Nero*, might juſtly give the Poet a caution to conceal his Name.

12 *Mænas* and *Atys*, Poems on the *Mænades*, who were Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*; and of *Atys*, who made himſelf an Eunuch to attend on the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, call'd *Berecynthia* by the Poets; ſhe was Mother of the Gods.

13 *Two painted Serpents*, &c, Two Snakes twin'd with each other were painted on the Walls, by the Ancients, to ſhew the Place was Holy.

14 *Yet old* Lucilius, *&c.* *Lucilius* wrote long before *Horace*; who imitates his manner of Satyr, but far excels him, in the deſign.

14 *King* Midas, *&c.* The Story is vulgar, that *Midas* King of *Phrygia*, was made Judge betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, who was the beſt Muſician: He gave the Prize to *Pan*; and *Apollo* in revenge gave him Aſſes Ears. He wore his Hair long to hide them; but his Barber diſcovering them, and not daring to divulge the Secret, dug a hole in the Ground, and whiſper'd into it: The place was marſhy; and when the Reeds grew up, they repeated the Words which were ſpoken by the Barber, By *Midas*, the Poet meant *Nero*.

16 *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*, as alſo *Ariſtophanes* mention'd afterwards, were all *Athenian* Poets; who wrote that ſort of Comedy, which was call'd the old Comedy, where the People were Nam'd, who were Satyriz'd by thoſe Authors.

17 *Who Fortune's Fault*, &c The People of *Rome* in the time of *Perſius*, were apt to ſcorn the *Grecian* Philoſophers, particularly the Cynicks and Stoicks, who were the pooreſt of them.

18 *And with his Foot*, &c. Arithmetick and Geometry were taught on Floors, which were ſtrew'd with Duſt or Sand; in which the Numbers and Diagrams were made and drawn, which they might ſtrike out again at Pleaſure.

THE
SECOND SATYR
OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS,
Tranſlated into
ENGLISH VERSE
BY
Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Argument of the Second Satyr.

This Satyr contains a moſt Grave and Philoſophical Argument, concerning Prayers and Wiſhes. Undoubtedly it gave occaſion to Juvenal'*s Tenth Satyr, and both of them had their Original from one of* Plato'*s Dialogues, call'd the Second* Alcibiades. *Our Author has induc'd it with great Maſtery of Art, by taking his Riſe from the Birth-day of his Friend; on which occaſions, Prayers are made, and Sacrifices offer'd by the Native.* Perſius *commending firſt the Purity of his Friend's Vows, deſcends to the Impious and Immoral Requeſts of others. The Satyr is divided into three Parts: The firſt is the* Exordium *to* Macrinus, *which the Poet confines within the compaſs of four Verſes. The ſecond relates to the matter of the Prayers and Vows, and an enumeration of thoſe things, wherein Men commonly ſinn'd againſt right Reaſon, and offended in their Requeſts. The third part conſiſts in ſhewing the Repugnancies of thoſe Powers and Wiſhes, to thoſe of other Men, and Inconſiſtencies with themſelves. He ſhews the Original of theſe Vows, and ſharply inveighs againſt them: And laſtly, not only corrects the falſe Opinion of Mankind concerning them, but gives the True Doctrine of all Addreſſes made to Heaven; and how they may be acceptable to the Pow'rs above, in excellent Precepts; and more worthy of a Chriſtian than a Heathen.*

THE

THE
SECOND SATYR.

Dedicated to his Friend Plotius Macrinus, *on his Birth-Day.*

LET this auſpicious Morning be expreſt
With a white [1] Stone, diſtinguiſh'd from
the reſt:
White as thy Fame, and as thy Honour clear;
And let new Joys attend, on thy new-added Year.
Indulge thy Genius, and o'er-flow thy Soul,
Till thy Wit ſparkle, like the chearful Bowl.
Pray; for thy Pray'rs the Teſt of Heav'n will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the Gods aſide to hear:
While others, ev'n the Mighty Men of *Rome*,
Big ſwell'd with Miſchief, to the Temples come;

And in low Murmurs, and with coſtly Smoak,
Heav'n's Help, to proſper their black Vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal,
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.
  Give me Good Fame, ye *Pow'rs*, and make me juſt:
Thus much the Rogue to Publick Ears will truſt:
In private then: —When wilt thou, mighty *Jove*,
My wealthy Uncle from this World remove?
Or— O thou Thund'rer's Son, great [2] *Hercules*,
That once thy bounteous Deity wou'd pleaſe
To guide my *Rake*, upon the *chinking* ſound
Of ſome vaſt Treaſure, hidden under-ground!
  O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o'th' head;
I ſhou'd poſſeſs th' Eſtate, if he were dead!
He's ſo far gone with Rickets, and with *th'Evil*,
That one ſmall Doſe wou'd ſend *him* to the Devil.
  This is my Neighbour *Nerius* his third Spouſe,
Of whom in happy time he rids his Houſe.
But my Eternal Wife!— Grant Heav'n I may
Survive to ſee the Fellow of this Day!

Thus,

Thus, that thou may'ſt the better bring about
Thy VViſhes, thou art wickedly devout:
In *Tiber* ducking thrice, by break of day,
To waſh the Obſcenities of [3] Night away.
But prithee tell me, ('tis a ſmall Requeſt)
VVith what ill Thoughts of *Jove* art thou poſſeſt?
VVou'dſt thou prefer him to ſome Man? Suppoſe
I dipp'd among the worſt, and *Staius* choſe?
VVhich of the two wou'd thy wiſe Head declare
The truſtier Tutor to an Orphan Heir?
Or, put it thus: ---- Unfold to *Staius*, ſtraight,
VVhat to *Jove*'s Ear thou didſt impart of late:
He'll ſtare, and, O Good *Jupiter!* will cry;
Can'ſt thou indulge him in this Villany!
And think'ſt thou, *Jove* himſelf, with patience then,
Can hear a Pray'r condemn'd by wicked Men?
That, void of Care, he lolls ſupine in State,
And leaves his Bus'neſs to be done by Fate?
Becauſe his Thunder ſplits ſome burly Tree,
And is not darted at thy Houſe and Thee?

Or

Or that his Vengeance falls not at that time
Juſt at the Perpetration of thy Crime ;
And makes thee a ſad Object of our Eyes,
Fit for [4] *Ergenna's* Pray'r, and Sacrifice?
VVhat well-fed Off'ring to appeaſe the God,
VVhat pow'rful Preſent, to procure a Nod,
Haſt thou in ſtore? VVhat Bribe *haſt thou* prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpuniſh'd, *by* the Beard?
Our Superſtitions with our Life begin:
Th' obſcene old Grandam, or the next of Kin,
The new-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And firſt of Spittle a [5] Luſtration makes:
Then in the Spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the Temples, Forehead, and the Lips;
Pretending force of Magick to prevent,
By virtue of her naſty Excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd Pray'r,
That Heav'n wou'd make him ſome rich Miſer's heir
Lucky to Ladies, and, in time, a King,
VVhich to enſure, ſhe adds a length of Navel-ſtring.

But

But no fond Nurſe is fit to make a Pray'r;
And *Jove*, if *Jove* be wiſe, will never hear;
Not tho' ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands:
A Body made of Braſs the Crone demands
For her lov'd Nurſling, ſtrung with Nerves of VVire,
Tough to the laſt, and with no toil to tire:
Unconſcionable Vows, which when we uſe,
VVe teach the Gods, in Reaſon, to refuſe.
Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy VViſh;
Yet the Fat Intrails in the ſpacious Diſh,
VVou'd ſtop the Grant: The very over-care,
And nauſeous Pomp, wou'd hinder half the Pray'r:
Thou hop'ſt with Sacrifice of Oxen ſlain,
To compaſs VVealth, and bribe the God of Gain,
To give thee Flocks and Herds, with large increaſe:
Fool! to expect 'em from a Bullock's Greaſe!
And think'ſt that when the fatten'd Flames aſpire,
Thou ſee'ſt th'accompliſhment of thy Deſire!
Now,

Now, now, my bearded Harveſt gilds the Plain,
The ſcanty Folds can ſcarce my Sheep contain.
And Showres of Gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank Purſe declares his Money gone.
Shou'd I preſent thee with rare figur'd Plate,
Or Gold as rich in Workmanſhip as Weight;
O how thy riſing Heart wou'd throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling Pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thy ſelf the Pow'rs Divine;
Thy Gods are burniſh'd Gold, and Silver is their
Shrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferiour Race,
Whoſe humble Statues are coneent with Braſs.
Shou'd ſome of theſe, in [6] Viſions purge from Fleam,
Foretel Events, or in a Morning dream;
Ev'n thoſe thou wou'dſt in Veneration hold;
And, if not Faces, give 'em Beards of Gold.
The Prieſts in Temples, now no longer care
For [7] *Saturn*'s Braſs, or [8] *Numa*'s Earthen-ware;

Or Veſtal Urns, in each Religious Rite:
The wicked Gold has put 'em all to flight.
O Souls, in whom no heav'nly Fire is found,
Fat Minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!
We bring our Manners to the bleſt Abodes,
And think what pleaſes us, muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of Oil and *Caſſia* one th' Ingredients takes,
And, of the Mixture, a rich Ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in Grain,
And make [9] *Calabrian* Wool receive the *Tyrian* Stain;
Or from the Shells their Orient Treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden Ore, in Rivers rakes;
Then melts the Maſs: All theſe are Vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome Profit from their Pains may riſe:
But tell me, Prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this Gold?
The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store
Theſe Preſents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more:
As [10] Maids to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
To bleſs the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.

But

But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the Great Man's great Chargers cannot bear:
A Soul, where Laws both Human and Divine,
In Practice more than Speculation ſhine:
A genuine Virtue, of a vigorous Kind,
Pure in the laſt Receſſes of the Mind:
When with ſuch Off'rings to the Gods I come;
A [11] Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.

The End of the Second Satyr.

Expla.

Explanatory Notes on the Second Satyr.

W*Hite Stone.* The *Romans* were us'd to mark their Fortunate Days, or any thing that luckily befel 'em, with a white Stone which they had from the Iſland *Creta*; and their Unfortunate with [illegible].

2 *Hercules* was thought to have the Key and Power of beſtowing all hidden Treaſure.

3 The Ancients thought themſelves tainted and polluted by Night it ſelf, as well as bad Dreams in the Night, and therefore purifi'd themſelves by waſhing their Heads and Hands every Morning; which Cuſtom the *Turks* obſerve to this day.

4 When any one was Thunderſtruck, the Soothſayer (who is here call'd *Ergenna*) immediately repair'd to the place, to expiate the diſpleaſure of the Gods, by ſacrificing two Sheep.

5 The Poet laughs at the ſuperſtitious Ceremonies which the Old Women made uſe of in their Luſtration or Purification Days, when they nam'd their Children, which was done on the Eighth Day to Females, and on the Ninth to Males.

6 *In Viſions purg'd from Fleam*, &c. It was the Opinion both of *Grecians* and *Romans*, that the Gods, in Viſions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favourites a Cure for their Diſeaſes, and ſometimes thoſe of others. Thus *Alexander* dream'd of an Herb which cur'd *Ptolomy*. Theſe Gods were principally *Apollo* and *Eſculapius*; but, in after-times, the ſame Virtue and Good-will was attributed to *Iſis* and *Oſiris*. Which brings to my remembrance an old paſſage in Sir *Tho. Brown*'s *Religio Medici*, or in his *Vulgar Errours*; the ſence whereof is, *That we are beholding, for many of our Diſcoveries in Phyſick, to the courteous Revelation of Spirits.* By the Expreſſion of *Viſions purg'd from Fleam*, our Author means ſuch Dreams or Viſions, as proceed not from Natural Cauſes, or Humours of the Body; but ſuch as are ſent from Heaven; and are, therefore, certain Remedies.

7 *For* Saturn'*s Braſs*, &c. Brazen Veſſels, in which the Publick Treaſures of the *Romans* was kept: It may be the Poet means only old Veſſels, which were call'd Κρόνια, from the Greek Name of *Saturn*.

8 *Numa*'s *Earthen-Ware.* Under *Numa* the ſecond King of *Rome*, and for a long time after him, the Holy Veſſels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware; according to the Superſtitious Rites which were introduc'd by the ſame *Numa*: Tho' afterwards, when *Memmius* had taken *Corinth*, and *Paulus Emilius* had conquer'd *Macedonia*, Luxury began among the *Romans*; and then their Utenſils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, *&c.*

9 *And make* Calabrian *Wooll*, &c. The Wooll of *Calabria* was of the fineſt ſort in *Italy*, as *Juvenal* alſo tells us. The *Tyrian Stain*, is the Purple Colour dy'd at *Tyrus*; and I ſuppoſe, but dare not poſitively affirm, that

that the richeſt of that Dye was neareſt our Crimſon, and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to juſtifie my Conjecture.

10 *As Maids to* Venus, *&c.* Thoſe *Baby-Toys* were little Babies, or Poppets, as we call them; in Latin *Pupæ*; which the Girls, when they came to the Age of Puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd *to Venus*; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen Years of Age offer'd their *Bullæ*, or Boſſes.

11 *A Cake thus given*, &c. A Cake of Barley, or *courſe W[illegible]meal*, with the Bran in it: The meaning is, that God is pleas'd with the pure and ſpotleſs Heart of the Offerer; and not with the Riches of the Offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his *Mimes*, has a Verſe like this: *Puras, Deus, non plenas aſpicit manus.*—— What I had forgotten before, in its due place, I muſt here tell the Reader, That the firſt half of this Satyr was tranſlated by one of my Sons, now in *Italy*; but I thought ſo well of it, that I let it paſs without any Alteration.

THE

THE
THIRD SATYR
OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Argument of the Third Satyr.

Our Author has made two Satyrs concerning Study; the Firſt and the Third: The firſt related to Men; This to Young Students, whom he deſir'd to be Educated in the Stoick Philoſophy: He himſelf ſuſtains the Perſon of the Maſter, or Præceptor, *in this admirable Satyr. Where he upbraids the Youth of Sloth, and Negligence in Learning. Yet he begins with one Scholar reproaching his Fellow Students with late riſing to their Books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the Teacher. And addreſſing himſelf particularly to Young Noblemen, tells them, That by reaſon of their High Birth, and the Great Poſſeſſions of their Fathers, they are careleſs of adorning their Minds with Precepts of Moral Philoſophy: And withal inculcates to them the Miſeries which will attend them in the whole courſe of their Life, if they do not apply themſelves betimes to the Knowledge of Virtue, and the End of their Creation, which he pathetically inſinuates to them. The Title of this Satyr, in ſome ancient Manuſcripts, was,* The Reproach of Idleneſs; *tho' in others of the Scholiaſts, 'tis inſcrib'd,* Againſt the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. *In both of which the Intention of the Poet is purſu'd; but principally in the former.*

I remember I Tranſlated this Satyr, when I was a *Kings-Scholar* at *Weſtminſter*-School, for a *Thurſday*-Nights *Exerciſe*; and believe that it, and many other of my *Exerciſes* of this nature, in *Engliſh Verſe*, are ſtill in the hands of my *Learned Maſter*, the Reverend Doctor *Busby*.

THE

THE

THIRD SATYR.

IS this thy daily courſe? The glaring Sun
Breaks in at ev'ry Chink: The Cattel run
To ſhades, and Noon-tide Rays of Summer ſhun
Yet plung'd in Sloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with Fumes of undigeſted Wine.
This grave Advice ſome ſober Student bears;
And loudly rings it in his Fellows Ears.
The yawning Youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy Limbs and dozy Head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy Eyes, and ſcrubs his Pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My Cloaths, make haſte: Why when! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:

And

And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous Note,
Than an *Arcadian* Aſs can ſtretch his Throat.

With much ado, his Book before him laid,
And [1] Parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the Papers; lays 'em down agen;
And, with unwilling Fingers, tries the Pen:
Some peeviſh Quarrel ſtreight he ſtrives to pick;
His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too thick;
Infuſe more VVater; now 'tis grown ſo thin
It ſinks, nor can the Characters be ſeen.

O Wretch, and ſtill more wretched ev'ry day!
Are Mortals born to ſleep their Lives away!
Go back to what thy Infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:
Eat Pap and Spoon-meat; for thy Gugaws cry;
Be ſullen, and refuſe the Lullaby.
No more accuſe thy Pen; but charge the Crime
On Native Sloth, and negligence of Time.
Think'ſt thou thy Maſter, or thy Friends to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thy ſelf, and that's a worſe deceit.

Beware the publick Laughter of the Town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a Leak already in thy Crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd Veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.
Yet thy moiſt Clay is pliant to Command;
Unwrought, and eaſie to the Potter's Hand:
Now take the Mold; now bend thy Mind to feel
The firſt ſharp Motions of the Forming VVheel.
But thou haſt Land; a Country-Seat, ſecure
By a juſt Title; coſtly Furniture;
A [2] Fuming-Pan thy *Lares* to appeaſe:
What need of Learning when a Man's at eaſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy Soul,
Then pleaſe thy Pride, and ſearch the Herald's Roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous Pedigree
Drawn [3] from the root of ſome old *Thuſcan* Tree;
And thou, a Thouſand, off, a Fool of long Degree.
Who, clad in [4] Purple, canſt thy Cenſor greet;
And, loudly, call him Couſin, in the Street.

Such Pageantry be to the People ſhown:
There boaſt thy Horſe's Trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy Bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow Centre, to thy outmoſt Skin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a Beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?
But, 'tis in vain: The Wretch is drench'd too deep;
His Soul is ſtupid, and his Heart aſleep:
Fatten'd in Vice; ſo callous, and ſo groſs,
He ſins, and ſees not; ſenſeleſs of his Loſs.
Down goes the Wretch at once, unskill'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs to bubble up, and reach the Water's brim.

Great Father of the Gods, when, for our Crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy Judgment on the Times;
Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage;
Thus puniſh him: Set Virtue in his ſight,
VVith all her Charms adorn'd, with all her Graces bright:

But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His Gains out-vy'd by loſt Felicity!
Sicilian [5] Tortures, and the Brazen Bull,
Are Emblems, rather than expreſs the Full
Of what he feels: Yet what he fears, is more:
The [6] VVretch, who ſitting at his plenteous Board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed Sword
Hang o'er his Head, and hanging by a Twine,
Did with leſs dread, and more ſecurely Dine.
Ev'n in his Sleep he ſtarts, and fears the Knife,
And, trembling, in his Arms, takes his Accomplice
VVife:
Down, down, he goes; and from his Darling-
Friend
Conceals the VVoes his guilty Dreams portend.
VVhen I was young, I, like a lazy Fool,
Wou'd blear my Eyes with Oil to ſtay from School:
Averſe from Pains, and loath to learn the Part
Of *Cato* dying with a dauntleſs Heart:

Tho' much, my Maſter, that ſtern Virtue prais'd,
VVhich, o'er the Vanquiſher the Vanquiſh'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd Father came, with Pride, to ſee
His Boy defend the *Roman* Liberty.

But then my Study was to Cog the Dice,
And dext'rouſly to throw the lucky Sice:
To ſhun Ames-Ace, that ſwept my Stakes away;
And watch the Box, for fear they ſhou'd convey
Falſe Bones, and put upon me in the Play.
Careful, beſides, the whirling Top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till ſhe fell aſleep.

Thy Years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
VVhat's Good or Ill, and both their *Ends* diſcern:
Thou, [7] in the Stoick Porch, ſeverely bred,
Haſt heard the *Dogma's* of great *Zeno* read:
VVhere on the VVals, by [8] *Polignotus* Hand,
The Conquer'd *Medians* in Trunk-Breeches ſtand.
VVhere the ſhorn Youth to midnight Lectures riſe,
Rous'd from their Slumbers to be early wiſe:

Where

Where the coarſe Cake, and homely Husks of Beans,
From pamp'ring Riot the young Stomach weans:
And [9] where the *Samian* Y directs thy Steps to run,
To *Virtue*'s narrow Steep, and Broad-way *Vice* to
 ſhun.
And yet thou ſnor'ſt; thou draw'ſt thy drunken
 Breath,
Sour with Debauch; and ſleep'ſt the Sleep of Death.
'Thy Chaps are fallen, and thy Frame disjoin'd;
Thy Body as diſſolv'd as is thy Mind.
 Haſt thou not, yet, propos'd ſome certain End,
To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend?
Haſt thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow;
Or like a Boy purſu'ſt the Carrion-Crow
With Pellets, and with Stones from Tree to Tree:
A fruitleſs Toil, and liv'ſt *Extempore*?
Watch the Diſeaſe in time: For, when within
The Dropſie rages and extends the Skin,
In vain for *Hellebore* the Patient cries,
And fees the Doctor; but too late is wiſe:

Too

Too late for Cure, he proffers half his VVealth;
Conqueſt and *Guibbons* cannot give him Health.

Learn Wretches, learn the Motions of the Mind:
Why you were made, for what you were deſign'd,
And the great Moral End of Human Kind.
Study thy ſelf: VVhat Rank, or what Degree
The wiſe Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the Offices of that Eſtate
Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy Fate.

Pray juſtly, to be heard: Nor more deſire
Than what the Decencies of Life require.
Learn what thou ow'ſt thy Country, and thy Friend;
VVhat's requiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the Store
Of the greaz'd Advocate, that grinds the Poor:
Fat [10] Fees from the defended *Umbrian* draws;
And only gains the wealthy Client's Cauſe.
To whom the *Marſians* more Proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his Family can ſpend.

Gam-

Gammons that give a Reliſh to the Taſte,
And potted Fowl, and Fiſh come in ſo faſt,
That e're the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks:
And mouldy Mother gathers on the brinks:

But, here, ſome Captain of the Land or Fleet,
Stout of his Hands, but of a Souldier's VVit;
Cries, I have ſence to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a Raſcal who pretends to more.
Damme, what'e'er thoſe Book-learn'd Blockheads ſay,
Solon's the veri'ſt Fool in all the Play.
Top-heavy Drones, and always looking down,
(As over-balaſted within the Crown!)
Mutt'ring betwixt their Lips ſome myſtick thing
VVhich, well examin'd, is flat Conjuring.
Meer Mad-mens Dreams: For, what the Schools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.

Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the Pleaſures of a glorious Meal;
For this, in Rags accouter'd, they are ſeen,
And made the May-game of the publick Spleen?
Proceed, my Friend, and rail; But hear me tell
A Story, which is juſt thy Parallel.
A Spark, like thee, of the Man-killing Trade,
Fell ſick; and thus to his Phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my Heart:
My Pulſe unequal, and my Breath is ſtrong;
Beſides, a filthy Furr upon my Tongue.
The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his Skill:
And, after, bid him for four Days be ſtill.
Three Days he took good Counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recov'ring Man:
The fourth, he cou'd not hold from Drink; but ſends
His Boy to one of his old truſty Friends:

Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
To pity his Diſtreſs, who cou'd not Dine
VVithout a Flaggon of his healing VVine.
He drinks a ſwilling Draught; and, lin'd within,
VVill ſupple, in the Bath, his outward *Skin*:
VVhom ſhou'd he find but his Phyſician there,
VVho, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your Breath;
Drinking is dang'rous, and the Bath is death.
'Tis Nothing, ſays the Fool: But, ſays the Friend,
This Nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not ſee your Dropſie Belly ſwell?
Your yellow Skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair Eſtate and me,
And, Doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe.
I've done, ſays the Phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing Sot, like all unthinking Men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His

His Throat half throtled with corrupted Fleam,
And breathing through his Jaws a belching ſteam:
Amidſt his Cups with fainting ſhiv'ring ſeiz'd,
His Limbs disjointed, and all o'er diſeas'd,
His Hand refuſes to ſuſtain the Bowl:
And his Teeth chatter, and his Eye-balls rowl:
Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul:
Then Trumpets, Torches, and a tedious Crew
Of Hireling Mourners, for his Funeral due.
Our dear departed Brother lies in State;
His Heels ſtretch'd *out*, and *pointing to the Gate.*
And Slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead Ma-
ſter wait.
They hoiſt him on the Bier, and deal the Dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious Fool.
But, what's thy fulſome Parable to me?
My Body is from all Diſeaſes free:
My temp'rate Pulſe does regularly beat;
Feel, and be ſatisfy'd, my Hands and Feet:
Theſe are not cold, nor thoſe oppreſt with Heat.

Or lay thy Hand upon my naked Heart,
And thou ſhalt find me hale in ev'ry part.

I grant this true: But, ſtill, the deadly VVound
Is in thy Soul; 'tis there thou art not ſound:
Say, when thou ſeeſt a heap of tempting Gold,
Or a more tempting Harlot do'ſt behold;
Then, when ſhe caſts on thee a ſidelong glance,
Then try thy Heart, and tell me if it dance.

Some coarſe cold Salade is before thee ſet;
Bread with the Bran perhaps, and broken Meat;
Fall on, and try thy Appetite to eat.
Theſe are not Diſhes for thy dainty Tooth:
What, haſt thou got an Ulcer in thy Mouth?
Why ſtand'ſt thou picking? Is thy Pallat ſore
That Bete and Radiſhes will make thee roar?
Such is th'unequal Temper of thy Mind;
Thy Paſſions, in extreams, and unconfin'd:
Thy Hair ſo briſtles with unmanly Fears,
As Fields of Corn, that riſe in bearded Ears.

And, when thy Cheeks with fluſhing Fury glow,
The rage of boiling Caldrons is more ſlow;
When fed with Fuel and with Flames below.
With foam upon thy Lips, and ſparkling Eyes,
Thou ſay'ſt, and do'ſt, in ſuch outrageous wiſe;
That mad *Oreſtes*, if he ſaw the Show,
Wou'd ſwear thou wert the madder of the two.

The End of the Third Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Third Satyr.

1 AND *Parchment*, &c. The Students us'd to write their Notes on Parchments; the inſide, on which they wrote, was white; the other ſide was hairy; and commonly yellow. *Quintilian* reproves this Cuſtom, and adviſes rather Table-Books, lin'd with Wax, and a Stile, like that we uſe in our Vellum Table-Books, as more eaſie.

2 *A Fuming-Pan*, &c. Before eating, it was cuſtomary to cut off some part of the Meat; which was firſt put into a Pan, or little Diſh; then into the Fire; as an Offering to the Houſhold-Gods: This they call'd a *Libation*.

3 *Drawn from the Root*, &c. The *Thuſcans* were accounted of moſt ancient Nobility. *Horace* obſerves this, in moſt of his Compliments to *Mecænas*, who was deriv'd from the Old Kings of *Thuſcany*, now the Dominion of the Great Duke.

4 *Who clad in Purple*, &c. The *Roman* Knights, attir'd in the Robe call'd *Trabea*, were Summon'd by the Cenſor, to appear before him; and to ſalute him in paſſing by, as their Names were call'd over. They led their Horſes in their hand. See more of this in *Pompey*'s Life, written by *Plutarch*.

5 *Sicilian Tortures*, &c. Some of the *Sicilian* Kings were ſo great Tyrants, that the Name is become Proverbial. The Brazen Bull is a known Story of *Phalaris*, one of thoſe Tyrants; who when *Perillus*, a famous Artiſt, had preſented him with a Bull of that Metal hollow'd within, which when the Condemn'd Perſon was incloſ'd in it, wou'd render the ſound of a Bull's roaring, cauſ'd the Workman to make the firſt Experiment. *Docuitque ſuum mugire Juvencum.*

6 *The Wretch who ſitting*, &c. He alludes to the Story of *Damocles* a Flatterer of one of thoſe *Sicilian* Tyrants, namely *Dionyſius*. *Damocles* had infinitely extoll'd the Happineſs of Kings. *Dionyſius* to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a Feaſt, and cloath'd him in Purple; but cauſ'd a Sword, with the point downward, to be hung over his Head, by a ſilken Twine; which when he perceiv'd, he cou'd eat nothing of the Delicates that were ſet before him.

7 *Thou in the Stoick Porch*, &c. The Stoicks taught their Philoſphy, under a *Porticus*, to ſecure their Scholars from the Weather. *Zeno* was the Chief of that Sect.

8 *Polygnotus*, A famous Painter, who drew the Pictures of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, Conquer'd by *Miltiades*, *Themiſtocles*, and other *Athenian* Captains, on the Walls of the *Portico*, in their Natural Habits.

9 *And where the Samian* Y, &c. *Pythagoras* of *Samos*, made the alluſion of the Y, or Greek Upſilon, to Vice and Virtue. One ſide of the Letter being broad, characters Vice, to which the aſcent is wide and eaſie. The other ſide repreſents Virtue; to which the Paſſage is

ſtrait and difficult: And perhaps our Saviour might alſo allude to this, in thoſe noted Words of the Evangeliſt, *The way to Heaven*, &c.

10 *Fat Fees*, &c. *Caſaubon* here notes, that among all the *Romans*, who were brought up to Learning, few beſides the Orators, or Lawyers, grew rich.

11 The *Marſians* and *Umbrians*, were the moſt Plentiful of all the Provinces in *Italy*.

12 *His Heels ſtretch'd out*, &c. The *Romans* were Buried without the City; for which Reaſon the Poet ſays, that the dead Man's Heels were ſtretch'd out towards the Gate.

13 *That mad* Oreſtes. *Oreſtes* was Son to *Agamemnon* and *Clitemneſtra*. *Agamemnon*, at his return from the *Trojan* Wars, was ſlain by *Ægyſthus*, the Adulterer of *Clitemneſtra*. *Oreſtes* to revenge his Father's Death, ſlew both *Ægyſthus* and his Mother: For which he was puniſh'd with Madneſs, by the *Eumenides*, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

THE

THE FOURTH SATYR OF *AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS*,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Argument of the Fourth Satyr.

Our Author, living in the time of Nero, *was Contemporary and Friend to the Noble Poet* Lucan; *both of them were ſufficiently ſenſible, with all good Men, how unskilfully he manag'd the Commonwealth: And perhaps might gueſs at his future Tyranny, by ſome Paſſages, during the latter part of his Firſt five Years; tho' he broke not out, into his great Exceſſes, while he was reſtrain'd by the Counſels and Authority of* Seneca. Lucan *has not ſpar'd him in the Poem of his* Pharſalia; *for his very Complement look'd aſquint as well as* Nero. Perſius *has been bolder, but with caution likewiſe: For here, in the Perſon of Young* Alcibiades, *he arraigns his Ambition of meddling with State Affairs, without Judgment or Experience. 'Tis probable that he makes* Seneca *in this Satyr, ſuſtain the part of* Socrates, *under a borrow'd Name. And, withal, diſcover ſome ſecret Vices of* Nero, *concerning his Luſt, his Drunkenneſs, and his Effeminacy, which had not yet arriv'd to publick Notice. He alſo reprehends the Flattery of his Courtiers, who endeavour'd to make all his Vices paſs for Virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his Faults; but it is here deſcrib'd as a Veil caſt over the true Meaning of the Poet, which was to Satyrize his Prodigality and Voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a Tranſition. I find no Inſtance in Hiſtory, of that Emperours being a* Pathique; *tho'* Perſius *ſeems to brand him with it. From the two Dialogues of* Plato, *both call'd* Alcibiades, *the Poet took the Arguments of the Second and Thirt Satyr, but he inverted*

the

the Order of them: For the Third Satyr is taken from the Firſt of thoſe Dialogues.

The Commentators before Caſaubon, *were ignorant of our Author's Secret Meaning; and thought he had only written againſt Young Noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to Publick Magiſtracy: But this* Excellent *Scholiaſt has unravell'd the whole Myſtery; and made it apparent, that the Sting of this Satyr was particularly aim'd at* Nero.

THE
FOURTH SATYR.

WHoe'er thou art, whoſe forward Years are bent
On State Affairs, to guide the Government;
Here, firſt, what [1] *Socrates* of old has ſaid
To the lov'd Youth, whom he at *Athens* bred.

Tell me, thou Pupil to great [2] *Pericles*,
Our ſecond Hope, my *Alcibiades*,
What are the grounds, from whence thou doſt prepare
To undertake, ſo young, ſo vaſt a Care?
Perhaps thy Wit: (A Chance not often heard,
That Parts and Prudence ſhou'd prevent the Beard:)

'Tis

'Tis ſeldom ſeen that Senators ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to ſome peculiar Fate;
When the mad People riſe againſt the State,
To look them into Duty: And command
An awful Silence with thy lifted Hand.
Then to beſpeak 'em thus: *Athenians*, know
Againſt right Reaſon all your Counſels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other Queſtion proper for Debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the Bus'neſs right,
And give each Argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt, with an equal hand, to hold the Scale:
Seeſt where the Reaſons pinch, & where they fail,
And where Exceptions, o'er the general Rule, (prevail.
And, taught by Inſpiration, in a trice,
Can'ſt punish Crimes, and brand offending Vice,
Leave; leave to fathom ſuch high *Crimes* as theſe;
Nor be ambitious, e're thy time, to pleaſe:

Unſeaſonably Wiſe, 'till Age, and Cares,
Have form'd thy Soul, to manage Great Affairs.
Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not ſtrength ſuch Labours to ſuſtain:
Drink [4] *Hellebor*, my Boy, drink deep, and purge
thy Brain.

What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy
Care,
In what thy utmoſt Good? Delicious Fare;
And, then, to Sun thy ſelf in open Air.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty Wiſhes ſuch?
A good old Woman wou'd have ſaid as much.
But thou art Nobly born; 'tis true; go boaſt
Thy Pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides thou art a Beau: What's that, my Child?
A Fop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:
She that cries Herbs has leſs impertinence,
And, in her Calling, more of common ſence.

None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret Imperfections of his Mind:

But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd, to ſee
Another's Faults, and his Deformity:
Say, doſt thou know [5] *Vectidius?* Who, the Wretch
Whoſe Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely ſtretch;
Cover the Country; that a ſailing Kite
Can ſcarce o'erfly 'em in a Day and Night?
Him, do'ſt thou mean, who ſpight of all his Store,
Is ever craving, and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for Half-pence, and who do'ffs his Coat,
To ſave a Farthing in a Ferry-Boat?
Ever a Glutton, at another's Coſt,
But in whoſe Kitchin dwells perpetual Froſt?
Who eats and drinks with his Domeſtick Slaves;
A verier Hind than any of his Knaves?
Born with the Curſe and Anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent Genius he defrauds?
At Harveſt-home, and on the Sheering-Day,
When he ſhou'd [6] Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales* pay,
And better *Ceres*; trembling to approach
The little Barrel, which he fears to broach:

He

He 'ſays the Wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty Servants but a ſmack.
To a ſhort Meal, he makes a tedious Grace,
Before the Barley Pudding comes in place:
Then bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving Charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd Onion eats, and tipples Verjuice.
Thus fares the Drudge: But thou, whoſe Life's a Dream
Of lazy Pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe Extream.
'Tis all thy bus'neſs, bus'neſs now to ſhun;
To bask thy Body in the naked Sun;
Suppling thy ſtiffned Joints with fragrant Oil:
Then, in thy ſpacious Garden, walk a while,
To ſuck the Moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: And there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, wou'd all thy ſecret Sins expoſe.
The 7 depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy *Catamite*, the Darling of thy Heart,
His Engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder Art.

When,

When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the Pleaſure, which thou can'ſt not give.
With odorous Oil thy Head and Hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the Tuzzes on thy Cheek:
Of theſe thy Barbers take a coſtly Care,
While thy ſalt Tail is over-grown with Hair.
Not all thy Pincers, nor unmanly Arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful Parts.
Not [8] five, the ſtrongeſt that the *Circus* breeds,
From the rank Soil can root thoſe wicked Weeds:
Tho' ſupple firſt with Soap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn Fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with Defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the Jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy Hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious Eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin Diſguiſe:
Thou haſt an Ulcer which no Leach can heal,
Tho' thy broad Shoulder-belt the Wound conceal.
Say thou art ſound and hale in ev'ry part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy Heart.

We

VVe know thee ſullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor can'ſt thou cheat thy [9] Nerve, who cheat'ſt the
Croud.

But, when they praiſe me, in the Neighbourhood,
VVhen the pleas'd People take me for a God,
Shall I refuſe their Incenſe? Not receive
The loud Applauſes which the Vulgar give?

If thou do'ſt VVealth, with longing Eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after Gold;
If ſome alluring Girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a laſcivious Eye,
And thou, with a conſenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own Sollicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh *Pendulum*:
If thy lewd Luſt provokes an empty Storm,
And prompts to more than Nature can perform;
If, with thy [10] Guards, thou ſcour'ſt the Streets by
Night,
And do'ſt in Murthers, Rapes, and Spoils delight;

Pleaſe

Pleaſe not thy ſelf, the flatt'ring Croud to hear;
'Tis fulſom ſtuff, to feed thy itching Ear,
Reject the nauſeous Praiſes of the Times:
Give thy baſe Poets back their cobbled Rhimes:
Survey thy [11] Soul, not what thou do'ſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the Beggar there.

The End of the Fourth Satyr.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Fourth Satyr.

1 SOcrates, whom the Oracle of *Delphos* prais'd, as the wiſeſt Man of his Age, liv'd in the time of the *Peloponneſian* War. He, finding the uncertainty of Natural Philoſophy, apply'd himſelf wholly to the Moral. He was Maſter to *Xenophon* and *Plato*; and to many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen; amongſt the reſt, to *Alcibiades*, the moſt lovely Youth then living; afterwards a famous Captain, whoſe Life is written by *Plutarch*.

2 *Pericles* was Tutor, or rather Overſeer of the Will of *Clinias*, Father to *Alcibiades*. While *Pericles* liv'd, who was a wiſe Man, and an excellent Orator, as well as a great General, the *Athenians* had the better of the War.

3 *Can'ſt puniſh Crimes*, &c. That is, by Death. When the Judges wou'd condemn a Malefactor, they caſt their Votes into an Urn, as according to the Modern Cuſtom, a Ballotting-Box. If the Suffrages were mark'd with Θ, they ſignify'd the Sentence of Death to the Offender; as being the firſt Letter of Θάνατος, which in Engliſh is Death.

4 *Drink Hellebor*, &c. The Poet wou'd ſay, that ſuch an ignorant Young Man, as he here deſcribes, is fitter to be govern'd himſelf, than to govern others. He therefore adviſes him to drink *Hellebor*, which purges the Brain.

5 *Say, do'ſt thou know* Vectidius, *&c.* The Name of *Vectidius* is here us'd appellatively to ſignifie any rich covetous Man; tho' perhaps there might be a Man of that Name then living. I have Tranſlated this Paſſage paraphraſtically, and looſly; and leave it for thoſe to look on, who are not unlike the Picture.

6 *When he ſhou'd Thanks*, &c. *Pan* the God of Shepherds, and *Pales* the Goddeſs preſiding over rural Affairs, whom *Virgil* invocates in the beginning of his Second *Georgique*. I give the Epithet of *Better* to *Ceres*, becauſe ſhe firſt taught the Uſe of Corn for Bread, as the Poets tell us. Men, in the firſt rude Ages, feeding only on Acorns, or Maſt, inſtead of Bread.

7 *The depilation of thy modeſt Part*, &c. Our Author here takes *Nero*, covertly, with that effeminate Cuſtom now us'd in *Italy*, and eſpecially by *Harlots*, of ſmoothing their Bellies, and taking off the Hairs which grow about their Secrets. In *Nero*'s time they were pull'd off with Pincers; but now they uſe a Paſte, which apply'd to thoſe Parts, when it is remov'd, carries away with it thoſe Excreſcencies.

8 *Not Five the ſtrongeſt*, &c. The Learned *Holiday*, (who has made us amends for his bad Poetry in this and the reſt of theſe Satyrs, with his excellent Illuſtrations,) here tells us, from good Authority, that the Number Five does not allude to the *Five Fingers* of one Man, who us'd them all, in taking off the Hair before mention'd; but to *Five Strong Men*,

Men, ſuch as were ſkilful in the Five robuſt Exerciſes, then in practice at *Rome*, and were perform'd in the *Circus*, or Publick Place, ordain'd for them. Theſe Five he reckons up in this manner: 1. The *Cæſtus*, or Whirlbatts, deſcrib'd by *Virgil*, in his fifth *Eneid*; and this was the moſt dangerous of all the reſt. The ſecond was the *Foot-race*. The Third the *Diſcus*, like the throwing a weighty Ball; a Sport now us'd in *Cornwal*, and other parts of *England*; we may ſee it daily practis'd in *Red-Lion-Fields*. The fourth was the *Saltus*, or Leaping: And the fifth *Wreſtling naked*, and beſmear'd with Oil. They who practis'd in theſe Five Manly Exerciſes, were call'd Πένταθλοι.

9 *Thy Nerve*, &c. That is, thou canſt not deceive thy obſcene Part, which is weak, or impotent, tho' thou mak'ſt Oſtentation of thy Performances with Women.

10 *If with thy Guards*, &c. *Perſius* durſt not have been ſo bold with *Nero*, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publickly ſpeak: I mean of *Nero*'s walking the Streets by Night, in diſguiſe, and committing all ſorts of Outrages; for which he was ſometimes well beaten.

11 *Survey thy Soul*, &c. That is, look into thy ſelf, and examine thy own Conſcience; there thou ſhalt find, that how wealthy ſoever thou appear'ſt to the World, yet thou art but a Beggar; becauſe thou art deſtitute of all Virtues, which are the Riches of the Soul. This alſo was a Paradox of the Stoick School.

THE

THE FIFTH SATYR OF *AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS*,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Argument of the Fifth Satyr.

The Judicious Caſaubon, *in his Proem to this Satyr, tells us, That* Ariſtophanes *the Grammarian being ask'd, what Poem of* Archilochus *his Iambicks he preferr'd before the reſt; anſwer'd, the longeſt. His Anſwer may juſtly be apply'd to this Fifth Satyr; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: For this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcrib'd it to my Learned Maſter Dr.* Busby; *to whom I am not only oblig'd my ſelf for the beſt part of my own Education, and that of my Two Sons; but have alſo receiv'd from him the firſt and trueſt Taſte of* Perſius. *May he be pleas'd to find in this Tranſlation, the Gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall Acknowledgment of his unworthy Scholar, at the diſtance of 42 Years, from the time when I departed from under his Tuition.*

This Satyr conſiſts of two diſtinct Parts: The firſt contains the Praiſes of the Stoick *Philoſopher* Cornutus, *Maſter and Tutor to our* Perſius. *It alſo declares the Love and Piety of* Perſius, *to his well-deſerving Maſter; and the mutual Friendſhip which continu'd betwixt them, after* Perſius *was now grown a Man. As alſo his Exhortation to Young Noblemen, that they wou'd enter themſelves into his Inſtitution. From hence he makes an artful Tranſition into the ſecond Part of his Subject: wherein he firſt complains of the Sloth of Scholars, and afterwards per-*

perſwades them to the purſuit of their true Liberty: Here our Author excellently Treats that Paradox of the Stoicks, *which affirms, that the Wiſe or Virtuous Man is only free; and that all Vicious Men, are naturally Slaves. And, in the Illuſtration of this* Dogma, *he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable Satyr.*

THE

FIFTH SATYR.

Inſcrib'd to the Reverend Dr. *BUSBY.*

The Speakers Perſius *and* Cornutus.

PERS.

OF ancient Uſe to Poets it belongs,
To wiſh themſelves an hundred Mouths and Tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd Tragedians Rage,
They recommend their Labours of the Stage,
Or ſing the *Parthian*, when transfix'd he lies.
Wrenching the *Roman* Javelin from his Thighs:

CORN.

And why wou'd'ſt thou theſe mighty Morſels chuſe,
Of Words unchaw'd, and fit to choak the Muſe?

Let

Let Fuſtian Poets with their Stuff be gone,
And ſuck the Miſts that hang o'er *Helicon*;
When [1] *Progne*'s or [2] *Thyeſtes*'s Feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing Actor, Verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a Bellows, ſwell'ſt thy Face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning Maſs
Of melting Ore; nor can'ſt thou ſtrain thy Throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd Note,
Like rowling Thunder till it breaks the Cloud,
And rattling Nonſence is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft Elocution does thy Stile renown,
And the ſweet Accents of the peaceful Gown:
Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at Follies, or to laſh at Vice.
Hence draw thy Theme, and to the Stage permit
Raw-head and Bloody-Bones, and Hands and Feet.
Ragouſts for *Tereus* or *Thyeſtes* dreſt;
'Tis Task enough for thee t'expoſe a *Roman* Feaſt.

PERS.

'Tis not, indeed, my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to ſwell my Page
With Wind and Noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart;
And, in familiar Speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my Heart; for thou haſt skill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with Wind;
And, through the Veil of Words, thou view'ſt the naked Mind.
For this a hundred Voices I deſire,
To tell thee what an hundred Tongues wou'd tire;
Yet never cou'd be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my Breſt
When firſt my [3] childiſh Robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden *Bulla* (hung on high
To Houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a Boy;
And my [4] white Shield proclaim'd my Liberty;

When,

VVhen, with my wild Companions, I cou'd rowl
From Street to Street, and ſin without controul;
Juſt at that Age, when Manhood ſet me free;
I then depos'd my ſelf, and left the Reins to thee.
On thy wiſe Boſom I repos'd my Head,
And, by my better [5] *Socrates*, was bred.
Then thy ſtreight Rule ſet Vertue in my ſight,
The crooked Line reforming by the right.
My Reaſon took the bent of thy Command,
VVas form'd and poliſh'd by thy skilful Hand:
Long Summer-days thy Precepts I rehearſe;
And VVinter-nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our Labour, one was our Repoſe,
One frugal Supper did our Studies cloſe.
Sure on our Birth ſome friendly Planet ſhone
And, as our [6] Souls, our Horoſcope was one:
VVhether the [7] mounting Twins did Heav'n adorn,
Or, with the riſing [8] Ballance, we were born;
Both have the ſame Impreſſions from above;
And both have [9] *Saturn*'s Rage, repell'd by *Jove*.

VVhat Star I know not, but ſome Star I find,
Has giv'n Thee an Aſcendant o'er my Mind.

CORN.

Nature is ever various in her Frame;
Each has a different VVill; and few the ſame:
The greedy Merchants, led by Lucre, run
To the parch'd *Indies*, and the riſing Sun;
From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for Spices, their *Italian* VVare,
The lazy Glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his Sleep:
One bribes for high Preferments in the State,
A ſecond ſhakes the Box, and ſits up late:
Another ſhakes the Bed, diſſolving there,
'Till Knots upon his Gouty Joints appear,
And Chalk is in his crippled Fingers found;
Rots like a Doddard Oak, and peacemeal falls to
ground.
Then, his lewd Follies he wou'd late repent;
And his paſt years, that in a Miſt were ſpent.

PERS.

PERS.

But thou art pale, in nightly Studies, grown,
To make the [10] Stoick Inſtitutes thy own:
Thou long with ſtudious Care haſt till'd our Youth,
And ſown our well-purg'd Ears with wholeſom
Truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The Bounds of Good and Evil to diſcern.

CORN.

Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And to to morrow wou'd the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to day.

PERS.

But is one Day of Eaſe too much to borrow?

CORN.

Yes ſure: For Yeſterday was once To Morrow.
That Yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs Days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more To Morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;

VVho,

Who, like the hindmoſt Chariot-Wheels art curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.
O Freedom! firſt Delight of Human Kind!
Not that which Bondmen from their Maſters find,
The [11] Priviledge of Doles; nor yet t'inſcribe
Their Names in [12] this or t'other *Roman* Tribe:
That falſe Enfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
Slaves are [13] made Citizens by turning round.
How replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low Degree,
Not worth a Farthing, and a Sot beſide;
So true a Rogue, for Lying's ſake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a Freeman he became;
Now [14] *Marcus Dama* is his VVorſhip's Name.
Good Gods! who wou'd refuſe to lend a Sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* Surety will become!
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a Proof
Of certain Truth, *He ſaid it*, is enough.
A VVill is to be prov'd; put in your Claim;
'Tis clear, if [15] *Marcus* has ſubſcrib'd his Name.

This is [16] true Liberty, as I believe;
VVhat farther can we from our Caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without controul to live?
Not more to [17] Noble *Brutus* cou'd belong.
Hold, ſays the Stoick, your Aſſumption's wrong:
I grant true Freedom you have well defin'd:
But living as you liſt, and to your mind,
Are looſely tack'd, and muſt be left behind.
VVhat, ſince the Prætor did my Fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without Controul or Awe,
Excepting ſtill the [18] Letter of the Law?

Hear me with patience, while thy Mind I free
From thoſe fond Notions of falſe Liberty:
'Tis not the Prætor's Province to beſtow
True Freedom; nor to teach Mankind to know
VVhat to our ſelves, or to our Friends we owe.
He cou'd not ſet thee free from Cares and Strife,
Nor give the Reins to a lewd vicious Life:

As

As well he for an Aſs a Harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the Reaſon of the thing;
For Reaſon ſtill is whiſp'ring in your Ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th'Attempt forbear.
No need of Publick Sanctions, this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the Mind:
Not to purſue the Work, to which we're not de-
ſign'd.
Unskill'd in *Hellebor*, if thou ſhou'dſt try,
To mix it, and miſtake the Quantity,
The Rules of Phyſick wou'd againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoo'd Ploughman, ſhou'd he quit the
Land,
To take the Pilot's Rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of Stars, and of the moving Sand,
The Gods wou'd leave him to the Waves and Wind,
And think all Shame was loſt in Human Kind.
Tell me, my Friend, from whence hadſt thou the
Skill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh Good from Ill?

Or

Or by the ſound to judge of Gold and Braſs,
'What piece is Tinkers Metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratifie?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never Craving, or oppreſs'd with Care?
The Baits of Gifts, and Money to deſpiſe,
And look on Wealth with undeſiring Eyes?
When thou can'ſt truly call theſe Virtues thine.
Be wiſe and free, by Heav'n's Conſent and mine.'

But thou, who lately of the common ſtrain,
Wer't one of us, if ſtill thou do'ſt retain
The ſame ill Habits, the ſame Follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a Saint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to Vice, and ſtill a Slave.
Thou can'ſt not wag thy Finger, or begin
The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin.

How's

How's this? Not wag my Finger, he replies?
No, Friend; nor fuming Gums, nor Sacrifice,
Can ever make a Mad-man free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and [19] Vice are never in one Soul:
"A Man is wholly VViſe, or wholly is a Fool.
A heavy Bumpkin, taught with daily Care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming Air.

PERS.

In ſpight of this, my Freedom ſtill remains.

CORN.

Free, what, and fetter'd with ſo many Chains?
Can'ſt thou no other Maſter underſtand
Than [20] him that freed thee by the Prætor's Wand?
Shou'd he, who was thy Lord, command thee now,
With a harſh Voice, and ſupercilious Brow,
To ſervile Duties, thou wou'dſt fear no more;
The Gallows and the VVhip are out of door.
But if thy Paſſions Lord it in thy Breſt,
Art thou not ſtill a Slave, and ſtill oppreſt?

VVhether

VVhether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou wou'dſt take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy Limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The Tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his Command th'unwilling Sluggard wakes:
VVhat muſt I do, he cries? VVhat, ſays his Lord?
VVhy riſe, make ready, and go ſtreight aboard:
VVith Fiſh, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Veſſel freight;
Flax, Caſtor, *Coan* Wines, the precious VVeight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* Incenſe, take
VVith thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camels Back:
And with Poſt-haſte thy running Markets make.
Be ſure to turn the Penny; lye and ſwear,
'Tis wholeſom Sin: But *Jove*, tho ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, Fool, or ſterve; for the Dilemma's even:
A Tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his Burden on his back:

Nothing

Nothing retards thy Voyage now, unleſs
Thy other Lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may ask this civil Queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s Noble Colledge free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou wou'dſt tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with lowſie Swobbers fed,
Dead Wine that ſtinks of the *Boracchio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſie Maple-Cup?
Say, wou'dſt thou bear *all* this, to raiſe thy Store
From Six i'th' Hundred, to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all,
A Name, a nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure chuſe
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuſe.

But

But both, by turns, the Rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a Slave.
Nor think when once thou hoſt reſiſted one,
That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:
The ſtrugling Greyhound gnaws his Leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the Chain.
Says [21] *Phædra* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,
To this uneaſie Love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My Friends Diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd Unthrift of my Race?
Shall I the Neighbours nightly Reſt invade
At her deaf Doors, with ſome vile Serenade?
Well haſt thou freed thy ſelf, his Man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.
Ah, ſays the Youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond Creature break her Heart?
Weak Soul! and blindly to Deſtruction led!
She break her Heart! ſhe'll ſooner break your Head,
She knows her Man, and when you rant and ſwear
Can draw you to her, *with a ſingle Hair.*

But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues?
Shall I my own, and her Deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: But my Advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis Madneſs to reſume your Chain.
Ay; there's the Man, who loos'd from Luſt and Pelf,
Leſs to the Prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a Slave, who, humbly proud,
With Preſents begs Preferments from the Crowd;
That early [22] Suppliant who ſalutes the Tribes,
And ſets the Mob to ſcramble for his Bribes:
That ſome old Dotard, ſitting in the Sun,
On Holy-days may tell, that ſuch a Feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy Superſtition too may claim a ſhare:
When Flow'rs are ſtrew'd, and Lamps in order plac'd,
And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,
On [23] *Herod*'s Day; when ſparkling Bowls go round,
And *Tunny*'s Tails in ſavoury Sauce are drown'd,

Thou

Thou mutter'ſt Pray'rs obſcene; nor do'ſt refuſe
The Faſts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd *Jews*.
Then a crack'd [24] Eggſhel thy ſick Fancy frights,
Beſides the Childiſh Fear of walking Sprights.
Of o'er-grown Guelding Prieſts thou art afraid;
The Timbrel and the Squintiſego Maid
Of *Iſis*, awe thee; leſt the Gods, for Sin,
Shou'd, with a ſwelling Dropſie, ſtuff thy Skin:
Unleſs three Garlick Heads the Curſe avert,
Eaten each Morn, devoutly, next thy Heart.
Preach this among the brawny Guards, ſay'ſt thou,
And ſee if they thy Doctrine will allow:
The dull fat Captain, with a Hound's deep Throat,
Wou'd bellow out a Laugh, in a Baſe-Note;
And prize a hundred *Zeno*'s juſt as much
As a clipt Sixpence, or a Schilling *Dutch*.

The End of the Fifth Satyr.

Explanatory Notes on the Fifth Satyr.

1 PRogne was Wife to *Tereus*, King of *Thracia*: *Tereus* fell in Love with *Philomela*, Siſter to *Progne*, raviſh'd her, and cut out her Tongue: In Revenge of which, *Progne* kill'd *Itys*, her own Son by *Tereus*; and ſerv'd him up at a Feaſt, to be eaten by his Father.

2 *Thyeſtes* and *Atreus* were Brothers, both Kings: *Atreus* to Revenge himſelf of his unnatural Brother, kill'd the Sons of *Thyeſtes*, and invited him to eat them.

3 By the Childiſh Robe, is meant the *Prætexta*, or firſt Gowns which the *Roman* Children of Quality wore: Theſe were Welted with Purple; and on thoſe Welts were faſten'd the *Bullæ*, or little Bells; which when they came to the Age of *Puberty*, were hung up, and Conſecrated to the *Lares*, or Houſhold Gods.

4 The firſt Shields which the *Roman* Youths wore, were white, and without any Impreſs, or Device on them, to ſhew they had yet Atchiev'd nothing in the Wars.

5 *Socrates*, by the Oracle, was declar'd the Wiſeſt of Mankind: He inſtructed many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen in Morality, and amongſt the reſt *Alcibiades*.

6 Aſtrologers divide the Heaven into Twelve Parts, according to the Number of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack: The Sign or Conſtellation which riſes in the Eaſt, at the Birth of any Man, is call'd the Aſcendant: *Perſius* therefore judges that *Cornutus* and he had the ſame, or the like Nativity.

7 The Sign of *Gemini*.

8 The Sign of *Libra*.

9 Aſtrologers have an Axiom, that whoſoever *Saturn* ties, is looſ'd by *Jupiter*: They account *Saturn* to be a Planet of a Malevolent Nature, and *Jupiter* of a Propitious Influence.

10 *Zeno* was the Great Maſter of the Stoick Philoſophy; and *Cleanthes* was ſecond to him in Reputation: *Cornutus*, who was Maſter or Tutor to *Perſius*, was of the ſame School.

11 When a Slave was made free, he had the Priviledge of a *Roman* Born; which was to have a ſhare in the Donatives or Doles of Bread, *&c.* which were diſtributed, by the Magiſtrates amongſt the People.

12 The *Roman* People was diſtributed into ſeveral Tribes: He who was made free was inroll'd into ſome one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common Priviledges of a *Roman* Citizen.

13 The Maſter, who intended to infranchiſe a Slave, carried him before the City-Prætor, and turn'd him round, uſing theſe Words; *I will that this Man be free.*

14 Slaves had only one Name before their Freedom: After it, they were admitted to a *Prænomen*, like our Chriſten'd Names: So *Dama*, is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

15 At the Proof of a Teſtament, the Magiſtrates were to ſubſcribe their Names, as allowing the Legality of the Will.

16 Slaves, when they were ſet free, had a Cap given them, in Sign of their Liberty.

17 *Brutus* freed the *Roman* People from the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*, and chang'd the Form of Government into a glorious Common-wealth.

18 The Text of the *Roman* Laws, was written in Red Letters, which was call'd the Rubrick; tranſlated here, in more general Words, *The Letter of the Law*.

19 The Stoicks held this Paradox, That any one Vice, or notorious Folly, which they call'd Madneſs, hinder'd a Man from being Virtuous: That a Man was of a piece, without mixture; either wholly Vicious, or Good; one Virtue or Vice, according to them, including all the reſt.

20 The Prætor held a Wand in his Hand, with which he ſoftly ſtruck the Slave on the Head, when he declar'd him free.

21 This alludes to the Play of *Terence*, call'd the *Eunuch*; which was excellently imitated of late in Engliſh, by Sir *Charles Sedley*: In the firſt Scene of that Comedy, *Phædria* was introduc'd with his Man *Pamphilius*, diſcourſing, whether he ſhou'd leave his Miſtreſs *Thais*, or return to her, now that ſhe had invited him.

22 He who ſu'd for any Office amongſt the *Romans*, was call'd a Candidate, becauſe he wore a white Gown; and ſometimes chalk'd it, to make it appear whiter. He roſe early, and went to the *Levees* of thoſe who headed the People: Saluted alſo the Tribes ſeverally, when they were gather'd together, to chuſe their Magiſtrates; and diſtributed a Largeſs amongſt them, to engage them for their Voices: Much reſembling our Elections of Parliament-Men.

23 The Commentators are divided, what *Herod* this was whom our Author mentions; whether *Herod the Great*, whoſe Birth-day might poſſibly be Celebrated, after his Death, by the *Herodians*, a Sect amongſt the *Jews*, who thought him their Meſſiah; or *Herod Agrippa*, living in the Author's time, and after it. The latter ſeems the more probable Opinion.

24 The Ancients had a Superſtition, contrary to ours, concerning Egg-ſhells: They thought that if an Egg-ſhell were crack'd, or a Hole bor'd in the bottom of it, they were ſubject to the Power of Sorcery: We as vainly break the bottom of an Egg-ſhell, and croſs it, when we have eaten the Egg, leſt ſome Hagg ſhou'd make uſe of it, in bewitching or ſailing over the Sea in it, if it were whole.

The reſt of the Prieſts of *Iſis*, and her one-ey'd, or ſquinting Prieſteſs, is more largely treated in the Sixth Satyr of *Juvenal*, where the Superſtitions of Women are related.

THE
SIXTH SATYR
OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS,

Tranſlated into

ENGLISH VERSE

BY

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Argument of the Sixth Satyr.

This Sixth Satyr Treats an admirable Common-place of Moral Philoſophy; Of the true Uſe of Riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who beſtows them, as Inſtruments and Helps of living commodiouſly our ſelves; and of adminiſtring to the Wants of others, who are oppreſs'd by Fortune. There are two Extreams in the Opinions of Men concerning them. One Error, tho' on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no Helps to a Virtuous Life; The other places all our Happineſs in the acquiſition and poſſeſſion of them: and this is, undoubtedly, the worſe Extream. The Mean betwixt theſe, is the Opinion of the Stoicks; which is, That Riches may be uſeful to the leading a virtuous Life; in caſe we rightly underſtand how to Give according to right Reaſon; and how to receive what is given us by others. The Virtue of Giving Well, is call'd Liberality: And 'tis of this Virtue that Perſius *writes in this Satyr; wherein he not only ſhews the lawful Uſe of Riches, but alſo ſharply inveighs againſt the Vices which are oppos'd to it; and eſpecially of thoſe, which conſiſt in the Defects of Giving or Spending; or in the Abuſe of Riches. He writes to* Cæſius Baſſus *his Friend, and a Poet alſo. Enquires firſt of his Health and Studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now reſident. He gives an account of himſelf, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his Vices; and particularly, that he is combating of Ambition, and the Deſire of Wealth. He dwells upon the latter Vice: And being ſenſible, that few Men either deſire or uſe Riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their Folly; which is the main Deſign of the whole Satyr.*

THE

THE

SIXTH SATYR.

To Cæſius Baſſus, *a Lyrick Poet.*

HAS VVinter caus'd thee, Friend, to change thy Seat,
And ſeek in [1] *Sabine* Air, a warm Retreat?
Say, do'ſt thou yet the *Roman* Harp Command?
Do the Strings Anſwer to thy Noble Hand?
Great Maſter of the Muſe, inſpir'd to Sing
The Beauties of the firſt-created Spring;
The Pedigree of Nature to rehearſe,
And ſound the Maker's VVork, in ebual Verſe.
Now [2] ſporting on thy Lyre the Loves of Youth,
Now Virtuous Age, and Venerable Truth;
Expreſſing juſtly *Sapho*'s wanton Art
Of Odes, and *Pindar*'s more Majeſtick Part.

For

For me, my warmer Conſtitution wants
More Cold, than our *Ligurian* Winter grants;
And, therefore, to my Native Shoars retir'd,
I view the Coaſt old *Ennius* once admir'd;
Where Clifts on either ſide their points diſplay;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleaſing Proſpect of the Bay.
'Tis worth your while, O *Romans*, to regard
The Port of *Luna*, ſays our Learned Bard;
Who, in [3] a drunken Dream beheld his Soul
The Fifth within the Tranſmigrating roul:
Which firſt a Peacock, then *Euphorbus* was,
Then *Homer* next, and next *Pythagoras*;
And laſt of all the Line did into *Ennius* paſs.
Secure and free from Buſineſs of the State;
And more ſecure of what the Vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care
What Rots for Sheep the *Southern* Winds prepare:
Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger Crop than mine:

To

To ſee a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow;
Nor, envious at the ſight, will I forbear
My plenteous Bowl, nor bate my bounteous Cheer.
Nor yet unſeal the Dregs of Wine that ſtink
Of Cask; nor in a naſty Flaggon drink;
Let others ſtuff their Guts with homely fare;
For Men of diff'rent Inclinations are;
Tho' born, perhaps, beneath one common Star.
In Minds and Manners Twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame Sign, almoſt the ſame Degree:
One, frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to Dine;
Does at a Penny's coſt in Herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine.
Prepar'd as Prieſt of his own Rites, to ſtand,
He ſprinkles Pepper with a ſparing hand.
His Jolly Brother, oppoſite in Sence,
Laughs at his Thrift; and laviſh of Expence,
Quaffs, Crams, and Guttles, in his own defence.

For

For me, I'll uſe my own; and take my ſhare;
Yet will not Turbots for my Slaves prepare:
Nor be ſo nice in Taſte my ſelf, to know
If what I ſwallow be a Thruſh, or no.
Live on thy Annual Income! Spend thy Store;
And freely grind, from thy full Threſhing-Floor;
Next Harveſt promiſes as much much or more.
Thus I wou'd live: But Friendſhip's holy Band,
And Offices of Kindneſs hold my hand:
My 4 Friend is Shipwreck'd on the *Brutian* Strand.
His Riches in th' *Ionian* Main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhiv'ring on the Coaſt;
Where, deſtitute of Help, forlorn, and bare,
He wearies the Deaf Gods with Fruitleſs Pray'r.
Their Images, the Relicks of the Wrack,
Torn from the naked Poop, are tided back
By the wild Waves, and rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent; nor can themſelves reſtore.
The Veſſel ſticks and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd Maſt the Mews in Triumph ride.

From

From [5] thy new Hope, and from thy growing Store,
Now lend Aſſiſtance, and relieve the Poor.
Come; do a Noble Act of Charity:
A Pittance of thy Land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the Badges of a Wreck.
Nor [6] beg with a blue Table on his Back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that Wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;
VVhat is't to thee, if he neglect thy Urn,
Or [7] without Spices lets thy Body burn?
If Odours to thy Aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted *Caſſia* from the *Jews*?
All theſe, the wiſer *Beſtius* will reply,
Are empty Pomp, and Deadmen's Luxury:
VVe never knew this vain Expence, before
Th'effeminated *Grecians* brought it o'er:
Now Toys and Trifles from their *Athens* come;
And Dates and Pepper have unſinew'd *Rome*.
Our ſweating Hinds their Sallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely Herbs with fragrant Oil.

But,

But, to thy Fortune be not thou a Slave;
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the Grave;
And thou who gap'ſt for my Eſtate, draw near;
For I wou'd whiſper ſomewhat in thy Ear.
Hear'ſt thou the News, my Friend? th'Expreſs is
come
With Laurell'd Letters from the Camp to *Rome*:
Cæſar [8] ſalutes the Queen and Senate thus:
My Arms are, on the *Rhine*, Victorious.
From Mourning Altars ſweep the Duſt away:
Ceaſe Faſting, and proclaim a fat Thankſgiving-Day.
The [9] goodly Empreſs, Jollily inclin'd,
Is, to the welcome Bearer, wond'rous kind:
And, ſetting her Good Houſewifry aſide,
Prepares for all the Pageantry of Pride.
The [10] Captive *Germans*, of Gygantick ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in Frize:
The Spoils of Kings, and Conquer'd Camps we boaſt,
Their Arms in Trophies hang, on the Triumphal
Poſt.

Now,

Now, for ſo many Glorious Actions done
In foreign Parts, and mighty Battels won;
For Peace at home, and for the Publick Wealth
I mean to Crown a Bowl to *Cæſar*'s Health:
Beſides, in Gratitude for ſuch high Matters,
Know [11] I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.
Say, wou'dſt thou hinder me from this Expence?
I Diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take Offence.
Yet more a publick Largeſs I deſign
Of Oil and Pies to make the People dine:
Controul me not for fear I change my Will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the *Perſian* King;
Your Land does no ſuch large Revenues bring.
VVell; on my Terms thou wilt not be my Heir;
If thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my Care:
VVere none of all my Father's Siſters left;
Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft;
None by an Uncle's, or a Grandam's ſide,
Yet I cou'd ſome adopted Heir provide.

Shall I my Houſhold-Gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my Meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and pamper'd high;
When I am laid, may feed on Giblet-Pie?
And when his throbbing Luſt extends the Vein,
Have wherewithal his Whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun Cloth be clad, that he
His Paunch in Triumph may before him ſee.
Go Miſer, go; for Lucre ſell thy Soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from Pole to Pole
That Men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt Eſtate he left his Son!
How large a Family of Brawny Knaves,
Well fed, and fat as [13] *Cappadocian* Slaves!
Encreaſe thy Wealth, and double all thy Store;
'Tis done: Now double that, and ſwell the Score;
To ev'ry Thouſand add Ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, [14] *Chryſippus*, thou who woud'ſt confine
Thy Heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

The End of the Sixth Satyr.

Expla-

Explanatory Notes on the Sixth Satyr.

1 AND *ſeek, in Sabine Air*, &c. All the Studious, and particularly the Poets, about the end of *Auguſt*, began to ſet themſelves on Work: Refraining from Writing, during the Heats of the Summer. They wrote by Night, and ſate up the greateſt part of it: For which Reaſon the Product of their Studies, was call'd their *Elucubrations*; or Nightly Labours. They who had Country-Seats, retir'd to them while they Studied: As *Perſius* did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in *Etruria*; and *Baſſus* to his, which was in the Country of the *Sabines*, nearer *Rome*.

2 *Now ſporting on thy Lyre*, &c. This proves *Cæſius Baſſus* to have been a Lyrick Poet: 'Tis ſaid of him, that by an Eruption of the Flaming Mountain *Veſuvius*, near which the greateſt part of his Fortune lay, he was burnt himſelf, together with all his Writings.

3 *Who in a Drunken Dream*, &c. I call it a Drunken Dream of *Ennius*; not that my Author in this place gives me any encouragement for the Epithet; but becauſe *Horace*, and all who mention *Ennius*, ſay he was an exceſſive Drinker of Wine. In a Dream, or Viſion, call you it which you pleaſe, he thought it was reavel'd to him, that the Soul of *Pythagoras* was tranſmigrated into him: As *Pythagoras*, before him believ'd, that him ſelf had been *Euphorbus* in the Wars of *Troy*. Commentators differ in placing the Order of this Soul, and who had it firſt, I have here given it to the Peacock, becauſe it looks more according to the Order of Nature, that it ſhou'd lodge in a Creature of an inferiour Species; and ſo by Gradation riſe to the informing of a Man. And *Perſius* favours me, by ſaying that *Ennius* was the Fifth from the *Pythagorean* Peacock.

4 *My Friend is Shipwreck'd on*, &c. Perhaps this is only a fine Tranſition of the Poet, to introduce the Buſineſs of the Satyr; and not, that any ſuch Accident had happen'd to one of the Friends of *Perſius*. But, however, this is the moſt Poetical Deſcription of any in our Author: And ſince he and *Lucan* were ſo great Friends, I know not but *Lucan* might help him, in two or three of theſe Verſes, which ſeems to be written in his ſtile; certain it is, that beſides this Deſcription of a Shipwreck, and two Lines more, which are at the end of the Second Satyr, our Poet has written nothing Elegantly. I will therefore Tranſcribe both the Paſſages, to juſtifie my Opinion. The following are the laſt Verſes ſaving one of the Second Satyr.

Compoſitum jus, faſque animi; ſanctoſque receſſus
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.

The others are thoſe in this preſent Satyr, which are ſubjoin'd:

> ———— *trabe rupta, Bruttia Saxa*
> *Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, ſurdaque vota*
> *Condidit Ionio: Jacet ipſe in Littore; & una*
> *Ingentes de puppe Dei: Jamque obvia Mergis*
> *Coſta ratis laceræ.*————

5 *From thy new Hope*, &c. The Latin is, *Nunc & de Ceſpite vivo frange aliquid.* *Caſaubon* only oppoſes the *Ceſpes vivus*, which word for word, is the living Turf, to the Harveſt or Annual Income: I ſuppoſe the Poet rather means, ſell a piece of Land already ſown; and give the Money of it to my Friend who has loſt all by Shipwreck: That is, do not ſtay till thou haſt Reap'd; but help him immediately, as his Wants require.

6 *Not beg with a Blue Table*, &c. *Holiday* Tranſlates it a Green Table: The ſence is the ſame; for the Table was painted of the Sea-Colour; which the Shipwreck'd Perſon carry'd on his back, expreſſing his Loſſes thereby, to excite the Charity of the Spectators.

7 *Or without Spices*, &c. The Bodies of the Rich before they were burnt, were embalm'd with Spices; or rather Spices were put into the Urn, with the Relicks of the Aſhes. Our Author here names *Cinnamum* and *Caſſia*, which *Caſſia* was ſophiſticated with *Cherry-Gum*: And probably enough by the *Jews*, who adulterate all things which they ſell. But whether the Ancients were acquainted with the Spices of the *Molucca* Iſlands, *Ceylon*, and other parts of the *Indies*; or whether their *Pepper* and *Cinnamon*, &c. were the ſame with ours, is another Queſtion. As for *Nutmegs* and *Mace*, 'tis plain, that the Latin Names of them are Modern.

8 *Cæſar ſalutes*, &c. The *Cæſar* here mention'd is *Caius Caligula*, who affected to Triumph over the *Germans*, whom he never Conquer'd, as he did over the *Britains*; and accordingly ſent Letters wrapt about with Laurels, to the Senate, and the Empreſs *Cæſonia*, whom I here call Queen; though I know that Name was not us'd amongſt the *Romans*: But the word Empreſs wou'd not ſtand in that Verſe; for which reaſon I adjourn'd it to another. The Duſt which was to be ſwept away from the Altars, was either the Aſhes which were left there, after the laſt Sacrifice for Victory; or might perhas mean the Duſt or Aſhes, which were left on the Altars, ſince ſome former Defeat of the *Romans*, by the *Germans*: After which Overthrow, the Altars had been neglected.

9 *Cæſonia* Wife to *Caius Caligula*, who afterwards, in the Reign of *Claudius*, was propos'd, but ineffectually, to be Marry'd to him, after he had executed *Meſſalina* for Adultery.

10 *The Captive Germans*, &c. He means only ſuch as were to paſs for *Germans* in the Triumph: Large Body'd Men, as they are ſtill; whom the Empreſs Cloath'd new, with coarſe Garments, for the greater Oſtentation of the Victory.

11 *Know*,

11 *Know, I have vow'd Two Hundred Gladiators.* A hundred pair of Gladiators, were beyond the Purſe of a private Man to give: Therefore this is only a threatning to his Heir, that he cou'd do what he pleas'd with his Eſtate.

12 *Shou'dſt thou demand of me, my Torch*, &c. Why ſhou'dſt thou, who art an Old Fellow, hope to out-live me, and be my Heir, who am much Younger? He who was firſt, in the Courſe, or Race, deliver'd the Torch, which he carry'd, to him who was Second.

13 *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian Slaves:* Who were famous for their Luſtineſs; and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were ſet on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to ſhew the good Habit of their Body; and made to play Tricks before the Buyers, to ſhew their Activity and Strength.

14 *Then ſay, Chryſippus*, &c. *Chryſippus* the Stoick invented a kind of Argument, conſiſting of more than three Propoſitions; which is call'd *Sorites*, or a Heap. But as *Chryſippus* cou'd never bring his Propoſitions to a certain ſtint; ſo neither can a Covetous Man bring his Craving Deſires to any certain Meaſure of Riches, beyond which, he cou'd not wiſh for any more.

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